

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A woman in a red one-piece swimsuit is captured mid-jump, emerging from a green background that represents water. She has her eyes closed and her hands near her face, as if she has just jumped or is about to. Bubbles are depicted around her head, suggesting she is coming out of the water. The overall tone is bright and energetic.

AL. J. J. J.
Founded A. J. J.

Weekly
Franklin

August 9, 1941

5c. the Copy

7c. IN CANADA

Beginning
**LET THE GUN
TALK**

By LUCIAN CARY



"It's fun to drive a Glimore gas economy winner!"—And it's certainly easy on the bank roll, too. For 4 straight years, Studebaker cars have consistently triumphed in the keenly contested official Glimore Run. Thousands of Studebaker owners report better gas and oil mileage than from any other cars they've driven.



"I call it a million-dollar ride"—And you'll agree with her, once you luxuriate in the streamliner comfort of a Studebaker. Even when swinging round curves at cruising speeds, you ride relaxed—Studebaker's unique self-stabilizing planar safety suspension prevents roll and sideway.

The safety your loved ones deserve!—They ride protected by an armor of steel above, beneath and around them—and the low-swinging Studebaker bodies hug the road securely, because they're many inches wider than high. Safety glass in windows and windshields. You stop without hurdling forward, thanks to foot-regulated hydraulic brakes.



"Look! We can walk right in!"—That's because front-door as well as rear-door openings in these roomy Studebakers are extra wide and high. Doors close securely on non-slam safety latches. Seat cushions are extra upholstered in your choice of several attractive fabrics.



SMART 1941 STUDEBAKER

Illustrated: Skyway Series President Eight Sedan Coupe, \$1210 delivered at factory

Drive down your driving costs!

THERE'S no need to warn any observant motorist how important it is right now, to make sure of getting stand-up quality and stand-out operating economy in a new car.

And so, if you're doing your buying with real foresight, you'll check into the remarkable records that Studebaker cars have established for low mechanical upkeep and high gasoline and oil mileage.

If you buy a new Studebaker now—whether a Skyway Series President Eight or Commander, or a distinctive Studebaker Champion in the lowest price field

—you get a car solid and sound with the finest of materials and craftsmanship—brilliantly engineered to provide you with years and thousands of miles of carefree transportation at big savings.

See your local Studebaker dealer—go for a trial drive. C.I.T. payments.

STUDEBAKER PRICES BEGIN AT \$710 for a Champion Coupe

CHAMPION \$710 and up

COMMANDER \$990 and up

PRESIDENT \$1140 and up

These are delivered prices at factory, South Bend, Indiana as of June 23, 1941, subject to change without notice—Federal tax included.



"They're counting on us for quality, son!" And that's one rule that's never broken in the cheerful, modern Studebaker plants—where the most painstaking group of expert craftsmen in the business build surviving soundness into every Studebaker passenger car and truck.



DEAR MOTHER...FOR ONCE YOU WERE WRONG

Dear Mother:

The sweater is okay, but I *told* you I wouldn't be needing my Big Ben here. They have a man with a horn who gets us up. He's awfully unpopular.

If you want to get me something I can really use, please buy me a Wrist Ben. It's a swell watch and a lot of the boys wear them. They say Wrist Ben

keeps good time, and you can't break the crystal. It costs \$3.95 and is it good looking.

Your loving son,

Later

P. S. Yesterday I overstayd my pass and was late to formation. Hint to you—if I'd been on time somebody else would be peeling these potatoes.



JUDGE \$4.95
ROCKET \$2.95
OAK WATCH \$1.95
WREST BEN \$3.95
POCKET BEN \$4.95

Everyone needs a
WESTCLOX*
Watch

There's a WESTCLOX ELECTRIC for every room

Shown here are three of the many stunning Westclox electric clocks. Ask your Westclox dealer to show you all of them. There are alarm models and time clocks... priced \$2.50 to \$6.95. Many are self-starting. Some have plain dials. Others luminous. All are true Westclox quality.



Made by the makers of

BIG BEN*

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



BIG BEN Electric is self-starting. Comes in choice of heavy finish with gold or gold trim or black finish with nickel trim..... \$4.95

Westclox, makers of Big Ben and his family of springwound clocks and electric clocks, wrist and pocket watches, priced from \$1.35 to \$6.95. Westclox, LaSalle-Peru, Illinois. Division of General Time Instruments Corporation.

In Canada (prices slightly higher) Western Clock Co., Ltd., Peterborough, Ont.



MAJOR self-starting electric wall clock. Dials in four beautiful finishes to fit color scheme of any room... \$3.50



DUNBAR is a brand new self-starting electric wall clock. Case is fitted for easier reading. Choice of four attractive finishes..... \$3.95

SUMMER'S SMARTEST HAIR DO... AND DON'T

DON'T resign yourself to the belief that dry, lustreless hair is the unavoidable result of summer's suns and winds. **DO** discover how easy it is to make and keep hair lovely by the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method described below.



RECIPE FOR CHECKING DRY SCALP

AND SUMMER HAIR DAMAGE!

IT MAY BE THAT you already have Dry Scalp... it's often hard to tell in the beginning. But, let summer heat get in its licks... dry out needed natural scalp oils... and dull, listless hair may easily be your unhappy lot.

With the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method, you not only combat Dry Scalp, but you give your hair heartwarming loveliness, softness, lustre. And so easily:

1. BEFORE EACH SHAMPOO, massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic.

2. BEFORE EACH LONG STAY OUT-OF-DOORS, touch just a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to your hair, then press your wave in place. Start this 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic protective and beauty treatment today.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.



By actually supplementing the natural scalp oils, 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic aids in keeping the scalp soft and supple... as it keeps the hair lustrous, well-groomed and natural-looking.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

MADE IN U.S.A. PAT. 1917

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Cover Design by John Hyde Phillips

The names of characters used in all Post fiction and semi-fiction stories that deal with types are fictitious. Use of a name which is the same as that of any living person is accidental.

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"What I want... Frigidaire's got!"

"It's miles ahead in beauty, economy and usefulness—
and lucky me! I own a new Frigidaire COLD-WALL!"

"PARDON MY ENTHUSIASM—but you'd feel that way, too, if you had a brand-new Frigidaire Cold-Wall in your kitchen. It's as different from ordinary refrigerators as night from day! Chilling coils within the walls provide the kind of still, moist cold that keeps foods fresher longer and preserves precious vitamins. And you don't even have to cover foods!

"HONESTLY, EVERYTHING I WANT . . . Frigidaire's got! Every model has loads of exciting features you can't get in any other refrigerator at any price! And I know the reason why. Frigidaire is made by General Motors—the same people who make all those wonderful cars, like Cadillac, Buick, Oldsmobile, Pontiac, and Chevrolet.



CAUTION: Unless a refrigerator bears the Frigidaire nameplate, it is not a genuine Frigidaire, made ONLY by General Motors, world's largest builders of automobiles, motors and refrigerators.

BUY THE FAVORITE



FRIGIDAIRE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
GENERAL MOTORS DIVISION
DETROIT, CHICAGO, TORONTO, CANADA

BUY FRIGIDAIRE ... with the METER-MISER

THAT CUTS CURRENT COST TO THE BONE



"A FINGER-TOUCH, AND PRESTO—our tumble your ice cubes! You don't need a burglar's kit to get the tray out of the refrigerator, or the ice out of the tray. With Frigidaire's exclusive Quickcube Tray, you get ice easily . . . instantly—every time!



"LOOK AT THE BEAUTY of Frigidaire's Lifetime Porcelain. This finer finish—so sanitary and easy to clean—is used in the entire food compartment of every Frigidaire—even on the inside of the door! Many models are finished in Lifetime Porcelain—inside and out!



"THAT FAMOUS TIGHTWAD, Frigidaire's famous Meter-Miser, has 22% more freezing power this year. Yet, thanks to General Motors' superb engineering, it uses less current than ever before. See Frigidaire yourself—you'll know then why it's the favorite!"



TAKE A PEEK
at the New
1942

Motorola
Automatic
PHONOGRAPH-RADIO

CHECK THESE

Exciting Features

- ✓ 3-Dimension VITA-TONE. Every word, every note delivered with crisp, lifelike depth, brilliance and perspective.
- ✓ Motorola patented automatic record changer in handy, feather-touch Roll-A-Way Drawer.
- ✓ The hottest kind of American and Foreign Radio Reception.
- ✓ Electric Push-button Tuning.
- ✓ Variable Tone Control—BIG Acoustically Matched, Exclusive VITA-TONE Speaker.

♥ The Secret of Motorola supreme performance is in the Heart of the Set. Every part is superbly designed and engineered for peak performance. Before you replace your present radio hear **MOTOROLA** at your dealers—today!

GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION, Chicago

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST *Radio*
FOR CAR AND HOME

KEEPING POSTED

Among Other Things

OUR Envelope of the Week comes from Leopoldville, in the Congo, and brings a request from M. Jules Diamaska for "votre Catalogue ou Brochure de Commande." We'd give a lot to know by what strange thought processes M. Diamaska, with a passing nod to English, compounded this address.



OUR Letter of the Week comes from the Hamburg-Laches Welt-Wirtschafts-Archiv and is addressed to the Post "via Sibirien." A Hamburger named Winkler, blandly ignoring the fact that the Post is barred in Germany, asks us to swap him the Post even, for copies of a weekly called the Wirtschafts-dienst. The request, mailed May third, arrived here two months later. We explained to Herr Winkler that the Post has no exchange list, though we doubt if he'll ever receive our reply "via Sibirien." Stalin isn't carrying much mail for the Nazis nowadays.

Front-Line Photographer

ROBERT CAPA, who gives you the pictorial story of an Atlantic voyage on page 20, is a specialist in the shot-and-shell school of photography. Though he's still in his twenties, Capa is already famous for his pictures of the Spanish war and his action shots of Japan's heroic four-year struggle for peace in China. This sort of work demands a single-mindedness not all of us possess. As proof we offer you a little incident related by Vincent Sheehan in his book on the Spanish war, *Not Peace But a Sword*.

It seems that Sheehan, Herbert Matthews, of the New York Times, and Capa were visiting the Republican front on the Ebro. They took shelter in a small shed not far behind the lines.



... the shells were passing directly over and landing about fifty yards up the road. Both Capa and Matthews were much more experienced in this kind of business than I was, but I did not think either of them was exactly comfortable. When we heard the whistle of the shell we would hurl ourselves to the ground, inside or outside the shed, and wait until we heard the explosion up the road. One thing made me laugh in the middle of this exercise. I got up from the stable floor and saw Capa brushing his staff off his coat.

"This is a bad day for photographers," I said to him. He smiled dismally.

"This is the only kind of a day that is any good for photographers," he said, carefully removing another wisp of straw from his brown tweed coat.

That was what Capa was (and is) like. That was why he took pictures which made you wonder how anybody could have photographed them and still be alive.

And now, supposing we hear from Mr. Capa:

"I was born in 1913 in Budapest, Hungary, and played around in different schools until my eighteenth year. Then I left Hungary and went to Berlin to study sociology and journalism. Before I could learn the language enough to study anything, I had no more money left to study at all. So I became a photographer, and spent a year in a darkroom of a big German picture agency. One day when all the photographers were out on assignments, a rush job turned up and since that day I have been taking pictures.

"After my first big assignment Hitler took over Germany and I left in a great hurry—in the direction of Vienna. From Vienna I went to Paris and started to work for *Vue*, *Ce Soir*, *Paris-Soir*, and *Match*.

"Since 1935 my pictures have been published in all European countries but Germany and Italy. My first pictures in the U. S. were published in 1936 in *Time*. At the outbreak of the Spanish war I left for Spain, where I stayed for a year. In January, 1938, I left for China. In September, 1938, I flew back from China to Paris, and two days later I was back in Spain again, where I stayed until the end of the Spanish Civil War. In this time I published pictures in both U. S. magazines and the *Illustrated London News*. I also published a picture book called *Death In The Making*, and did some movies for *The March of Time*. After the outbreak of the European war I joined my family, who had come to the States, and contributed to *Life* magazine with different assignments in the U. S. and in Mexico. Now I am leaving for England to try war photography again."

Oh, Happy Author!

THIS week, on the occasion of Brendan Gill's fifth Post story (*TOGETHER*, on page 14), we are promoting said Mr. Gill to the Loyal and Ancient Order of Post Regulars. This demands a hasty review of the neophyte's past:

"I was born on October 4th, 1914, in a big brown house in Hartford, in which my family still lives. My father has been a well-known (I ought to say, a famous) physician in Connecticut for forty-five years. I have two brothers and two sisters. I'm six feet tall, and am known to my friends as 'the black Irishman.'"

"One week end in June, 1936, I married Anne Barnard, graduated from Yale, went abroad, and wrote the first sentence of my professional writing career, which had to do, as I remember it, with red sand. Marrying Andy is, and will be, the most important thing I've done. We've two kids: a dark, Irish-looking girl of three, a blue-eyed, Yankee-Presbyterian-looking boy of five months. We've lived in Shippan-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire, England; Berlin, Connecticut; New York, New York; Asheville, North Carolina; and have spent the past summer fixing over a shack in Norfolk, Connecticut, which we mean to keep as a permanent base of operations.

"I started contributing to *The New Yorker* in 1936, and have contributed to it pretty steadily ever since. I was taught that under a democratic form of government any little boy might grow up to become a Post contributor; and I'm grateful for the proof.

"Andy and I like long-distance driving, movies, tennis, and being invited places for the week end. My hobby is architecture. I've had, and am having, an astonishingly happy life. Everyone tells me that this is out of the question if I intend to make a name for myself. Everyone tells me that a writer must suffer at least a little. I'm sorry, but things look better every day."





ALL NIGHT LONG... *You're Welcome*

Remember that late drive home in a blinding rain, with the gas gauge creeping toward "empty"? Remember how one service station after another was blacked-out, closed? Remember worrying about the long, wet walk home?

* * *

But that needn't happen to you this summer. Once more Texaco Dealers have pioneered! They now offer you all-night-service on every main highway in America throughout the summer touring season.

No matter how late the hour or how bad the night...a Texaco Dealer is ready to supply you with either of those two famous Texaco

Gasolines, Fire-Chief or SKY CHIEF. He will give your motor needed protection with Insulated Havoline, or Texaco Motor Oil. He will clean that rain-blurred windshield, offer you the shelter and convenience of his Registered Rest Room, send you safely on your way. Yes! Day or night...

You're Welcome AT

**TEXACO
DEALERS**

TUNE IN: "Millions for Defense" All Star Radio Program every Wednesday Night—Columbia Broadcasting System—7:00 E.S.T., 8:00 E.S.T., 8:00 C.D.T., 7:00 C.S.T., 6:00 M.S.T., 5:00 P.S.T.



I MAY BE A

TOY



But my diet's nothing to play with!

Hit-or-miss feeding, hard to digest foods cause most common dog ailments

VETERINARIANS SAY

WHAT'S GOOD for you may often be questionable for your dog's health! Because dogs, regardless of breed, haven't the digestive ability to handle any foods. Your pet needs a balanced, easily digested diet for day-after-day health. Such a diet protects against listlessness, excessive shedding, loss of appetite—all other common diet-caused ailments.

Scientists have adequately proved Pard's ability to build up defenses against disease, maintain dogs in vigorous A-1 condition. At Swift's Research Kennels, dog families through 5 generations have been fed Pard exclusively. None ever suffered from a single diet-

caused ailment. Their growth and conformation to breed have been excellent.

Here is living proof of what Pard can do. Start your dog on Pard today—he'll love it!

"Smallest of dogs, the Chihuahua is one of the few native American breeds. Full of fun, he is alert, intelligent, and graceful. Terrier qualities."



"Because of their specialized digestive organs, a high percentage of dog ailments is due to digestive disorders caused by faulty feeding. Good dog health begins with a correct, easily digested diet. At Swift's Kennels, Pard has protected 5 generations of Wire-Hairers from all diet-caused ailments."

H. E. ROBINSON, Ph. D.
Swift & Company
Nutritional Research
Laboratories



Give PARD Your "See and Sniff" Inspection



Open a can of Pard. See for yourself how tempting and wholesome Pard looks and smells. If Pard does not come up to your expectations in every way—and the label from the Pard can to Swift & Company, Chicago with your comments. Swift will give you double the price you paid for it.

PARD

SWIFT & COMPANY'S
NUTRITIONALLY
BALANCED DOG FOOD

NEXT WEEK



Attack Alarm, by Hammond Innes

While headlines follow the RAF in the Battle Over Britain, the Empire's citizen army races against time to safeguard the air squadrons' nests from attack and invasion by the Luftwaffe. But there's drama and danger on the ground, too, for those men and women who fight and work—and wait. At the Thorby fighter drome, ack-ack gunner Barry Hanson found enough and to spare when he stumbled upon a fifth-column plot which no one would believe. Mr. Innes, himself a British anti-aircraft gunner, has made an exciting story of this air-borne mystery on England's Channel coast.

New Styles in Unions, by J. C. Furnas

A union which takes the initiative in promoting its industry's sales . . . which spends its own money to advertise the products it makes . . . which asks neither higher wages nor shorter hours, but demands that employers revitalize their merchandising methods . . . doesn't that sound like one for the labor-management book? Mr. Furnas tells you why and how it all happened in the garment trade.

Things Hoped For, by Lula Vollmer

Ellen Cady was running away from a man who wouldn't stay put and who didn't like a woman's last word. It was on her flight, in a mountain cabin, that she discovered there are some family differences which should be left unsettled.

Flying Cadet Stribling, T. S. Reports for Duty

Here's the strange case of a novelist who went poking around our Army Air Corps in search of a short story—and found himself enrolled as a flying cadet. The Basic Flying School at Montgomery, Alabama, is to blame for the result.

Heigh-Ho, the Merry-O —, by David Lamson

Homesteading, when the bad years come, can be too much for any man. Mr. Plimpton took as much as he could stand and then he left—for the city and regular wages. That desertion has provided Mr. Lamson with the story of a plains family who wouldn't stay lied.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!"

by Robert E. S. Thompson

At a chain of camps throughout the country the first contingent of 10,000 young Americans who refuse to fight are settling down to work out their convictions. Like to meet some conscientious objectors? We'll take you to the Elkridge, Maryland, camp.



The Courtship of Baptiste

Brown, by Richard Wormser

Here is a story which is part fiction and part fact from America's past. There was a mixed-blood mountain man named Baptiste Brown who courted an Indian girl like Pretty Eyes and found her dowry might be death . . . but for the rest we refer you to Mr. Wormser.

Also: George Harmon Cox, in SEE HOW THEY RUN, writes an exciting short story about the annual Boston Marathon; Lucian Cary continues with his serial of espionage, LET THE GUN TALK; and Booth Tarkington digs deeper into his past with the sixth part of AS I SEEM TO ME.

A 5-45 reveille without benefit of a bugle in a C. O. camp.

Fathers make the wackiest parents!



JUDY: What's wrong this time, Bill?

BILL: Look! I pay \$25 for this crate. Then Dad plunks out more than that to put a new set of Silvertowns on it.

JUDY: Sounds funny. What did he say?

BILL: Nothing—except "Switch to B. F. Goodrich," and "Better be safe than sorry." He's sure a hard man to understand!

NO CAR is safer than its weakest tire. That's why it's smart to put Silvertowns all around. They'll stand between you and the danger of blowouts and skids. And they'll turn in plenty of extra miles, too.

That's because every Silvertown is made with Duramin—

the "tire vitamin"—the amazing combination of chemicals that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer. You get more safe miles with Silvertowns.

Old tires spell t-r-o-u-b-l-e, every time. Why take chances with them? Trade your old tires in for Silvertowns, and then

you'll *know* you're safe. You'll feel better, drive better. You'll have real peace of mind. Trade-in allowances are high today. Cash prices are low. And—if you prefer to buy on time—many B. F. Goodrich Dealers and all Goodrich Silvertown Stores offer the Budget Plan.

See the new

SILVERTOWNS

(Left) **SAFETY SILVERTOWN.** Duramin gives it longer wear, and top quality. Hi-Flex cords make it stronger than ever.

(Center) **DELUXE SILVERTOWN.** Duramin-made. Gives the best combination of mileage, safety, comfort, and quiet running.

(Right) **LIFE SAVER SILVERTOWN.** No tire can stop you quicker, or keep you safer! on skids. 20% more miles than the original Life-Saver tire. Duramin-made.



SOME B. F. GOODRICH FIRSTS THAT ARE HELPING TO CONSERVE AMERICA'S VITAL RUBBER SUPPLY

AMERPOL, the first synthetic rubber used in automobile tires sold to the American public.

CARBON LACK TREAD, a B. F. Goodrich development that more than doubled tire mileage.

DURAMIN, the amazing discovery that keeps rubber young, makes tires wear longer, stay safer.

Switch to

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Sail your way through Summer
Keeping crisp and cool—
Let a bowl of Krispies
Be your daily rule.



Ahoy, CRISPNESS!

the
lasting kind



DELICIOUS WITH FRESH,
FROZEN, COOKED OR
CANNED FRUITS



"Get away from it all!" That's the ticket! And while you're at it, get away from those ho-hum, humdrum breakfasts. Delicious Kellogg's Rice Krispies can give you real vacation-time zest every morning.

What a picture! Start with a generous heap of these mellow-flavored, golden bubbles. Highlight them with your favorite fruit. Splash in frosty milk or cream. Then listen as Rice Krispies proclaim their crispness—snap! crackle! pop! What's more, you'll find they *hold* that famous crispness to the final mouth-watering spoonfull.

Yes, here is *extra* goodness! It's the result of a unique Kellogg flavor recipe, oven-popping, and gentle toasting. Get the Rice Krispies habit. Enjoy them often at home . . . traveling, too. Leading hotels, restaurants, camps and trains feature Kellogg's Rice Krispies in individual packages.

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its delicious brand of oven-popped rice.

Kellogg's CEREALS
MADE IN BATTLE CREEK

KELLOGG'S CORN FLAKES—RICE KRISPIES—ALL-BRAN—WHEAT KRISPIES—POP
KELLOGG'S 4-K'S—RAN FLAKES—BRANFLAKES—KELLOGG'S SHREDDED WHEAT

LET THE GUN TALK

By
Lucian Cary



She was thinking what a fine old man he was, when a harsh voice spoke out of the darkness behind him. "Be quiet and you won't get hurt."

JOE HILL backed his battered roadster up to the storeroom and asked for a case of Government .30-caliber ammunition.

"Okay, Mr. Hill," the boy said. Joe noticed the "Mr." He had been a mechanic ever since he was big enough to say he was sixteen. He had become a toolmaker, trusted with nice work. He had made good with J. M. Pyne. But he had never been a boss until he came to Gaylord Arms. He wasn't used to being mistreated.

The boy would have put the case aboard, but it weighed a hundred pounds and he was a skinny kid. Joe hoisted it into the rumble seat and drove across the factory yard to what they called the Water Shop, because in the beginning it had got power from a dam several hundred yards up the river. They hadn't used it since the 90's, so they had given it to the old man.

The gun was lying on the bench. J. M. Pyne was wearing his Sunday clothes, and his beard had been freshly trimmed. He was rummaging in a case that looked like the bag family doctors carry on their rounds. He spread the contents out on the bench—

screw drivers, and two kinds of pliers, and a dozen shapes of needle files, and spare action springs. He had carried that kit to rifle matches for forty years, because his rivals expected him to stop shooting and fix their rifles when anything went wrong with them, while his own gun got cold and the wind shifted and the light changed. He had made world's records just the same.

The old man looked at Joe over the top of his glasses. "You're feeling pretty good."

Joe knew what he meant. It was his way of saying, "You think you're going to get somewhere with the gun this afternoon."

"It's a nice day," Joe said. It was a nice day, clear and bright and warm.

The old man stared out of the iron-barred window at the river rushing by below them. The river was at flood after a week of rain. But now the sun was shining on the dark water.

"Yes," he said, "it's a nice day. I hope you still think it's a nice day when we get back here."

He had been like that about the gun ever since the first time Joe had seen it, two months back.

They had been packing up the stuff in the Jersey City shop, getting it ready to ship to Gaylord Arms, when Joe had found the box, with a card tacked on the lid addressing it to an Army officer at the Aberdeen Proving Ground, and asked what was in it. The old man had put him off. Joe had bothered him until he had opened the box and pulled out the wadded newspapers, dated July, 1929, and there it was—a semiautomatic military rifle, ugly after its kind, but beautiful in its simplicity.

J. M. Pyne said he had changed his mind about sending it in for trial when he had heard that the Army was working on its own semiautomatic rifle. He had decided it wasn't any use. He didn't much care. He had satisfied himself that he had solved the problem. Why try to convince men who knew less about it than he did? He'd had enough of trying to tell the Army something about small arms.

J. M. Pyne bent his head over the tools on the bench. "You don't know what you're getting into, Joe," he said.

"The gun is good."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"I'd like to put it over."

The old man growled something about having been young once himself.

"It's a quarter of two," Joe said. "You ready?"

"In ten minutes."

Joe picked up the gun. The old man turned his head. He glared at the gun in Joe's hands as he spoke. "I don't like semiautomatic rifles. They won't shoot."

He knew how the old man felt. J. M. Pyne had given his whole life to making rifles that were more accurate than any others. He was famous for his knowledge and for his precise workmanship. He couldn't get the results he demanded from a semiautomatic rifle. The tolerances had to be bigger. Besides, being a military arm, it couldn't weigh more than ten pounds. He couldn't put enough weight in the barrel for fine shooting.

"You can't compare it with one of your three-hundred magnum bull guns," Joe said. "Of course it isn't as good as they are."

"What's the use of it, then?"

Joe wanted to remind him that his semiautomatic rifle had shot as well as other military rifles. But he knew it was better not to argue. He put the gun in the car. He guessed he had time to walk through the barrel shop and make sure that everything was going all right. He had two hundred men under him. He would soon have four hundred—maybe a thousand. Gaylord Arms had been dying for twenty years. Now it was alive again. Joe was, though he still didn't quite believe it, superintendent of the works. He was twenty-eight years old.

He looked into the reception room as he was passing the door. The girl at the information desk was known to have ignored with a cool, contemptuous stare all the attempts to kid her along. But she had a way of giving Joe a long, slow, sidewise look, as if they shared a secret. It was a year since he'd had a date with a girl. Betty had made it plain, without a word, that he had only to ask. But she wasn't there at the moment. A girl with gorgeous red hair, slim and smart in a blue-gray dress, was standing at the information desk. Joe paused, without thinking what he was doing, to

Joe shook his head and smiled at the absurdity of it. She was, of course, the daughter of some rich man and so spoiled that she thought she could have anything that struck her fancy, whether she had any use for it or not. She needed to learn that there were some things she couldn't have just because she was nice to look at.

"Do you have to be so rude?" She said it without raising her voice, so it irritated him more than if she'd got mad.

"You don't understand. J. M. Pyne doesn't make rifles for everybody. He hasn't time. He only makes them for men who are good enough shots to need them."

"How interesting." She looked straight into his eyes. "Is it true?"

Joe hesitated. It wasn't strictly true. The old man would do anything for a friend, even if he couldn't shoot.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "I'm a good shot." Joe smiled again. Half the people he met said that about themselves and believed it. Rifle shooting was neither fashionable nor spectacular, so most people never saw any good shooting. They picked up a boy's rifle in the country and hit tin cans at fifty feet and thought they knew how to shoot. Their choice of so big a target proved they didn't know what rifles were for.

He had to get rid of the girl. He had been trying to get J. M. Pyne to make more models of his semiautomatic rifle. He had stayed up nights milling out two new receivers, which housed the working parts of the gun, from solid blocks of tough alloy steel, to save the old man as much work as he could. If this crazy girl barged in on him she might persuade him to make a rifle for her, and that would mean another delay of a week or a month.

"I'm sure you are a good shot," Joe said, trying to be diplomatic.

"You mean you're sure I'm not."

"That's right," he said, letting her have it straight. If she was surprised, she didn't show it. "Last week end," she said, "I broke five pop bottles in succession."



She looked across the table at Joe Hill and wished she had resisted the temptation to take him for a ride.

get a better look at her, and she turned and caught him staring at her. He could have walked on down the hall toward the barrel shop as if their eyes had never met.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" he asked.

"Yes," she said. "I came to see Mr. Pyne."

Her voice was the kind he liked, low-pitched, and her smile was pretty swell. But Joe felt that her manner took it for granted that if she wanted to see the old man, somebody would go running to fetch him.

"Mr. Pyne is busy right now," he said. "Is it a personal matter?"

"Yes," she said. "I mean it always is with him, isn't it? I want him to make me one of his target rifles."

She thrust her chin out at him as if daring him to say that wasn't good shooting.

He didn't laugh. But she guessed what he thought.

"You aren't impressed."

"No," Joe said.

"What would you call good shooting?"

"Nowadays, the twenty-two-caliber shooters use a target at a hundred yards that has a ten ring two inches in diameter. The top men in a prone match will have all their shots in the ten ring. They call that a possible, or a clean score."

"Then who wins?"

"They had to put a one-inch ring inside the ten ring to decide that. They call it the X ring. The

man who has a clean score and the most X's wins."

"That makes pop bottles just funny, doesn't it?" She dropped her eyelashes in confusion. He saw how soft her skin was, with freckles faintly showing on either side of her slightly turned-up nose. Her cheeks were delicately flushed. "And," she added, "they weren't a hundred yards. They weren't anything like that."

Joe thought it was sweet of her to admit that she was wrong. It would be easy enough now to persuade her not to bother the old man about the barrel. His irritation left him. He wanted to be kind and helpful.

"Anyway," she said, looking up at him, "it was fun."

"Of course it was."

"But you think I don't rate a Pyne rifle."

"You don't need it. You'd find it much too heavy. You can buy a perfectly good light rifle for ten dollars in a hardware store."

"Thank you ever so much," the redheaded girl said. "You've been so—so educational. I mustn't take any more of your time. But may I ask one question?"



All his nervousness was gone. He was home again. He was no talker. But this gun could talk.

"Yes, of course."

It was only then that he saw how scornful she was.

"Can you speak for J. M. Pyne?" she asked.

"No one can speak for J. M. Pyne."

"That's what I thought."

Betty came in and sat down behind the information desk. The redheaded girl asked her for a sheet of paper.

"Take my chair," Betty said.

The girl wrote rapidly. Joe stood staring at her bent head. Her hair was a marvelous red, and so thick and soft and curly it made you want to run your hand through it. She folded the note and held it out to him.

"Will you be so good as to give that to Mr. Pyne?"

"If you insist," Joe said, trying not to show how angry he was.

The old man was trying the door of his shop to make sure it was locked. He had two bandoleers of ammunition slung over his shoulder.

"What have you got there?"

"Some 1938 National Match stuff."

Joe remembered that lot. They had shot several hundred rounds of it, testing the semiautomatic rifle. It was loaded with the boat-tail bullet that

had so greatly increased the range of the service rifle. The old man must have some pride in his gun, no matter what he said, or else he wouldn't have taken the trouble to bring along the more powerful ammunition the Army had given up when they adopted the Garand rifle. He wanted to show that his gun could handle the load that had done so well at long range in the Springfield.

He smiled as he read the note the redheaded girl had written. "It's from Frieda Guerdner. She's Fritz Guerdner's daughter. I used to shoot with Fritz at the old *schützen* club here in Waterford. I lost track of him years ago when I moved my shop to Jersey City. I heard he'd gone out West."

"If you want to see the girl," Joe said, "I'll tell her to come back tomorrow."

"What for? I'd like to see her now."

Joe knew it wasn't any use. You couldn't force the old man. You had to get around him. And this girl was doing it. Somebody had told her how to manage J. M. Pyne, or else she just knew, without being told.

"All right," he said. "I'll get her."

She was sitting in the reception room. She looked up, ever so innocent.

"Mr. Pyne will see you," Joe said.

"Oh," she said, "I was sure he would."

Joe was too sore to say anything. J. M. Pyne took both her hands in his. Joe had noticed before that the old man liked pretty girls. He might be seventy-five, but he was just as susceptible as anybody else. He told Frieda Guerdner that she must go with them to Reuben Gaylord's farm and see the gun shot.

"I've got my car," she said. "But I could leave it here."

"Joe will put your car in the yard," J. M. Pyne said. "You ride with us."

He handed her into the roadster with an old man's gallantry.

She gave Joe her key. Her car was a convertible coupé, of the same year as his roadster, and looked as if it had taken the same kind of beating.

When he got back, she and J. M. Pyne were old friends. Joe squeezed in behind the wheel. There was so little room that the girl was pressed against him. It didn't seem to bother her, but it bothered him. He stared straight

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ILLUSTRATED BY
LYMAN ANDERSON

HITLER BIDS FOR CHRISTIAN ALLIES

By Demaree Bess

LONDON, BY WIRELESS.

IN THEIR attempt to create a new world empire, Germany's present rulers have conducted many campaigns. Some of these campaigns have been chiefly military; others have been primarily wars of nerves; but in all their most important campaigns the Nazis have carefully mixed armed forces with psychological forces, hoping thus to confuse and weaken their opponents.

That familiar Nazi mixture was particularly apparent in the attack upon Soviet Russia. When this campaign was launched, in London public attention at first was almost completely monopolized by the military aspects of Hitler's latest move. But I had just arrived in Britain after a year's tour through Germany's new empire, and there everyone has learned to look beyond immediate objectives in search of something more. So the question at once came to my mind: What do the Germans hope to gain from this campaign, in addition to military conquest of Russia?

The answer was supplied by memories of a score of recent incidents. I recalled episode after episode which suggested that the Nazis had prepared this campaign long in advance and that they had directed it not only against Russia's proletarian dictatorship but also against the religious and conservative middle class in all countries, including Germany itself.

For when Hitler plunged into Russia, he didn't limit his ambitions to smashing the Red army. He aspired also to recover some of the ground which he had lost in the Christian and Moslem worlds by the paganism of his doctrines, and the antireligious excesses of many of his followers. Above all, he hoped to enlist support within the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church, whose leaders and members had been repelled by the persecution of Catholics in Germany and occupied countries.

I have obtained firsthand evidence that Hitler's agents have been working quietly for more than a year to recruit support among European Christians, paying especial attention to those countries in which the Roman Catholic religion is predominant. The first time I encountered one of those agents was in Paris a few weeks after the German occupation. In the course of our conversation he told me that he had been paying calls upon a number of French Roman Catholics. He added he sincerely hoped that their religion would prove to be a bond which would draw Frenchmen and Germans together.



**"ONE MAY SMILE, AND SMILE,
AND BE A VILLAIN."**

Stalin in Moscow beaming upon Von Ribbentrop in token of the signing of the Nazi-Red "nonaggression" pact, as Hitler beamed upon Molotov in Berlin. By July second, Stalin, exhorting the Russian people in his first radio broadcast, was saying: "We could not refuse such a pact even to such monsters as Hitler and Ribbentrop."

PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN

Right—Red Square, Moscow, May Day, 1941, seven weeks before Hitler astonished the world by hurling his blitzkrieg at his mock friend, fellow tyrant and Russian ally. **Below**—Contrasted Communist and Nazi anti-religious propaganda.



PHOTO FROM EUROPEAN



When I suggested that National Socialism by its teachings and its actions seemed to be as anti-religious as Bolshevism, he vigorously dissented.

"Some of my Catholic acquaintances in France have got the same erroneous impression," he declared. "But I trust that I have succeeded in convincing them that they are mistaken. As our new order in Europe develops, it will provide every opportunity for religion to reassert itself. For one thing, it will drive Bolshevism out of Europe."

I asked him how he could reconcile this view with the pact which Hitler had made with Stalin. He smiled indulgently and replied: "Surely you realize that was a temporary expedient prompted by military necessity. Hitler made his agreement with Stalin only in order eventually to destroy him."

I discovered later, as I visited other countries on the Continent, that my Paris acquaintance was one of a small army of German Catholics engaged in the same kind of work. They were helping to lay the groundwork for the propaganda campaign which reached its climax after the German armies plunged into Russia.

On the same day that Hitler struck in the east, the British prime minister, Winston Churchill, broadcast to the British Empire. His message not only clarified the British attitude toward Russia but also effectively countered the German propaganda drive. As far as Britons were concerned, Churchill successfully squelched German hopes of spreading confusion.

But the Nazi scheme to bewilder and divide Christians had not been directed primarily against the British Empire. It had concentrated upon the

ish Empire into the appearance of championing the Jews against the Arabs.

And now in this latest psychological campaign Hitler plotted to use Red Russians as similar pawns. He assumed the post of defender of Christian Europe against Atheist Russia, seeking thus to paralyze opposition to his imperialist schemes on large sections of the Christian world by maneuvering the British Empire and the United States into the role of accomplices of Bolshevism.

But there is one Christian country in Europe where Hitler has not sent his religious missionaries. That is the Roman Catholic country of Poland. Last February, when I was permitted to visit Poland, I wished that my German acquaintance in Paris could have been with me. It is doubtful if he and others like him have been fully informed about what has happened there.

The Polish Laboratory

FOR the Nazi administration in Poland is unlike that in any other occupied country. Nazi extremists have got control there and have drastically pushed Nazi racial theories to their logical conclusions. The Poles are Slavs, and Nazis consider Slavs an inferior race. For purposes of political expediency, the Germans have acted more tactfully in other Slav countries, such as Bulgaria and Croatia. But in Poland their racial theories were permitted to determine their policy. German administrators in that country have publicly informed the Poles that they must accept inferior status, not only during the present war but forever. And they have

I asked why, and he explained: "Poland is the one country where the Nazis have completely revealed their hand. We Poles have learned by bitter experience what Nazi racial theories must eventually mean for every race which the Germans consider inferior. The Nazi extremists whom Hitler turned loose in Poland are not the Germans whom we once knew. They are dangerous fanatics whose brutal race theories are a greater menace to the Poles than any Marxist theories could ever be. Poles of all classes now realize this and we are united against the Germans. We are even beginning to feel united with our fellow Slavs inside Russia, in spite of the great wrongs Stalin has committed against us."

The behavior of the Nazis in Poland, which was un-Christian in the fullest sense of that word, did more than anything else could have done to strengthen Slav solidarity against the Germans, which was one factor in changing the central plan of Nazi military strategy. The Germans had calculated they could safely leave all Slavs, including the Russians, to be dealt with last, after they had completed their war with the west. They believed that the Slavs were too weak and too divided to threaten them seriously. They wanted to settle with England before they tackled Russia, the heart of Slavdom.

Of course, British resistance was the chief reason which impelled Hitler to turn against Russia in June. This resistance had provided time for the growing solidarity of the Slavs to develop, and for the indignation against the Nazi persecution of religious persons to take formidable shape in all Christian countries. More important still, it had led to increasing restlessness among Hitler's own Germans.



Catholic countries in Europe, upon France, Spain, Portugal, Hungary, Italy and Ireland. It had also sought support in such countries as Switzerland, Sweden and Finland, where the Lutheran Church is strong. It had looked far afield to the Catholic communities in South America, Canada and the United States.

This campaign to divide Christians had been planned by the Germans as coolly as they had planned their earlier campaign in which Jews were the principal pawns. It took outsiders a long time to discover all the objectives aimed at by the Nazi anti-Jewish movement. It wasn't appreciated at first that Hitler was using the Jews, in part, to persuade the Moslem world that he was the defender of the Arabs against the Jews, and to maneuver the Brit-

ish Empire into the appearance of championing the Jews against the Arabs.

They also exiled some of his relatives to Siberia and imprisoned others. This man also possessed some property in the German General Government area of Poland, and the Nazis allowed him to keep this property. Nevertheless, he assured me that if he had to choose between Russian and German rule, he wouldn't hesitate for one moment to choose the Russian. He added that all his Polish friends felt the same.

During my visits to Germany this past year I saw many signs that the Germans were unhappy about the war, despite all the victories their armies were winning. They were especially disturbed by the thought that they were lined up with Red Russia against the west. Some of them expressed open doubts to me about whether their co-operation with Russia wasn't pushing Nazi extremists along the road to Bolshevism.

For one thing, many Germans were distressed about the persecution of religious persons in Germany and also in occupied countries. German Catholics in particular were disturbed by the imprisonment of priests and nuns, and they mourned the loss of famous old monasteries which had been commandeered by their

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TOGETHER

By



Anne said fiercely, "But I'm going back to him. I'm going home. I hate it here."

THE sound of reveille roused Anne from her dream of having run away. She sat up shivering in the narrow cot. The sun hung red and enormous in the eastern sky, but the air was cold. Anne was thankful that it was morning. She was thankful to be able to dismiss the dream. This was the third time she had waked to the same dream. In the dream, Mrs. Trayner had pursued her while her father stepped backward into the shadow of the big brown house in Highlands. Anne had held a letter in her hand and called, "But, dad, look! You said you missed me!" Finally, out of the nowhere of the dream, she had heard her mother's voice asking, "What's the matter, darling? Why aren't you and dad together any more?"

Anne covered her mouth with her fingers. In spite of the sound of the bugle, the girls in the cabin were still asleep. Anne could hear their breathing, slower and steadier than her own. "It's because of you," Anne whispered, answering the dream to make it end. "Dad pretends that he sent me up here so that I could meet other girls, but he didn't. He sent me up here so that I wouldn't remind him of you. Dad won't even talk about you." Anne knelt upright on the cot. Anne said fiercely, "But I'm going back to him. I'm going home. I hate it here."

Anne glanced through the screened opening over her cot. A mist lay on the lake and along the slopes of the valley. The rank grass outside the row of cabins glimmered with dew. Reveille was being

sounded from the main house by means of a record played on Mrs. Trayner's battered phonograph. A crack in the record made the first notes of the bugle repeat themselves over and over. That had seemed funny, at first, like the difference between the catalogue's pictures of the camp—the snug, freshly painted cabins, the clipped fields, the lake glittering in the foreground—and the camp itself, as shabby as every morning's breakfast of cold cereal, toast and milk. It wasn't funny now.

Anne knotted her cotton bathrobe and walked along the graveled path to the main house. She thought of the catalogue her father had asked her to read last May: "Camp Weona, situated in the lofty Berkshire, is fortunate in possessing an impressive main house, part of a magnificent estate recently destroyed by fire, in which such indoor activities as ping-pong, shuffleboard and bowling may be embraced. Here the girls will spend many happy hours under the friendly guidance of Mrs. Trayner." The catalogue failed to say that by "recently" you were to understand "in 1888," that the impressive main house had been a stable and that the pillars of its box stalls made ping-pong, shuffleboard and bowling impossible.

Anne hurried into the shower room, which Mrs. Trayner had fashioned out of a double box stall. Anne was relieved to be alone. After six weeks, she was still unused to sharing a shower with half a dozen girls. Anne slipped off her bathrobe and pajamas and spun the faucet marked "Hot." The cold water stung against her body and upturned face. She could hear Mrs. Trayner and Mr. Littlejohn, the cook, quarreling in the kitchen on the opposite side of the wall. Apparently Mr. Littlejohn had used too much butter the night before. Mrs. Trayner's deep voice rang out over Mr. Littlejohn's intermittent pipping.

"Quit?" Mrs. Trayner cried. "Who else would give you a job? I only put up with you because I promised Martha I would."

Anne pitied Mr. Littlejohn. Mr. Littlejohn was old and thin and bald, and his feet hurt from standing all day on the concrete floor. Mr. Littlejohn made the mistake of trying to serve meals like those described in the catalogue: "Weona is famous for its substantial country-style cooking. No expense is spared in securing ample supplies of the freshest milk, butter and eggs." Now Mr. Littlejohn's voice shook with mixed sorrow and self-loathing. "You'll find one of these fine days," Mr. Littlejohn said. "You'll find out whether I can get another job or not."

Mrs. Trayner's laughter rattled the shower pipes. "Martha wore the pants in your family," Mrs.

Brendan Gill

Trayner said. "She was the one who decided things. Why, when she was alive, you were always talking about the trip you were going to take in your old flivver. Oh, my, yes! Chicago, the Rocky Mountains, the Golden Gate! I haven't heard much about that lately. You've been sticking pretty close to your stove this last year. And the flivver is falling apart in the shed. You wouldn't dare to drive it beyond the end of the camp road."

Mr. Littlejohn's voice was a thin, stubborn chirp. "Maybe I'll quit today," Mr. Littlejohn said. "Maybe I'll never come back!"

The first cluster of girls clattered into the shower room, yawning and ruffling their hair. Anne ran out of the main house, passing her three cabin mates on the path. They said lazily, not bothering to smile, "Hi, kid." To their backs, Anne said softly, "Hi." Anne's cabin mates were sixteen. They wrote letters every day to boys at the camp across the valley and to boys at home. Anne was fifteen. She wrote letters only to her father in Highlands. That was the world that stood between them and her. Lying in her cot at night, Anne had to listen to the other girls whispering the names of boys they liked. "You know what Charlie said? . . . You remember Charlie! . . . Gee, he's cute. Gee, I think he's swell." Somehow, their giggling made Anne sick and unsure of herself. She tried to shut her ears to their giggling by thinking of her father and of the house in Highlands. But Highlands was ninety miles away. If she thought about it as she fell asleep, she was bound to dream that she had run away from camp and that Mrs. Trayner was pursuing her.

Anne sat down on her cot in the cabin. Shorts, halters and sweaters were scattered across the floor and hanging from the bare studs. Mrs. Trayner was supposed to inspect the cabins every morning before breakfast. The catalogue, written by Mrs. Trayner, put it simply: "Mrs. Trayner will act as a second mother to the girls while they are enjoying the cool summer days at Weona. She will make certain that the girls keep their cabins as spotless as Mrs. Trayner herself would keep them." But this year Weona was short of counselors. Mrs. Trayner had been kept so busy at the main house that now, in August, she had yet to make her first trip of inspection. Anne remembered sharply her clerk, the ceilinged room in Highlands. She remembered the old-fashioned pictures on the walls, the collection of little porcelain dogs on the shelf beside her bed. She hoped that the dogs were safe. She herself had always dusted them, up to the day she left for camp. She had told



"Not that ruining the camp's name means anything to you. You think I enjoy seeing the cabins fall apart. And you blab it all in your letters home!"

Olga to be especially careful of the brown-and-white-spotted dog. He was the last present her mother had given her. Anne had found him wrapped in red paper under the tree on Christmas morning.

Anne lifted her writing box from the floor under the cot and opened it. On top of the stack of cheap, lined paper in the box lay the first draft of the letter she had written to her father the week before. She had written the letter over and over, as her father had taught her to do, until it said only what she dared to say. That was one of the rules that her father had made for her years ago. Anne remembered that her father's desk at home was covered with a crumpled mountain range of paper by the time he had finished writing an important letter. "People always write more than they mean to

write," her father said. "Then, when they've dropped the letter into the mailbox, they're sorry." Anne lifted the first draft of her letter and read aloud the smudged, ink-spotted words.

Dear Dad: I hate to bother you like this. I know I ought to be glad of the chance to be here at camp with so many other girls. I know this will show me what it's like to go away to school, in case I have to go away to school this fall. But the camp isn't the way it sounds in the catalogue. The cabins are old and messy, and they're a long way from the lake. Mrs. Trayner spends all day in her office, worrying over bills. She won't let Mr. Littlejohn cook us any good meals, because they might cost her some money. Mr. Littlejohn's the best person in the whole camp. He reminds me of Olga, only of course he is a man.

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*But the crowd of mourners
would have done credit to
Athens in the age when her
dead heroes were burned.*

THAT GREEK DOG

By
MacKinlay Kantor

He received . . . praise that will never die, and with it the grandest of all spectators, not that in which his mortal bones are laid, but a home in the minds of men.—THUCYDIDES (more or less).

IN THOSE first years after the first World War, Bill Barbilis could still get into his uniform; he was ornate and handsome when he wore it. Bill's left sleeve, reading down from the shoulder, had patches and patterns of color to catch any eye. At the top there was an arc—bent stripes of scarlet, yellow and purple; next came a single red chevron with the apex pointing up; and at the cuff were three gold chevrons pointing the other way.

On his right cuff was another gold chevron, only slightly corroded. And we must not forget those triple chevrons on an olive-drab field which grew halfway up the sleeve.

People militarily sophisticated, there in Mahaska Falls, could recognize immediately that Mr. Basilio Barbilis had been a sergeant, that he had served with the Forty-second Division, that he had been once wounded, that he had sojourned overseas for at least eighteen months, and that he had been discharged with honor.

His khaki blouse, however, was worn only on days of patriotic importance. The coat he donned at other times was white—white, that is, until cherry sirup and caramel speckled it. Mr. Barbilis was owner, manager and staff of the Sugar Bowl.

He had a soda fountain with the most glittering sigpots in town. He had a bank of candy cases, a machine for toasting sandwiches, ten small tables complete with steel-backed chairs, and a ceiling festooned with leaves of gilt and bronze paper.

Beginning in 1920, he had also a peculiar dog. Bill's living quarters were in the rear of the Sugar Bowl, and the dog came bleating and shivering to the Barbilis door one March night. The dog was no larger than a quart of ice cream and, Bill said, just as cold.

My medical office and apartment were directly over the Sugar Bowl. I made the founding's acquaintance the next day, when I stopped in for a cup of chocolate. Bill had the dog bedded in a candy carton behind the fountain; he was heating milk when I came in, and wouldn't fix my chocolate until his new pet was fed.

Bill swore that it was a puppy. I wasn't so certain. It looked something like a mud turtle wearing furs.

"I think he is hunting dog," said Bill, with pride. "He was cold last night, but not so cold now. Look, I make him nice warm bed. I got my old pajamas for him to lie on."

He waited upon the sniffing little beast with more tender consideration than ever he showed to any customer. Some people say that Greeks are mercenary. I don't know. That puppy wasn't paying board.

The dog grew up, burly and quizzical. Bill named him Duboko. It sounded like that; I don't know how to spell the name correctly, nor did anyone else in Mahaska Falls.

The word, Bill said, was slang. It meant "tough" or "hard-boiled." This animal had the face of a clown and the body of a hyena. Growing up, his downy coat changing to wire and bristles, Duboko resembled a fat Hamburg steak with onions which had been left too long on the griddle.

At an early age Duboko began to manifest a violent interest in community assemblage of any kind or color. This trait may have been fostered by his master, who was proud to be a Moose, an Odd Fellow, a Woodman, and an upstanding member of the Mahaska Falls Commercial League.

When we needed the services of a bugler in our newly formed American Legion post and no bona fide bugler would volunteer, Bill Barbilis agreed to purchase the best brass instrument available and to practice in the bleak and cindery space behind his store. Since my office was upstairs, I found no great satisfaction in Bill's musical enterprise. It happened that Duboko also lent his voice in support; a Greek chorus, so to speak, complete with strophe and antistrophe.

Nevertheless, I could register no complaint, since with other members of the Legion I had voted to retain Bill as our bugler. I could not even kick Duboko downstairs with my one good leg when I discovered him in my reception room lurching off my mail.

Indeed, most people found it hard to punish Duboko. He had the ingratiating, hopeful confidence of an immigrant just off the boat and assured that he had found the Promised Land. He boasted beady eyes, lurchingly crooked paws, an immense mouth formed of black rubber, and pearly and enormous fangs which he was fond of exhibiting in a kind of senseless leer. He smelled, too. This characteristic I called sharply to the attention of his master, with the



result that Duboko was laundered weekly in Bill's uncertain little bathtub, the process being marked by vocal lament which might have arisen from the gloomiest passage of the Antigone.

Mahaska Falls soon became aware of the creature, in a general municipal sense, and learned that it had him to reckon with. Duboko attended every gathering at which six or more people were in congregation. No fire, picnic, memorial service, Rotary convalee or public chicken-pie supper went ungraced by his presence.

If, as sometimes happened on a crowded Saturday night, a pedestrian was brushed by a car, Duboko was on the scene with a speed to put the insurance-company representatives to shame. If there was a lodge meeting which he did not visit and from which he was not noisily ejected, I never heard of it. At Commercial League dinners he lay penive with his head beneath the chair of Bill Barbills. But, suffering fewer inhibitions than his master, he also visited funerals, and even the marriage of Miss Gladys Stumpf.

Old Charles P. Stumpf owned the sieve factory. He was the richest man in town; the nuptials of his daughter exuded an especial aura of social magnificence. It is a matter of historical record that Duboko sampled the creamed chicken before any of the guests did; he was banished only after the striped and rented trousers of two ushers had undergone renting in quite another sense of the word. Grieved, Duboko forsook the Stumpfs after that; he refused to attend a reception for the bride and bridesroom when they returned from the Wisconsin Dells two weeks later.

There was one other place in town where Duboko was decidedly *persona non grata*. This was a business house, a rival establishment of the Sugar Bowl, owned and operated by Earl and John Klugge. The All-American Kandy Kitchen, they called it.

The Brothers Klugge held forth at a corner location a block distant from the Sugar Bowl. Here lounged and tittered ill-favored representatives of the town's citizenry; dice rattled on a soiled mat at the cigar counter; it was whispered that refreshment other than soda could be purchased by the choson.

The business career of Earl and John Klugge did not flourish, no matter what inducement they offered their customers. Loudly they declared that their failure to enrich themselves was due solely to the presence in our community of a Greek—a black-haired, dark-skinned Mediterranean who thought nothing of resorting to the most unfair business practices, such as serving good fudge sundaes, for instance, to anyone who would buy them.

One fine afternoon people along the main street were troubled at observing Duboko limp rapidly westward, fairly wreathed in howls. Bill called me down to examine the dog. Duboko was only bruised, although at first I feared that his ribs were mashed on one side. Possibly someone had thrown a heavy chair at him. Bill journeyed to the Clive Street corner with fire in his eye. But no one could be found who would admit to seeing an attack on Duboko; no one would even say for a certainty that Duboko had issued from the doorway of the All-American Kandy Kitchen, although circumstantial evidence seemed to suggest it.

Friends dissuaded Bill Barbills from invading the precinct of his enemies, and at length he was placated by pleasant fiction about a kicking horse in the market square.

We all observed, however, that Duboko did not call at the Kandy Kitchen again, not even on rare nights when the dice rattled loudly and when the whoops and catcalls of customers caused girls to pass by, like pretty Levites, on the other side.

There might have been a different tale to tell if this assault had come later, when Duboko was fully grown. His frame stretched and extended steadily for a year; it became almost as mighty as the earnest Americanism of his master. He was never vicious. He was never known to bite a child. But frequently his defensive attitude was that of a mother cat who fancies her kitten in danger; Duboko's hypothetical kitten was his right to be present when good fellows—or bad—got together.

Pool halls knew him; so did the Epworth League. At football games an extra linesman was appointed for the sole purpose of discouraging Duboko's athletic ardor. Through some occult sense, he could become aware of an approaching festivity before even the vanguard assembled. Musicians of our brass band never lugged their instruments to the old bandstand in Courthouse Park without finding Duboko there before them, lounging in an attitude of expectancy. It was Wednesday night, it was eight o'clock, it was July; the veriest dullard might know at what hour and place the band would begin its attack on the Light Cavalry Overture. Duboko's taste in music was catholic and extensive. He made a fortuitous (Continued on Page 46)

Mr. Barbills managed to get the gag out of his mouth. His frail voice sang minor encouragement, and he struggled to unfasten his strapped hands.



THE RED

Billy Southworth



ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Bredon prescribed thiamin-chloride tablets for his Cardinals, so the Southworth family took the prescription too. (Lon Warneke's little boy said, "Oh, those are the pills my daddy always throws in the wastebasket.")

By J. Roy Stockton

BILLY SOUTHWORTH bristled with the importance of his new job. Standing up to his full five feet, eight and a half inches, he looked his men squarely in the eye as he told them what was what, in the star-studded spring-training clubhouse at Avon Park, Florida. There was Chick Hafey, the bat-bending left fielder, Jim Bottomley lolled on a trunk. Frankie Frisch was there, at the peak of a brilliant playing career. Charley Gelbert, a star in the making, was the freshman shortstop, and Andy High, infielder. Grover Cleveland Alexander, Bill Sherdel, Jess Haines and Bill Hallahan, pitchers. Jimmy Wilson was just a catcher in the ranks.

Billy Southworth had been one of the gang only two springs before. As right fielder he had helped those Cardinals to their spectacular World Series victory over the Yankees in 1926. And he hadn't ever been averse to burning a candle or two at any number of ends. But now he was their manager. As a manager in the minors, he had won the 1928 International League pennant at Rochester and had been called in for promotion by Sam Bredon, because the Cardinals, after winning the pennant that year under Bill McKechnie, had lost four straight games to the Yankees in the World Series. Bredon was burned up. He wanted a winner. Southworth knew what Sam wanted—an aggressive well-disciplined club. He'd give Sam what he wanted.

"Now get this straight," Southworth said. "We go to Miami tomorrow and all you men will ride the train. There won't be any riding in motorcars with families or friends."

Big Chick Hafey, who always grinned at authority and did about as he pleased, because he could field so well and hit a ball so hard, brushed away a grimace with his sleeve. Billy Southworth broke the silence.

"Look, Bill," he said, "that won't work. My wife's down here and she's been looking forward to this trip. And I'm telling you here and now that I for one am going to drive my own car to Miami."

"All right," snapped Southworth. "As long as you've gone on record, I'll go on record. If you drive to Miami, it will cost you five hundred dollars."

Wilson didn't drive to Miami, and Southworth probably felt that he had scored a victory. But he hadn't. "Don't look now," Hafey whispered to Bottomley, "but there's a heel on the job." And soon all the Cardinals of 1929 were muttering to each other that they certainly had come up with a lousy so-and-so for a manager. Yes, there surely had been a big change in their old pal, Billy Southworth. What harm was there in grown men driving with their wives and families across Florida to the East Coast?

Early that season, while the club was on the road, there was an after-scurfew knock at the door of those inseparable rooms, Hafey and Bottomley. Something had made Southworth suspect that they were out skylarking, but there they were in their room, snug in bed, wide-eyed, amazed and in no small measure pained at what they deemed unnecessary espionage. No more doubt about it. Billy the Heel was the name.

The Repentance of Billy

YOU can't go far with a ball club when relations between manager and men are like that. When July came, the Cardinals hadn't gone far. They were not up in the pennant race, and if you know your baseball you know that when Red Birds, July and a lowly place in the league are in juxtaposition, that's a bad omen for the manager. Sam Bredon fired Southworth back to Rochester.

Eleven years, three Cardinal pennants, two world championships, three managers and many aspirin tablets had gone over the dam when Billy Southworth again was standing up to his full five feet, eight and a half inches and casting the managerial eye over Cardinal baseball players in a clubhouse meeting. A man learns a lot in eleven years. The team was in New York, on the road again.

"We're supposed to leave right after the game tomorrow for Boston," Southworth told his men. "But I was thinking some of you boys would like to stay over in New York another night for the Louis-Godoy fight. It doesn't make any difference to me whether you sleep here or in Boston, so if you'll

think it over and let me know how you feel about it, I'll have the secretary make train arrangements to suit your wishes."

Chick Hafey was no longer there, to brush away a grimace with his sleeve. He would have grinned, though, slyly to his roomie, Jim Bottomley, and Jim would have made the cuspidor ping with a stream of tobacco juice and Old Chick would have known what Jim meant. There surely had been a change in Billy Southworth. The old heel of 1929 had become quite a guy. Keeping a ball club over in New York an extra night so a few guys could see a prize fight! Never heard of such a thing. Quite a guy, this Billy. If you couldn't give all you had for a man like that—well, the heel was in your shoes.

Apparently the new Cardinals did give all they had for the new Southworth, for out of the nowhere of the baseball writers' spring prognostications, the Red Birds today are flying high again, and may make Billy the manager of the year. Before June first, the Cardinals had won ten straight and then another string of eleven consecutive victories. Going into July, they appeared to have only Brooklyn to beat for the pennant.

It was more amazing, too, because all Billy had was what was left after Bredon had sold approximately \$968,500 worth of ballplayers. When Bredon picked Southworth to replace Blades in the 1940 juxtaposition of July, the second division and the Cardinals, the wise guys said Sam had run out of new managers and was starting all over. They wondered if Hornsby, O'Farrell, McKechnie, Street, Frisch or Blades would succeed Southworth, and when. And when Bredon sold Joe Medwick and Curt Davis and Mickey Owen to Brooklyn in two deals for \$190,000 as the start of a big financial program, everybody agreed that the auction was on. Brooklyn paid \$15,000 more for Herman Franks. Herb Brown went to New Orleans for \$3500. Bob Weiland to Los Angeles for \$7500. The Giants paid \$70,000 for Bob Bowman and Joe



BIRDS FLY AGAIN

Comes Back With His Cardinals

Orengo, and threw in \$20,000 more with Harry Cumber for Bill McGee. The Red Sox paid \$17,500, via Rochester, for Mike Ryha. Stu Martin went to the Pirates for \$15,000; Forest Pressnell, picked up in the financial confusion, brought \$10,000 from Cincinnati, and Ernie Koy, lagniappe in the Medwick deal, cost the Reds \$20,000.

The Mysterious Pep-Pill Diet

SO BREADON took the \$368,500 and turned over the hall club and its field to Sam Bredon to Southworth. Oh, yes, Sam did something else that morning he had complained to his general physician and surgeon, Dr. Robert F. Hyland, that he was getting older, and (ours), that he didn't feel as fast as in his younger days. He wearied playing golf and felt groggy in the mornings, especially some mornings.

"Perhaps," Doctor Hyland remarked, "you have a deficiency of thiamin chloride. It occasionally happens when you're past forty. You're a courteous fellow, that Doctor Hyland.) Take a couple of tablets, morning and evening, especially on those 'some' mornings you mention, and I think you'll feel better."

Bredon did feel better. In no time he was playing eighteen holes of golf without a trace of fatigue. Those "some" mornings were just like any others. That thiamin chloride was the nuts. Where had it been all his life?

And so, when Sam gave Southworth what was left of the Cardinals, he also gave him a big carton of thiamin-chloride tablets.

"Feed 'em to the boys morning and evening and you'll be amazed," Bredon told Billy. "They wouldn't know, or shouldn't, about 'some' mornings, so give it to 'em every day. They've made a new man out of me. We ought to win the pennant in a walk."

Old Doctor Bredon is very proud of the way his prescription has worked.

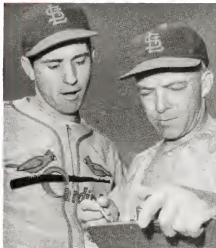
That pennant business, of course, remains to be seen, but before you could say thiamin chloride, riboflavin, or nicotinic acid, Billy Southworth had all his spring problems solved. Like the old woman who lived in the hogan, he had so many pitchers he didn't know what to do. If you find one outstanding hallplayer everybody says you're lucky. Nobody dreams of finding two great ones in two years. But here was Southworth with Frank Crespi, the best-looking second baseman since Frisch, the best developed in the vast Cardinal organization since Hornsby. That wasn't all. Behind the plate he had Walker Cooper, already rated as candidate for relief-of-the-year honors. Crespi solved the infield problem. Cooper would take care of the catching, with help from the veteran Gus Mancuso. Sam Nahem, thrown in when nobody was looking, in the Medwick deal, had blossomed into a sensational young pitcher with a disconcerting downer. And he was not one of many.

There was Ernie White, rated around the circuit now as one of the best showpaws to come up in years; Howard Krist, who'd look like Fred Astaire if he had time for top hat and tails, and who makes a low curve do the dancing while enemy batters' moans furnish the music. The best crop of young pitchers anybody could remember, everybody said. Old Lon Warneke was a boyish strapping again, with a crackling curve and a fast ball that darted over swinging wood so efficiently that early in June he made his seventh victory of the young season a one-hit shutout over the Phillies.

Thiamin chloride? Well, one evening in the dining room at St. Petersburg, somebody was passing the tablets from table to table. Warneke's young son wanted to know what they were. He was told. "Oh," he cracked, "those are the pills my daddy always throws in the wastebasket."

Yes, old pitchers grew younger and young pitchers were so numerous when cutting-down time came, that Southworth had to

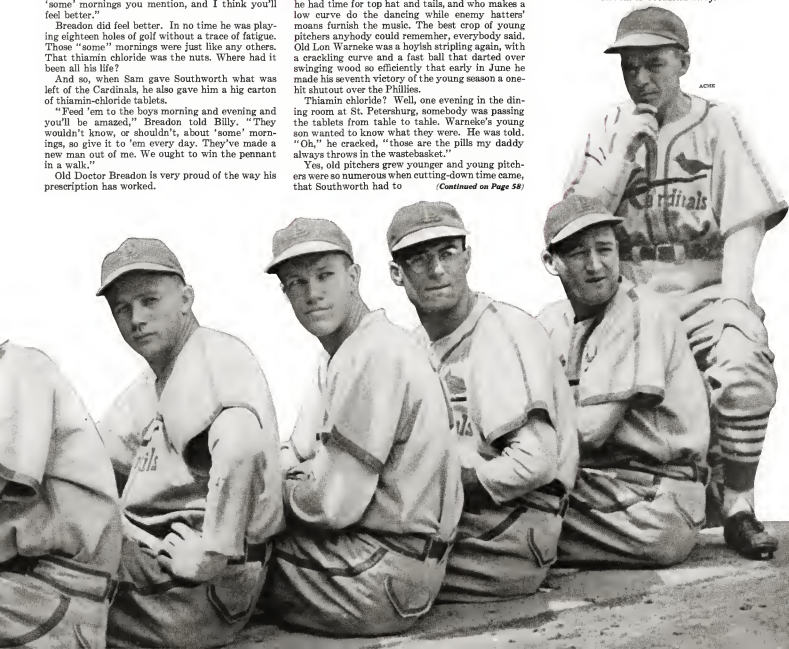
(Continued on Page 58)



BY LARRY FORD-GIBBS/REUTERS

Southworth, who introduced the chart system into baseball, tells a rookie what it's all about.

There was a young manager who lived in St. Lou, he had so many pitchers he didn't know what to do. How Billy ponders whether to send Gornicki, White, Krist, Nahem or Grodzicki away.



SEVEN AIRPLANES, TWO TORPEDO BOATS, TWELVE PASSENGERS

By
Robert Capa

To get the full picture story of an Atlantic conveyer for the Post, Photographer Robert Capa sailed for England aboard one of the battered old freighters on which the life of the British Empire depends. This simple account of his voyage odds point to the accompanying unusual pictures he made on it.

Photos Taken for THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST
by the Author

LONDON, BY WIRELESS.

WHEN I went to the Cunard office in New York to book passage to England, a good-humored man behind the counter handed me a printed leaflet describing the magnificent Cunard passenger liners. But when I had looked at them, he said, "You won't have any of those to bring you across. If you're at Pier 90 tomorrow, you may get aboard a ship which has at least one in seven chances of ferrying you safely to England."

I got my ticket only after signing a paper stating I was traveling on a freighter carrying dangerous cargo at my own risk—Cunard took no responsibility.

The next day I turned up at the pier with my mother. I was met by a cordon of policemen, who told me, "If you want to say good-bye to your old lady, you'd better do it now. Nobody's allowed to get on the pier. Once you are aboard you can't get off, and this time you won't be able to wave handkerchiefs."

So I got on the ship, and certainly it didn't resemble any pictures of luxury liners the Cunard man had shown me. Instead, it had a deck cargo of seven airplanes and two motor torpedo boats. Half an hour before we were due to sail, there were seven airplanes, two torpedo boats and twelve passengers on board, but no crew. The captain was looking along the pier (Continued on Page 68)

We were the last ship in the train. One of the sailors remarked: "God makes the last be first in the sinking." Gunners relax at their posts.



American-built torpedo boats en route to Britain. The stern gate is not a military secret; the ship merely is a requisitioned whaler.



There's danger in crossing the Atlantic—but there's beauty too. Camouflaged planes on deck, blue water and whitecaps set the color for Robert Capa's camera.



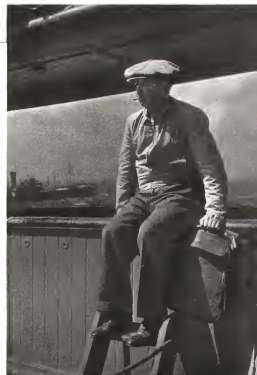
Gun crews on constant duty to guard the precious cargo of planes for Britain. "It was seven airplanes, two torpedo boats, twelve passengers, in that order. Somehow we all felt airplanes and torpedo boats were more important than passengers where we were going."



War or no war, British all-company employees go home from Venezuela for a vacation in England.



Second wireless operator, once a night-club performer, entertained crew with his Charlie McCarthy.



An American courier from the United States Navy clutched his official wallet night and day.



FATHER'S HOME AGAIN

By Mildred P. Hall

AS SOON as Paula had a moment alone in the office, she called up Chris. She didn't try to break the news gently. She was beyond that. "Chris? Father's home again."

"He is?" The sinking voice pulled itself up immediately. "What is it this time?"

"He lost his breath."

"He what?"

"He was out for a walk with mother last night"—the words quivered—"when he just stopped in the street and said he couldn't breathe. They were passing St. Evans', so he went in and saw some intern there. He had mother stay in the waiting room, of course—out of earshot."

"And what's the trouble?"

"He says the doctor told him he's got a broken compensation."

"Whatever that is."

"He'll explain it to you when you're over to-night—fully. All he needs," she said with the calm of despair, "is rest and quiet—as usual."

They shared a laugh, reluctant, painful—but it helped.

"How long do you think?" Chris asked warily.

"It looks bad. He's settled on the couch in the living room. It may be three months. Or six. Like

the time he thought he had the heart trouble." She looked down at the class ring on her left hand. "When we got engaged."

"Now, Paula, don't get yourself worked up. Stewing won't help. We've got to work something out, that's all."

"That's what we said the last time we set a deadline. It's uncanny, the way he seems to know."

"This time we'll marry the day we said," he said stubbornly. "It's different now. I'm not just starting out. I've had a year with the best dental surgeon in New York —"

"And you're single, and there's the draft."

"I'll be a married man with a dependent, on my draft questionnaire." He cut that short. "And before I'm called as a private, I still have a good chance of getting that officer's commission in the Naval Reserve. You just leave your father to me this time."

The authority in his voice braced her a little, saddened her a little. Father could outwit a dozen forthright, dogged young Christophers. Tortoise

and hare. She never had believed that the hopeful, determined tortoise really could have won.

"Well, tonight then, dear doctor," she scoffed gently. "I'll just sit back and watch your young faith move father off that couch."

There was a pause before his laugh. The pause she knew so well—when the color rose under his clear skin; when his hazel eyes brightened, deepened with light before his slower laughter broke into hers.

She hung up, rested her forehead on her hand. She wanted him, wanted him so! Why couldn't they be married in the two weeks they had promised each other? Or, now, tonight? Just walk out on it all.

Three years of the waiting. It was really an art the way father managed to break it up each time. The way his breakdowns lasted exactly as long as her salary and the family savings could carry them comfortably.

If only there weren't mother—mother's anxious face rose before her, reminding her. "Be sure to call up your father's firm the first thing, Paula, won't you?"

Hating the task, she called Swanson and Son. "Mr. Swanson, Senior, please. . . . He isn't? Well, all right. I'll hold on."

ILLUSTRATED BY
LARRY KRITCHER

She would have to talk to the son, not the old man. Her hand slid past her forehead into the thick, springy, straight hair that swept into a soft dark-gold coil at the nape of her neck. Her brows were a straight line of concentration across a blue stare.

"Hello, Mr. Swanson?" Just the right mixture of respect, regret and lightness now. "I'm afraid father may be out for— for a few days."

"Yes?" Young Swanson's voice gave no encouragement. "That's too bad. We're rather rushed right now—Army orders. I hope Mr. Gordon isn't suffering from anything serious, this time?"

Oh, no. It was just nerves. He needed a little rest. "I know Mr. Swanson, senior, counts on him so," she said in apology and reminder.

"My father"—with chill satisfaction—"is going to Florida in two weeks for an indefinite stay. In the absence of Mr. Swanson, I shall be in complete charge."

"Oh, I see."
"Now, Miss Gordon, I don't wish to alarm you," he said crisply, "but it has occurred to me that since Mr. Gordon has these periodic breakdowns, the work might be too much for him. He might perhaps prefer to retire. Not that we wouldn't hate to lose him—"

When Paula hung up, her face was utterly blank.

She had a moment alone with Chris when he came out of the dark, driving rain into the vestibule of the comfortable old suburban frame house. She told him about young Swanson while he dashed the water from his hat, got out of his coat.

"I haven't told father yet. And mother—I dread it. You know how she worries over everything anyway."

Chris, oddly enough, was hopeful. "Your father's pretty proud. He couldn't stand being replaced by a younger man. Logically, it should jolt him out of this thing."

"Logic—and father?" She just smiled, sighed. He suddenly took her dubious face in his two hands. "Don't worry, Paula! You've got time enough of it!" he said fiercely. "Leave this to me, do you hear?"

They had time for one of those hard, rocking kisses that were once all happiness and were now all ache.

In the living room father lay on the couch, very flat under his blankets. His thin hands lay meekly outside the quilt. Against the big white pillows mother had so carefully adjusted behind him, his head looked narrow and gaunt.

"Hello, Chris. I'm afraid I can't shake hands with you." He lifted one hand, looked at it and let it drop. "I'm in one of my sweats," he said apologetically.

"It's pretty warm in here," Paula suggested, dropping down on a hassock close to Chris' chair, "with all the windows closed and that heater going. And then you've got so many blankets on."

A glint appeared in father's eyes, swiftly vanished. "This is a cold sweat."

"Paula tells me," Chris said hastily, "that you've got a"—it came hard—"broken compensation."

Father nodded, pressed a bony finger tenderly to his chest. "Something wrong here." He drew in a breath, let it out painfully. "Soldier's heart, it's sometimes called. The soldiers got it in the last war; thousands of 'em in sanitariums with it all over the country. I'm just like a shell-shocked soldier."

"Just how did it come on?"

Father's eyes brightened under their arched brows. He explained just how it came on. "Paula, here," father said with great restraint, "thinks I ought to get up and go to work with this thing."

"Father, I never said that at all," she protested.

"She doesn't understand what it means to a grown man to have to lie here fighting for his breath, weak as a cat, with two women dependent on him. . . . You think I get these things on purpose, don't you, Paula? Own up, now; be frank."

"Father, I'm just not going to argue with you."

He smiled with wan satisfaction. "Never mind. I understand. It's natural to be impatient, hard-

boiled, when you're still young. Paula. I'd have felt the same way in your place." He turned to Chris. "It's that office life too. It hardens girls these days."

"I hadn't noticed," Chris said.

Father sank down a little against his pillows. "Don't think I don't realize what it means to a young people like you to have an old man, sick, in your way. I'd hoped everything would be smooth sailing by now. Then just my rotten luck, I had to be laid up with this thing."

"Now, Walter." Mother came through the dining room from the kitchen and the fragrance of cooking apples. "You mustn't get worked up. . . . Good evening, Chris. . . . Oh, don't get up."

In her apologetic smile were regret and pity for the young pair sitting close together there. But when her worried blue eyes met Paula's, there was defiance too. An obstinate warning that her first duty was to her mother.

"Something smells good out there," Chris said.

"It's apples; I just strained them for Mr. Gordon. Father can't eat canned applesauce—or any but mine, for that matter." She straightened the library-table runner, hesitated before one chair, finally sat on the edge of another.

Chris sat down again.

"Speaking of applesauce"—father's voice lived—"there's a series of articles running in Your Digestion by some doctor who happens to have made a study of the very thing I've got."

"Paula, I meant to ask you—" Mother broke out from some inner thought turmoil, quickly apologized, "I'm sorry, Walter. I didn't mean to interrupt. But I wondered if Paula had called up the firm today."

Father accepted the new topic with ostensible patience. "I suppose old Swanson was frantic. He's a pin-head," father told Chris cheerfully. "Not an ounce of brains. Been relying on me for twenty years down there."

Paula picked her way carefully, nerves tight. "I didn't talk to him. He's going to Florida in two weeks."

"Florida, hey?" Father looked interested. He directed a glance of distaste to the rain-dashed window. "I was thinking just today that maybe if I could get away to some warm place, I'd get over this thing faster."

"The old man may not be back for some time. The son will be in complete charge in your absence. He said they're rushed; hoped you'd be back soon."

"I bet they do," father said with satisfaction.

"He practically said," Paula told him slowly, "that if you weren't back in two weeks, he'd feel you—well, he mentioned retiring. On a pension. A small one."

Father just stared.

"He said," Paula threw in her last card, "he would take over your work himself."

"He'd take over?" Father's head turned in slow outrage.

"That kid just out of college?"

He can't even add. Why, everybody there knows I've been the brains of that firm twenty years. I know every price, every bobbin in every mill—"

"I know, father, but that isn't what they want right now. He seemed to feel that they just needed men who'd be—well, on hand all the time."

"You don't have to explain things as if I were a child, Paula!" father laughed angrily. "I know what goes on in that jackass' head as if I were there. Threatening me!"

"Of course, you wouldn't have to worry, father."

That was for mother's benefit—mother had one hand nervously to her mouth now. "There'd be the pension, my salary, and we could take a smaller place." Oh, let it work!

Father's eyes blazed. "Don't talk like a blithering idiot, Paula."

Her heart rose. It was all she could do to keep from reaching for Chris' hand.

"Why," father went on contemptuously, "I could stay out two months or

(Continued on Page 76)

He suddenly took her face in his two hands. "Don't worry, Paula! You've done enough of it!" he said fiercely. "Leave this to me."



I'd get that little squirt alone for a minute. How do you think I got Randall out of the room?" Big Sam, grinning gleefully, fingered a small box of capsules in his pocket.

He might have been able to forget it, John often thought, if someone had eased him out. But Randall had never said a word, that day or since; nor Graham, his chief. And so the awfulness of his blunder kept haunting him. Now and then he would sit at his desk, pondering some way to undo his mistake. It seemed a remote hope.

Meanwhile the Turk case came up again, and this time Randall tried it alone. On the fourth day Gregory offered a plea of guilty, provided the state made no recommendation on the punishment. Randall, a little weary of the case, with other trials coming on, agreed. Judge Barr called in two judges to help him fix the penalty, and Turk was now in the county jail, awaiting sentence. The Frazer murder, to all appearances, was closed.

"Bill, where were you at eleven P.M. on Saturday, January fourth?"

Lieutenant of Detectives Bill Stuart was startled. "Am I under suspicion? Let me see. That's six weeks ago. I give up. I don't remember."

"That's just it. You don't remember. But suppose you asked three people that question and they promptly told you. What would you say?"

"They kept a diary. Or—the this business makes you suspicious—they had an alibi."

"Exactly," said John. "My idea too."

"What's on your mind? How come you're in your office on a Saturday afternoon?"

"I want you to do something for me over the week end. You're an old married man now; think your wife will object?"

"She's upstate visiting her sister. Shoot."

"All right. Remember the Turk trial three weeks ago? I was assisting Randall."

The officer nodded. "Heard you had a little accident."

"Don't remind me. What Gregory said was true. My head was in the stars at the time, puzzling over the case. There were some things left unsolved when Turk pleaded guilty. His story that he alone killed Frazer in a money dispute doesn't ring true. Everything points to another man, with Turk helping. Well, a few nights before the murder—New Year's Eve—Turk was caught breaking a cellar window in a school at Fiftieth and Jackson streets. He was held for malicious mischief. The case was passed a couple of times, and now it's on my list for Tuesday before Judge Rowan. And I intend to try it."

"Bet Sam raises a howl."

"He has already. I got the list Wednesday, and an hour later he was here, demanding that I drop the case. Said Turk was just tight New Year's Eve and it was an outrage to badger him now. I'd have done it if he hadn't been so nasty. Then he got sugary. Wouldn't I postpone it until after Turk's sentence for the Frazer murder? I think what bothered him is that Judge Rowan is one of the sentencing judges. After he left, I got to thinking about the murder again. I started from this angle—who benefited by Frazer's death? I thought a bank might tell me something. I phoned around and learned that he banked with the Colonial Trust Company. So I went there. I spoke to the treasurer. To make the story short, last November Frazer gave a twenty-thousand-dollar note to two men named Otto Swetser and Joseph Gore, secured by a chattel mortgage on his business. He died without kin, so as chief creditors they had themselves appointed by the court to administer the estate."

"But how would his death benefit them? He couldn't pay them."

"That's an honest man's reasoning. Suppose they were after his business? It's worth several times that. The day before he died, Frazer asked the bank for twenty thousand dollars, presumably for this debt. They hesitated because of rumors that he was mixed up in coal bootlegging. The fact remains that he's dead and these men will come into possession of his business."

He went on, "Frazer left some cash on deposit, and these men came for it. That's how the treasurer

learned about the note. He said he'd mail the check, and Swetser gave him the address as the Colony Hotel. He tried to pump them, but they cut him short and told him to see their lawyer. And who do you think that is? Sam Gregory."

"Where do the alibis come in?"

"I'm coming to that. Between wondering about these men, and Gregory representing both them and Turk, I decided to see this Swetser. So, late yesterday, I walked over to the Colony. I told the clerk who I was and that I wanted to go up without being announced. He gave me the suite number. I knocked and went in. There were three men in the room. They seemed to be having a meeting. I said, 'I'm Assistant District Attorney Doowinkle. Will you gentlemen tell me your names and where you live?' They were startled, but did it. Two of them were Swetser and Gore—same hotel. They seemed like ordinary businessmen till you saw their eyes—cold and vicious. The third man was named Louis Rizzo. He lives at the Plaza. Then I said, 'Where

were each of you at eleven P.M. on January fourth?' I hardly got it out when they told me. Swetser was in Bermuda. Gore, Atlantic City. Rizzo, New York."

"You can't pin a thing on them, eh?"

"That's it. Then I said, 'Would you gentlemen tell me something about your business?' Swetser barked, 'See our lawyer!' I said, 'Do you know a man named Al Turk?' I thought they'd throw me out of there. I'd brought some subpoenas with me, so I filled them out and instructed them to be present at Turk's trial on Tuesday. I figured this way: Why was Gregory so worried about this petty charge? Maybe it held a clue to the murder. Anyway, I wanted these men in the same court with Turk."

"You think Swetser, to name one of them, ordered Frazer's death and went to Bermuda to establish an alibi?"

"How else do you explain their answers? They understood perfectly

(Continued on Page 63)

Big Sam sneered, "I hope my young friend won't feel too bad. I am told he goes in for astronomy. He must have had his head in the stars."



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Let us have faith that right makes might; and
in that faith let us to the end do to our
duty as we understand it. —Lincoln.

This Hitler Myth

IT WILL be written down as the strangest instance of psychic blindness in all history that even after the German blitzkrieg machine had been tried out in Poland, the finest military minds of England and France were unable to see it. Looking straight at it they could not believe it. Six months after the demonstration in Poland, the Germans meanwhile perfecting their frightful apparatus by what they had learned, and taking their time about it, the world was asking, "Where is the war?" British generals were saying complacently that Hitler had missed the bus. French generals, slipping their *aperitifs*, were politely waiting for him to come and break his mechanical weapons against their impassable Maginot Line.

Well, but now there is a Hitler myth. His diplomacy is diabolical; there is no match for his skill in perfidy. His strategy is invincible; at least there is no answer to it yet. He does not need sea power; he will march around all the oceans. This is war in a new dimension. And those to whom it was inconceivable that he could conquer France in contempt of British power and then in turn beat Great Britain but for the aid of the United States, now are fearful of total world conquest and can give you the complete pattern of it.

Here, we suggest, is blindness of the extreme opposite kind, known to the psychiatrist as hysterical amblyopia—that is, a loss of vision induced by fear. Hitler might well know what that is, for it is credibly said that his own medical war record, now erased, contained an entry of hospitalization for hysterical blindness.

This myth of invincibility has become a powerful German weapon. It has the singular efficacy of acting twice. First Hitler's propaganda ministry hurls it; then those on whom it has acted, especially in this country, seize it and employ it against others on whom it failed to act, or did not act enough; and they do this, as they believe, to awaken in others a sense of their extreme danger, thinking thereby to create unity through fear.

But let us examine it as an old Roman weapon. It will not explode in our hands. It is intangible,

made of psychic stuff, and therefore subject to analysis by reason. Will it bear analysis?

The trick, we believe, is kaleidoscopic. Battles one after another are presented to view, with marginal glimpses of superhuman precision and efficiency, and as you add them up the effect is terrifying. You are bound to concede that in battle the Germans have outthought and outfought the defenders, save only in the air battle over Britain, and that is not finished. But remember, you are looking at battles and not at the war. The strategy of battle in relation to the strategy of war is as the strategy of means to the strategy of ends. What are battles for?

If you look away from the battles and at the war itself, you will see a startling thing, not visible through the kaleidoscope tube. You will see that for all his dazzling and scientific Geopolitik, Hitler's grand strategy, or, as you may say, his design for war, has utterly collapsed. Take it in the largest possible outline. What do you see? Leave out the Italians, who are a liability, and the Japanese, who are staggering and elusive, and some little boughten people who do not count, and you have—what? Eighty million Germans against the world. It is a picture. Less than one-twentieth part of the human race separately hated and feared and subject to vengeance.

Hitler never dreamed of finding himself in that situation. In his Mein Kampf his most bitter denunciation of the regime that lost the other war was that it made the wrong alliances. He wrote that to escape the fate of extermination in Europe, the German people would have to remember and take care never again to "make enemies of everybody in the world." He would not make that mistake. He would make strong alliances. In order to be able to do that, Germany herself had to be made strong. That was the first thing.

Then, as he looked about, he could see only two possible allies in Europe. They were England and Italy. He reasoned it. He said it with exclamation points, with italics, and at last in blackface type. Then, as he weighed these two, one against the other, Italy went out.

It was England above all, England only, because there was no longer "a necessary English interest in crushing Germany." He could dream of dividing the world with England; he could not imagine fighting her. The "catastrophic self-deception" of the German regime in 1914, he insisted, was to underestimate British power and mistake the English fighting character.

Then he made the same blunder. He had to take Italy, after all. The jackal was no substitute for the lion. Facing the lion, as he never meant to do, with only the jackal behind him, he made his pact with Stalin. But of Russia he believed and had written in his book, firstly, that it was ruled by criminals who could not be trusted to keep a pact, and secondly, the prophecy that any treaty with Russia would mean a war the outcome of which was bound to be "the end of Germany." And mark, that would be a war in which Russia was Germany's ally, not an enemy.

Now, when he set against his convictions and feelings both, that he made his pact with Stalin. He did it of necessity. He did it because he was facing the lion. Less than two years later he says he was right about the Russians; he ought never to have made a pact with them. Breaking that pact himself, on pretext that the Russians were going to break it, he turns to fight them, which leaves his back to the lion.

So much for the grand war design and the ruin of it, by reason of something he left out—something about the British first and then something about the moral sense of most mankind.

What is it, is the sheer fighting power of the German war machine. Hitler himself never imag-

ined that alone it could conquer the world. Yet that is what it now must do, or perish.

We know, concerning this power, that it is not continuous, ceaselessly flowing from a source. It has to gather itself and coil in order to strike. Then it strikes terrifically and with prodigious manifestations, as if it had means to waste; but that is a phase of strategy.

It takes time for it to gather and coil. Consider not the battles, but the interludes. After six years of preparation and then a campaign of twenty-seven days in Poland, it took six months to gather and coil again. The second campaign, beginning with the invasion of Norway and ending with the fall of France, was one of less than ninety days—from April 9 to June 24, 1940. To coil a third time for the Balkan campaign took nine months. That campaign began with the invasion of Yugoslavia in April and ended with the British disaster at Crete less than sixty days later.

But for the fourth campaign, against Russia, there was no time to take. Why not? An unpredictable necessity was acting. This, says Hitler, was the necessity to turn immediately and strike Russia because his Moscow partner was about to stab him in the back. If that is true, then for the first time he was unable to control the interlude. He was obliged to strike with no time to gather and coil. But it is probable that from now on nothing he can say about his reasons will be more than rationalization, less and less convincing, because there will be one thing he cannot say.

In January he was telling the German people he would come to a decision with Great Britain within the year. In May he was in the Balkans for a campaign that he says he did not want but was obliged to accept because the British plan was to occupy him there until Stalin was ready and more aid from the American arsenal had arrived. In June he was deep in Russia, although the most he could win would be very costly means toward a long war, whereas a long war was the last thing he wanted. None of this quite makes sense.

The one thing he cannot tell the German people, dare not tell himself, is that he is caught in his own power. Above every other necessity is the necessity to strike, becoming more and more urgent. He cannot stop. In that fact lies his fatal weakness. If he stops, both his war machine and his economic system will crash. Peace is beyond him. He has saved no word for peace that any nation would be willing to hear. And no defensive gesture might well be the beginning of the end.

The perfect parable was produced by the Germans themselves. It was a nature film of battle between the cobra and the mongoose. For the cobra there was no retreat, and no defense but to go on striking until its power was spent, and in that condition it was obliged to accept the death struggle.

THE GERMANS must be beaten on their own soil, exactly the way Napoleon was beaten. And if this is the way it is to turn out, we certainly are going to need American manpower, just as we did in the last war.—General Sir Archibald Wavell, on leaving the British command in the Middle East to become commander in chief in India.

MR. ICKES would have people arrested for foul exhaust pipes. Now if only the law could be trusted to be no respecter of persons at all, not even Mr. Ickes!

COMMUNIST ideology has never been combined with a military force which could threaten this hemisphere. . . . There would be, therefore, no danger to us in strengthening them in their struggle against Hitler.—Realism by Dr. James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard University.

AS I SEEM TO ME

By Booth Tarkington

Where Do We Go From Here?

IT WAS fourteen when the experiences with a force unknown to us began in our house. We'd sometimes heard prattle of such foldariddles and laughed when credulous souls told us of table tipplings and inexplicable rappings on walls and tables—nonsense always easily to be explained by “natural causes,” we were certain. Rats, the wind, creaky woodwork or crackly knuckles and sleight of hand were the right answers to shabby miracles, we said; and I was the loudest in scorn of all spectral bugaboes. Had not I, with other boys, gone after nightfall to a half-decayed little cemetery? Had we not pushed through its shroud of underbrush; and, seated upon gravestones, hadn't we valiantly told ghost stories in the dark of the moon? It's not difficult to be brave against ghosts when we're sure there aren't any. He who's never met one can explain them all away.

It was on a bright Sunday afternoon and I was reading in the library when my sister and another girl and three young men came indoors from a walk and sat down about a table in the drawing room; whereupon I glanced through the open double doorway, became scornfully interested, then went to look on talkatively. They'd decided to see if they could “make a table move,” and they bore my freshness amiably because they, skeptical, too, were only willing away an idle bit of the afternoon.

The table, I laid mahogany, was heavy, though not large; they sat with their arms outstretched, their fingers resting upon its top, but otherwise no one touched it. After ten minutes or so, as the table remained coldly immobile, they began to laugh at themselves rather boredly and would have given up; but someone said, “Oh, well, since we've started, why not give it a really good try?”

They did, and ten or fifteen minutes more may have passed before the table began to stir. It moved a few inches, then several feet, and they all stood up, keeping the tips of their fingers upon it and moving with it as it slowly progressed across the floor. All of them laughed, yet were puzzledly interested, as was I. The table moved over the thick Brussels carpet erratically; it would go four or five feet in one direction, then in another; then it would move back upon its tracks, then forward again. There was no tension visible in any of the fingers resting upon it; the young people were a little excited, not much, and the

sense of what they exclaimed was that though they'd heard that tables could be made to move like this, they'd never believed it.

When the table had worked its aimless way across the drawing room and almost through the open double doorway into the parlor, somebody made the suggestion, “Let's see if it moves for any one of us more than it does for the others. Let's each in turn take our fingers off and see if it stops.”

They did this; and, when it came my sister's turn to remove her fingers, the table stopped, declined to move another inch. When she returned her fingers to the table top, the thing waited some moments; then renewed its motion. Again experimenting, the others all took away their hands, leaving only hers upon the table, and its movement continued. With her finger tips upon it, the table passed into the parlor, came back rather quickly—so that she was walking backward, with the table pushing toward her—then it zigzagged wanderingly about the drawing room.

The Drawing-Room Riddle

MY SISTER, like the others, was puzzled half laughingly—impressed, like them, somewhat as children are when for the first time they see a steel needle hop to a magnet with no visible cause for the hop. It's interesting for a while, but not forever. One of the young men looked at his watch; they were all expected somewhere else by now for tea and cake; so they gaily took themselves off, my sister with them, and I heard them chattering as

they passed through the hall to the front door, saying things like “That table certainly was queer”; “I can't see any explanation at all”; “Never believed it before, but it really did”; and “Let's hurry; we're late!”

None of them wondered if my sister, by either muscular power or trickery, had made the table move; it was plain that she couldn't have done so. She wasn't athletic, she was fragile; and she wasn't a prestidigitator. Sleight of hand bored her; she never attempted even a card trick and was always mystified by the simple ones with which at times she patiently let me try to dazzle her. Broad sunshine had poured into the room through four large windows while the table moved; there was no possible illusion. My father was a muscularly powerful man, accurately adroit in the use of his strong hands; and I knew that with his finger tips he couldn't make that table move as it had moved for my sister's.

“Funny business,” I thought. “I'd not believe it if I hadn't seen it, but it seems to be true that tables do move for some people, and Haute must be one of them.” That, for the time, was my whole thought upon the matter; and, within half an hour, having joined a group of contemporaries on the veranda of the house next door, I let the episode slide into an obscuring recess of my mind. A needle or bit of steel would move to a magnet without anybody pushing it, and a table would do much the same thing, on a larger scale; and that was all. Affairs of my own preoccupied

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Figaro, French poodle, has been a member of the Tarkington household since 1934. Although the Tarkingtons also have several cocker spaniels, Figaro is top dog—and he knows it.

EDINA/APOLIS STAR



I'll Write Their Number Down When We Get Home

WORDS, idle words are what people's social life contains a goodly store of.

And the idlest words are contained in the wishful phrase beginning, Why don't we see more of?

By the time your age is medium, Well, your most exotic evenings are plucked to the point of tedium.

Because whenever you step out you find yourself stepping out amid faces and ideas that are, to say the least, familiar.

Which is a situation which moves only from the willy-nilly to the willy-nillier.

Until eventually you are caged within the confines of one small circle.

Of which you know the opinions of every constituent on every topic from Union Now to Una Merkel.

So by the time the after-dinner coffee begins to percolate.

Why, you are just a little torpid mentally even though the meal itself may have been just as tempting as any that ever Clarence Streit or Una Merkel ate.

But once in every eleven blue moons you encounter a newcomer in your little coterie.

And it doesn't matter whether he is a veteran or a veterinarian or a vestryman or a vegetarian or a notable or a Notogaean or a notary.

Because his fresh point of view is as beneficial to anemic conversation as a transfusion or a tonic.

And his wife is equally attractive and stimulating.

And the future would be cute as a button if it weren't so inevitably ironic.

Because on the way home you say, My, I like those people. Why don't we see more of them? and it is agreed that, Yes, we certainly must, and from then on they might as well be living in the ancient Anglian kingdom of Mercia.

Because you never see them again because you never do anything about it except to murmur, Why don't we see more of them? and that is why the best definition I can think of for at least one man's social life is simply inertia.

—OGDEN NASH.



"Good morning, good morning! And how is the doctor this fine morning?"

POST SCRIPTS

"If" for Yachtsmen's Wives

IF YOU can keep your feet
While all about you
The heeling ship is tossing things askew;
If you can smile the while
The canned goods clout you
And keep from spilling all of last night's stew;
If you can be a painter, chargill, steward,
And keep the brasses like a hired hand's
And always throw the garbage to the loo'ward
And understand dumb shows and cussed commands;
If you can make reef knots and rolling hitches
And never pull a halyard for a sheet,
And diet till you look your best in britches
And never think a bronze chock is a cleat;
If you can keep awake through long night watches
Timed off in foursomes by a crazy bell,
And, when you dent your skull on low-slung hatches,
Refrain from words that rhyme with "This is swell";
If sweeter than the pop of champagne suppers,
More fair than mink on the installment plan,
Is water gurgling down the storm-wet scuppers
And the cheap luster of a coat of tan;
If you can judge the wind with sure acumen
And, best of all, learn how to navigate;
Outside the fact you're lying, little woman,
You are that rarest prize—a yachtman's mate!
—AMY LEE SPENCER.

No Good Will

Lunchrooms and news store; established business, newly equipped; no good will; excellent business location. Investigate immediately. Reasonable.

—Classified in The New York Times.

I'M SELLING the shop, Mrs. Waldemar Simon.
I'm saying good-by; yes, good-by.
I don't have to take any more of your snooty Remarks as a part of my mercantile duty.
I cheerfully spit in your eye.
In fact, Mrs. Simon, I gladly confess That for seventeen years I have thought you a mess,
A hyper-objectable brand of a pill,
And I'm selling the shop with no charge for good will.
I'm saying good-by to you, Mrs. Smith-Perley.
I give you my parting salute,
And as for those dear little kiddies you've got,
A good quicklime bath would improve them a lot.
They're really so frightfully cute.
They've broken my fixtures. They've handled my stock
With smudgy young fingers. They've put me in hock.
Since you laugh so complacently, here is my bill,
Which the law will collect. There's no charge for good will.

I'm selling the shop, Mrs. Anthony Purves.
I'm moving completely away
From you and from Mesdames Gilhooley and Drake,
Who have never been known to admit a mistake
And can never be bothered to pay.
Yes, for seventeen years I've been humble and mild,
Kept my temper in moth balls and cringingly smiled,
But you've all got me riled and I think you're all swell,
So I'm selling the shop with no charge for good will.
—BURTON CRANE.



"Quit yelling 'Watch out below!' Just jump!"



"I don't know why she brags about being able to get any man she likes. She likes any man she can get!"

LOST:
in a hot kitchen...happy
summer hours that
should belong to you!

FOUND! A delicious lunch —
a carefree afternoon!

Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup
Bacon and Tomato Sandwiches
Cantaloupe
Iced Tea

An out-of-the-ordinary soup — and a nourishing one! It's
made of young, button mushrooms and fresh, extra-
thick cream, and delicately seasoned. Plenty of mushroom
slices, too. A delightful start for a quick summer meal!

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM

FOUND! A cool, nourishing supper —
an evening ride in the country!

Campbell's Celery Soup
Jellied Tomato Ring filled with Tuna Fish Salad
Iced Coffee

The soup is a smooth purée of crisp, white celery, care-
fully seasoned and enriched with table butter. There are
delicious pieces of celery all through. It makes a fine
cream of celery, too, when you add milk instead of water.

Campbell's CELERY SOUP

FOUND! A meal the family go for —
a half-day for yourself!

(MARGIE ILLUSTRATED)
Campbell's Chicken Noodle Soup
Fruit Salad (Oranges, Apples, Cherries and Walnuts)
Cinnamon Toast
Iced Tea

Here's a hearty soup! — Egg noodles and tender pieces
of chicken in rich, glistening chicken broth. It's nourish-
ing and substantial — and ideal as the one-hot-dish of a
cool summer meal. Keep a few cans handy!

Campbell's CHICKEN NOODLE SOUP



I've plenty of time
For flowers and sun.
For Campbell's have made
My meal planning fun!

"ONE HOT DISH — and no hot kitchen!"
That's the mealtime rule of smart women
this summer! They've found their families
prefer cool, simple meals in warm weather
— meals that take them but a few minutes
to fix. For the one hot dish that dietitians

insist is necessary, they serve appetizing,
sure-to-be-welcome plates of Campbell's
Soup. Result? Cool kitchens, happy, well-
nourished families, and many extra hours
of leisure! Use Campbell's Soups simplify
your summer cooking. Keep them handy!



The observation plane was diving down on her, ripping her up and down with machine-gun bullets as she lay helpless in the water.

RENDEZVOUS

By Alec Hudson

II

IT WAS nine o'clock before they started coming in. We could hear them long before they could be seen. Then there was a tiny dot high up in the blue, dropping down, coming in, getting bigger and bigger every second, until the first plane landed on the water and taxied into the bay. We learned later that they had spread out on a scouting line at sunrise, covering a hundred-mile front, sweeping high above the sea, looking for the rocks of Moab. Even then they had missed it on the first sweep. The squadron commander had had to re-form his scouting line, reverse his course and sweep back again. Then they found it. Now they were coming in, one at a time, with a crescendo of sound that sent the sea birds whirling and screaming above the rocks that had been theirs for centuries.

It gave me a thrill to see those planes drop down out of the sky in such a marvelous display of power and skill and assurance. For eight days we had plodded along on and under the sea, harassed and ever vigilant, escaping destruction by the narrowest margin. Only yesterday afternoon they had taken off to skim over that same weird distance in a night. With our humble aid, the might of the fleet would make itself felt three thousand miles from its base.

Nearly an hour elapsed before they were all in, but we commenced immediately to fuel and arm the

first arrivals. The Dryad and Unicorn came on in. Each of us could handle two of them at once, and in a very short time we had the gasoline hose over, topping off their fuel tanks, and the gunner's mates were fitting the heavy bombs to the racks. The plane crews were tired and a little cramped from their long flight, and enjoyed stretching out their legs on our decks.

My cook had anticipated a hungry crowd, and as each plane came alongside he spread before them a feast of hot roast beef, topped off with ice cream for dessert. It's strange that cooks don't play a more important part in the literature of the sea. A good cook, at sea, is more precious than fine gold. They make or break the morale of any outfit, and I know, for myself, that I am more fussy about the qualifications of a new cook than I am about a new junior officer.

Bob Watkins was the pilot of one of the planes I refueled. He was as chipper as ever. He brought me news that everything was well back home, excepting that Sally was having the usual trouble with her arithmetic. I wished him luck for the coming night's operation, but he seemed to have every confidence that he was going to be all right.

The refueling was finished in the early afternoon. As soon as the last gasoline lines were in, the sub-

marines left the bay to take up their patrol stations outside. The planes remained at anchor inside. We had figured on a surprise night attack on the expeditionary force, with the planes returning for an early-morning refueling. It had to be timed just right. While they were waiting the proper time for the take-off, the planes were more vulnerable than I cared to think about, but there was no help for it.

The afternoon passed uneventfully, and an hour before sunset they commenced taking off. In a very short while they were all disappearing over the horizon in formation. The anchorage settled down again to peaceful quiet and the sea birds slipped back into their ordered existence as though nothing had happened.

We patrolled the surface all night, listening in vain for some news of the planes. Something must be happening, but we had no way of finding out what it was. We had to submerge to meet the dawn, but as soon as the sun was up we were able to surface again. Everything was quiet at Moab, and a half hour after sunrise the planes started coming back.

As soon as the first planes had landed we began getting them ready for the return journey. Naturally, our first anxiety was to discover how they had made out, but it wasn't

(Continued on Page 32)

SCIENTIFIC TESTS SHOW HOW LIQUID DENTIFRICE AVOIDS THIS INJURY TO YOUR TEETH

ILLUSTRATING INJURY WHEN
SOFT PART OF TOOTH IS EXPOSED.
8 OUT OF 10 ADULTS RISK
THIS DAMAGE*

*Liquid Dentifrice—because it contains no
abrasives—cannot do this to your teeth*



Enlarged Photo of Actual Tooth

THIS PART OF A
TOOTH IS SOFT. NO HARD
ENAMEL PROTECTS IT.
YOU CAN EASILY CUT
CAVITIES LIKE THIS BY
REGULAR BRUSHING WITH
DENTIFRICES CONTAINING
ABRASIVES.

SWORN STATEMENT

I certify that Cyril S. Kimball of the scientific re-
search conducted under his super-
vision.
Elizabeth H. Cummings
Notary Public
King County, W. Y.
No. 212

Millions Risk Injuring Their Teeth— Be Safe! Brush Your Teeth the Liquid Way

New Liquid Dentifrice Cannot Injure Teeth —Contains Absolutely No Abrasives

Today, literally millions of people are unknowingly causing serious damage to their teeth which Nature can never repair.

This injury is caused—not by the toothbrush itself—but by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives or scouring materials.

Gradually, as the months go by, these abrasives cut cavities into the soft part of teeth along the gum line exposed by shrinking gums, where there is no hard enamel to protect them.

In fact, among people who brush their teeth regularly, a very large percentage of all cavities along the gum line that require filling are probably the result of this injury. This was shown by a clinical study published in a leading dental journal.

Disclosed By Scientific Research

These startling facts—long known to many dentists—were recently confirmed by scientific research. Eminent independent scientists made laboratory tooth-brushing tests with a number of dentifrices containing abrasives. Every one cut cavities into the soft part of the teeth.

In the same manner, these scientists tested the new liquid dentifrice—Teel. In no case did Teel injure the teeth in any way, because Teel contains no abrasives of any kind.

How Teel Reveals Beauty Of Your Smile

Teel doesn't depend on abrasives for cleansing. Instead, it uses a newly-discovered patented cleansing agent that's almost magic-like in the way it helps reveal the natural whiteness and beauty of your teeth. It isn't soap, yet multiplies into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth.

These active bubbles amazingly help to remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles, and the dulling

surface film that hides the natural brilliance of teeth. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

With your first Teel brushing, you'll know something good and different has happened by the satin-smooth "feel" of your teeth—by the glorious freshness of your mouth. Teel helps sweeten bad breath. It's easy to use and economical. Only a few drops are required for each brushing.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Naturally, you want to save your precious teeth from the injury pictured above. If, however, you feel that your teeth need an abrasive scouring, at least occasionally, we suggest that you follow the special directions given on the Teel package.

So today adopt this safe liquid way of cleansing your teeth. Use Teel twice a day and enjoy its amazing benefits. Get Teel at any drug, department or 10¢ store. And be sure to see your dentist regularly for his professional care.

* Recent clinical studies conducted by dentists under a Research Foundation showed that 8 out of 10 adults examined had the soft part of one or more teeth exposed, with no hard enamel or gums to protect it. Procter & Gamble.

*There's Beauty
in Every Drop!*

NEW LIQUID DENTIFRICE
CLEANS TEETH SAFELY



(Continued from Page 30) until the second section came in that we got the complete story.

They had made Basoko right on schedule. The first section went over and unloaded their bombs, keeping up at a reasonably high altitude. The raid apparently came as a complete surprise and the first section was in and out before any serious anti-aircraft offensive developed. The second section followed right behind the first. There hadn't been time for interceptor planes to get up to meet them, but there was a fair concentration of anti-aircraft fire from the ground. In spite of this, they came in at a low altitude. Fires set by high-explosive and incendiary bombs from the first section were already lighting the scene and they could pick out individual targets in the harbor. The transports were tied up, close packed, to the docks. The bombs had literally torn the whole expedition apart.

If anything like effective defense had been organized, the second section would have committed suicide, but the raid had caught the enemy practically flat-footed. Five of the six planes came back out, following the section leader. The sixth had gone down in flames. Twelve big bombers had gone in, deposited their bombs with machine-like precision and eleven of them had come out.

Unfortunately, the single plane shot down hadn't been the only casualty. Most of the planes of the second section showed some effect of the barrage of fire through which they had flown. Halfway back to Moab one of these planes had signaled that it could no longer keep up. It had to make a forced landing. The entire section stood by, dropping flares to illuminate the ocean surface, until it was safely down. After that there was nothing they could do to help. The section leader had reluctantly brought the

remainder of the section in, leaving the disabled plane afloat, trying frantically to make emergency repairs.

It wasn't altogether an unexpected situation. I had been doing a lot of thinking about what I would do if such a thing occurred. It didn't help much when I realized that Bob Watkins was the pilot of that plane down at sea. If the weather continued as calm as it had been and if he could make emergency repairs, he might be able to get into the air again, but any way you looked at it, he was in a bad spot.

I hastily conferred with the commander of the patrol squadron and we agreed on a plan of action. We hurried along the refueling and about noon the planes took off for the return trip. I was now free of my concern for them. The Dryad and the Unicorn I dispatched immediately to the scene of the forced landing. It was a rather futile action. Two days would elapse before they could possibly arrive, and even then the disabled plane would be almost impossible to find in that great expanse of blue water. But it was the least I could do, and sometimes a man must play the hand that has been dealt him and hope for the breaks of luck.

As soon as the anchorage was clear, I opened up with the radio. We were certain to have hostile ships down on our necks soon anyway, and with the radio I could hope to guide Bob in if he succeeded in taking off again. The tiny dot of Moab would be impossible for a single plane to find without direction finding. I resolved that I would hold the bay until all hope was gone or until I was forced out by enemy action.

About two o'clock we heard the motors of an approaching plane. We couldn't be sure, of course,

as to its identity, so I manned my deck gun and the bridge machine guns and rigged for a quick dive. If the incoming plane proved to be enemy I should have to get out into water where I could dive deep enough to keep the shadows of our hull from being seen from the air. The anxiety was all over in a minute. We couldn't mistake him as he dropped down. It was our missing bird coming home to roost.

In a twinkling he had landed and taxied alongside. Bob Watkins, looking none the worse for wear, stuck his head out of the cockpit and yelled, "Five gallons of gas and a quart of oil, Joe, and make it snappy!"

I was so glad to see him that I could have heaved a monkey wrench at him.

"Where have you been all morning?" I asked in exasperation.

My deck force was already putting the gas hoses aboard. We had a couple of thousands of gallons of gasoline to get into her and no telling how long we had to do it in.

"We had a flat tire coming over," he answered in the same bantering tone. "I had to pull up to the side of the road for a while. Then I must have taken the wrong turn at the little red schoolhouse, because I couldn't find your place, though it was right there on the chart as big as life. When you piped up with your radio, we picked up a bearing and came on in."

Simple as that. His crew looked tired and worn. He had been flying most of the night and part of the day. For a couple of hours he had been down at sea, helpless in the path of anything that might come along. All morning he had been lost, frantically searching for a microscopic dot in a great sea of water, with the gas running lower every minute.

His nonchalance only increased my irritation.

"You had better ride back with me," I suggested. "It's a long hard trip back for a patched-up plane, and if you are forced down again, you can float around till hell freezes over before anybody could get to you."

"Not on your life," Joe," he replied. "A week in that jammed-up, cast-iron sewer pipe of yours and I'd be a candidate for the nut factory. Fill her up and let's get started."

I could appreciate his desire to bring his own ship back, and besides, with good luck, he would be safe at home in the morning. The emergency repairs looked all right to me. If he made the first thousand miles, he could count on the assistance of the whole fleet to bring him in. We had been pumping gas into her while we were arguing. We both appreciated that we had no time to lose. If the enemy hadn't had Moab on their list for a search, the radio would be certain to steer them to us. A few hours might be all the leeway we'd have.

Two hours after he had landed he was

(Continued on Page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER



The enemy was so preoccupied with the plane that I'll bet the explosion was their first inkling that a submarine was present.

BLACK HENCHMEN

By Archibald Rutledge

WHILE some publicity has been given the American Negro as an artist; and while a very great deal, on the stage, on the screen, and in novels and short stories, has been made of his laziness, his apprehensive superstitions and his general laissez-faire attitude toward life, no tribute of which I know has ever been paid to him as a worker. And since it is as a worker that I know the Negro best, I should like to give an account of certain of my black henchmen and of the labors they perform. Mention will be made also of what we call special aptitudes. I believe that my story will be heartening to all those who really love the Negro and wish him well.

Of course, I live in the wilderness, and on my remote Carolina plantation things are somewhat as they have always been. My Negroes—I call them mine, for they are my people; but more truly, I am theirs—are Nubians; that is, their ancestors were brought from North Africa. Undoubtedly in their veins was some admixture of Egyptian, Moorish or Arab blood. Many of my henchmen are tall, straight and handsome; and their native intelligence is such that I frequently go to them for advice, even on rather intimate personal matters. They know nothing of literature and little of the modern world; but they know, it seems to me, everything about life and about human character.

Recently I decided to put a trunk in the bank of an old abandoned rice field. My place is directly on the river, ten miles above the ocean; and we have fresh tides there.

This I wanted to control, so that I could dry or flow the field at will. A trunk is the only device whereby this can be done. In the old days of rice growing in coastal Carolina, there were thousands of trunks made and put into operation; and there were many good trunk makers, almost all among the Negroes. But today old Sambo Green is the only Negro I know who can make one of these wooden floodgates which, by a kind of hydraulic magic, harness the tides; and though we do not often consider this fact, behind every tide is the incredible might of the ocean.

Henchman Sambo

SAMBO GREEN is old, small, mild-mannered, and peering. He is well over seventy, and he walks stooping and unsteadily. To me, he perfectly illustrates the fine principle that skill, intelligence and gentleness are often of far more effect than brute strength. I have many Negroes who could tie Sambo up with one hand; but not one of them can make a trunk. Nature endowed him with this certain, if slight, wizardry, and long experience has made him a master in his field.

Set deeply under the banks of old rice fields on my place are similar trunks. As immediately above some of them grow stately pines and cypresses which cannot be less than a century old, the floodgates beneath them must be much older. Yet with a little work on their doors, these trunks could be made to work today. Therefore the trunk that mild Sambo made for me will be effective a hundred years hence. How few examples of human handicraft, especially those exposed to the elements, last so long!

When the massive lumber was assembled on the bank, into the cut in which the trunk, when completed, would be lowered, Sambo went to work. Incidentally, he lives four miles from me, but he does not mind walking to and from work.

Most workmen of today, if they were confronted by the task Sambo faced, would have to be supplied with a multitude of modern gadgets. Sambo had only the elements: an auger, a saw, a hatchet and

an old plane, the box of which he himself had made. Of course his real tools were his understanding heart, his seeing eye and his sensitive, intelligent hands. He likes to work alone. He tolerated me very courteously, but I could tell that he knew that he knew exactly how to do the thing, whereas I did not. While I questioned him a little, out of curiosity, I refrained from making any suggestions.

Sambo's task was this: To construct with mathematical precision, out of three-inch planking, a massive box, twenty feet long, two feet deep and

LITTLE MEN

By DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

THIS is a song of little men,
Of little men who go
From dawn to dusk, from dusk to dawn,
With voices meek and slow;
Whose footsteps never carry them
Beyond a gate, o town,
No higher than the nearest hill,
And then on swiftly down.

This is a song of those who turn
To little hearths at night
And read of wars, of kingdoms gone,
Of despoils and their might;
Who bind their little world with love,
Finding within their eyes
The light of stars and meteors,
The dream that never dies.

Sing out your songs of proud and brave,
Of generals and kings;
Their day is brief as fiddle wings,
Their flight like sudden blings.
This is a song of little men
Whose strength is iron and leather,
Who have no time for gold and fame,
Holding a world together.

open at both ends. The mouths, or ends, however, must not be squared. Over the mouth of each is fitted a huge wooden collar, which has outer surfaces so inclined that the bottom extends five inches beyond the top. After a collar is on a trunk, it gives somewhat the impression of a flat-faced cowcatcher on a locomotive.

The doors are so hung on uprights fastened to the trunk that they close on a slope over the mouths. These doors can be raised and lowered at will. When the outer door is up and the lower one is down, the field will be flooded by the flood tide, and will remain flooded; for with the turn of the tide, the inner door will automatically close. When the outside door is down, the field will be dried.

A trunk can be so operated that water to the fraction of an inch of a certain depth can be put on a field. It was this device, conceived in a day when water power was practically the only power known, that enabled the South Carolina rice planters to supply the markets of the world.

Modest Sambo set to work with his crude tools; he dovetailed and mortised; he rabbeted and drove those pins; he planed heavy yellow pine until the surfaces presented a gleaming plane. I noticed that,

every now and then, as the tide ebbed and flowed in the near-by river, he gave it a wary and appraising eye. That, and nothing less, he knew, was the power with which he had to contend. And he realized what it would take in the way of workmanship to control that primeval force.

Ten days later, with the help of twenty Negroes, we got the huge trunk in place, and then filled in the bank above it. Through it roared the flood tide, and out of it stormed the ebb, with enough power to run a big mill. But when we dropped either door, instantly and like magic this cosmic force was under control. With an irreverence I may say that it was as if gentle little Sambo were saying to the massive might of the Atlantic, "Peace; be still."

Henchman Gabe

GABRIEL MYERS is one of my oldest friends. I have hunted with him, and he has been my handy man for fifty years. When I was a little boy, he was a grown man with a family. He is now, I think, eighty years old, but you would not take him to be more than fifty-five. His hat is so battered that when he wears it he looks unimpressive; but when he takes it off, he is really handsome. While his hair is graying, his long drooping mustache is black; his features are clear-cut; his eyes are keen; and his swinging step is wary, as befits one who all his life has had to do with the business of outwitting wild game.

While I do not think that he makes a habit of trying to outwit me, yet some of his financial proposals would appear to make me take all the risk. For example, he once approached me, leading what is known in my country as a runt bull. This creature started to grow and then stopped. Without any social background, it appeared to me to have no recommendations at all.

Gabe's proposal was that I take a mortgage on it. He needed ten dollars in a hurry. I thought it just as well to inquire into the matter of the title to ownership of this forlorn little creature. Gabe then confessed that another man had the first mortgage on it; what he would like me to do was to take a second lien on it. I did not take the lien, but Gabe got his money.

When a human being is a Negro, I like to see him black. Being so contributes to his authenticity. Gabe is very satisfying in this respect. If he were to stand against a burnt pine, you would hardly discern him. Strong, willing, full of fun, capable in many little homely ways, he is possessed of the rare heroism of invincible good nature. I went to see him after his cabin had burned. He had lost everything except one shirt—"and that was my raggy one," he told me with a smile.

Looking over the total ruin—for even his crops, stacked beside the house, had been consumed—"This is the real depression," I said with massive pessimism.

"Oh, no, I ain't got dat yet," Gabe told me. "You see, I still got hope."

Living several miles from me, he comes to the plantation every day. I always give him work if I have it. If there is nothing doing, Gabe spends the day jovially flirting and gossiping with my cook. She always gives him dinner; and sometimes I think she gives him hers.

Handy man that he is, Gabe has made for me innumerable articles out of ash, hickory and oak. He knows woods and how to use them. He makes wooden handles for anything. He builds my fences. He mends my beds. He is forever borrowing my only wagon, to which he attaches his half-wild cow, which always breaks it. But when Gabe brings the wagon back, it is mended. Even at his age, Gabe



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can do with cheerfulness and efficiency work that would appall an ordinary man of fifty.

"Gabe," I said not long ago, "I am going to build a house for Sue. I want you to get out the cypress sills for me—four, sixteen feet long; and two, twenty feet long. They must be ten inches by ten."

Knowing my man, I could afford to say this lightly. I was as sure of him as I would be uncertain of myself if I were called upon for such a labor.

Within a few minutes Gabe had shouldered an ax and a huge broadsword that looked as if it were of Revolutionary vintage—certainly it is a kind of ancestral possession of his—and disappeared into the gloomy cypress swamp to the southward of the house.

Three hours later I visited him at the scene of his labors. He had already thrown down two big cypresses, and one of these he had squared into a sill. In two days he had completed the entire task.

Then, without worrying me with how those giant timbers were to be brought out of that fetid morass, he rode his lumatic ox up to the plantation, equipped it with some kind of weird harness, and by means of an old logging chain he compelled that reluctant and barbarous animal to drag the sills out to the road. Gabe does not hew timber F.O.B. Swamp, but Delivered.

Gabe has seen a lot of life. He has been married four times. He has twenty-four grandchildren. Before his latest marriage I asked him if he expected to make another matrimonial adventure.

"I might," he admitted, "but I must rest a little first." It is not only that he can do certain kinds of work remarkably well, but he does it with such a spirit that it sustains him. If I live to be eighty, I hope I can take the years as gallantly as Gabe does now.

Henchman Phineas

Here is a Negro unlike any other I have ever known, though he somewhat resembles his father, West McConor, the greatest alligator hunter the Santee River has ever known. I am sure that in this family there is a strong strain of Seminole Indian blood. If the countenance of Phineas were put on a coin, you would surely think you were seeing Chief Flying Eagle or someone similar.

I am not certain that you will consider that I am right in including him in this little gallery of plantation portraits, for, in a sense, Phineas does not work at all. If a man is not born to wealth, and yet manages to get along well without working, he must be either a criminal or a genius. I think Phineas is a kind of genius. First of all, he is a kind of social genius, as you could tell if you were to see his home.

On the borders of Hell Hole Swamp he owns some three hundred acres of land. In a big cleared area he and his three sons and their families live in a regular kraal. Because they have their crops, their stock and their poultry; because they were born canny; because they love their wild independence; and because all are quite skillful hunters and woodsmen, they manage well.

Not one of them has ever been on relief, that system which has well-nigh ruined all their friends and neighbors; and because they have chosen to take care of themselves, they have maintained a certain integrity of spirit, a self-dependence that is as admirable as it is rare in these days. They are among the freest people I know. Theirs is the more abundant life because they make themselves responsible for their own upkeep. No man is free, even in a democracy, if he is dependent on a government—however paternal—for his living.

I like to think of Phineas as one of my henchmen because, a complete original, he is my chief adviser on all matters relating to wild game, hunting and woodlore. He can do for me what no one else can do. A born raconteur, he entertains me by the hour with tales

gives their notes and calls but he can mimic every movement, every mannerism. Phineas has, I think, the making of a great actor in him; but you could never catch him to put him on the stage.

Every lover of nature knows that at times the wilderness seems dead and empty. It appears as if all the wild life had vanished. To me it has always been a puzzling problem to solve, this matter of where wild creatures have suddenly gone, and what made them disappear. I have often called on Phineas. He always knows, and he usually can account for the hegira.

Henchman Alex

For many years Alex was the ferryman on the Santee River near me. As a ferryman, he was usually absent from his place of business; and many an hour have I waited for his return to his duties. My inclination to be severe with him was tempered by my remembrance that Alex is and has always been the social lion of the neighborhood. He just has a way with him; and his romantic adventures have long supplied this whole plantation region with gossip. He never distinguished himself as a ferryman; and in his amours I am not really interested. But he does have a gift that I admire. He is a genuine expert in the building of banks.

These banks in question have to do with rice fields, and the earth to be handled is heavy blue mud. Moreover, to handle it, one has to stand in the mud. Alone among the many hundred Negroes of the neighborhood, Alex can perform the feat I now describe.

Standing on the quaking morass of a rice field, Alex, with three deft strokes of his spade, cuts loose from its melancholy mooring a block of mud about three times as big as a brick. With matchless co-ordination of muscle and of eye, he heaves the block of mud fifteen or twenty feet to the top of the bank that is being raised.

The mud must not merely be thrown but be thrown upward, and often Alex cannot see what might be termed his target. But he makes the block fall flat; it falls exactly in place, close to the one that preceded it. And almost before it has settled securely, here comes another. This he accomplishes with mud, just as bricks are laid. It is like some magic remote-control building of a wall, with the bricklayer twenty feet away.

And Alex can keep this up by the hour, with the same vigor and soundly discouraging to all his would-be imitators.

One day I had a visitor watching Alex do his stuff. As he is below medium height, when he was bogged in he failed to appear to be one capable of heroic feats.

I told my friend that Alex could deliver a spadeful of mud into a hat at thirty feet. So he picked up his hat on the bank; then he called to Alex, telling him that if he would hit the bat, he would give him a dollar. Alex got his money; and I think my friend had a good new lesson.

(Continued on Page 39)



"My game is improving . . . I got as far as the fourth hole today."

of his adventures with alligators, deer, rattlesnakes and wild turkeys.

When Phineas comes to see me, he rattles the wilderness with him. He can imitate, with thrilling exactness, the call of any wild creature. Barking like a cur dog that is treating a squirrel, he can lure the warriest bull alligator to him. He it was who told me that the best bait for trapping foxes is a burnt sweet potato. He lures wild turkeys to him by shaking, every now and then, a red handkerchief. It is curiosity that brings them.

When I asked him why he did not use a white one, he said: "If they see a white one, they will say, 'That's an old buck with his tail up,' but if they see a red one, they will say, 'Now, what could that be?'"

Small, wiry, nervous, incredibly quick about all his movements, he gestures as eloquently as a Frenchman. And by imitating wild creatures, he not only

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You'll find quite a few grizzled veterans among the country's automobile dealers.

In their business lifetime, the automobile has grown from a rich man's luxury and a mechanic's toy to the finest and most dependable personal transportation ever known to mankind.

They have seen habits change, horizons grow, living expand as cars grew more convenient, more reliable and more useful.

To grow along with it hasn't been easy. They've had to do more than sell cars—they have developed trained service staffs to keep cars in operation, no matter how many years they are driven. They have helped create a whole new business—the used-car business—which provides a market for the man with a car to dispose of, and a place to buy for folks who want to make a little transportation money go a long way.

They have taught many a beginner how to drive, have helped young people "budget-buy" their first automobile, have been friend, guide and counselor to countless neighbors in many different ways.

And over the years they have been good businessmen too, providing for their own, giving employment and opportunity to others, meeting pay rolls, paying taxes, owning property—businessmen doing their full share in local community affairs.

Thus to General Motors, as to their friends and acquaintances in their home towns, they are truly partners in progress.

And so as they look back now over their own careers and on into the future, they may well say, "This is a good life work for any man."



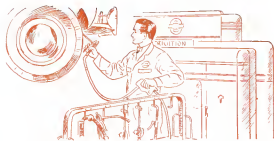
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Courteous Service—
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You have a perfect right to expect this kind of service from your Chevrolet dealer; and he, like every other dealer in Chevrolet's nationwide service organization, knows he has an obligation to give it.

Because he realizes that Chevrolet's continued leadership depends on your continued friendship. . . . Because he realizes that "he who would win the highest sales must give the finest service."

This is what we mean when we point to your Chevrolet dealer's service symbol and say—"At this sign friend meets friend."

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Sales Corporation, DETROIT, MICH.



WHERE FRIEND MEETS FRIEND

(Continued from Page 34)

I might add that Alex is a man of extraordinary courtesy. He is so deferential that he not only always doffs his hat when speaking to a white man but he invariably curtsies. And while I have good reason to suspect that the sight of a neighbor's hog roaming loose is liable to fill him with equanimity, even to the point of action, whenever I have a hank to be built, I tend for him.

Anyone who studies the landmarks of the deep coastal South will be amazed to find that the old houses, the dikes, still serviceable after two centuries. I never look at one without thinking of the spiritual forebears of Alex. It took men with his peculiar ability to build things that he now, a kind of solitary craftsman. But, as I have intimated, his nature is far from being of a solitary cast.

Hechenman Lewis

During the last four years I have been restoring my ancient plantation house; and Lewis Colleton is the only man I have ever known to have anything with this work. His versatility is amazing. Naturally bright, he has a fair education. Certainly he can work from blueprints. But he was born gifted. Now only thirty-four, he is, without ever having had any special training, a master carpenter.

I do not hesitate to put him at the most delicate and exacting cabinet-work. He is an excellent plumber; he can lay concrete; he can hang wall-paper; he is a finished painter; and he is something of an expert as a tree surgeon. For some years he made a living cutting cypress cross-ties.

The current of 1866, which was especially severe in this neighborhood, shook this house considerably, breaking off a chimney and cracking one of the foundation walls. It did one other thing, which was not discovered until recently: it shook completely out of plumb one of the mighty yellow-pine beams that support the rafters.

This trouble was disclosed when Lewis was putting on a new roof. I was dismayed. I knew of no mechanism that could pull that massive timber hank into place.

Lewis eyed it appraisingly. "I will fix it," he said.

He bored a hole through the beam, passed a steel rod through, the other end of which he fastened to the corresponding beam on the opposite side of the house. With a hack saw he cut the rod in two. Then he threaded it. Last, he affixed a giant turnbuckle bolt, and slowly drew the beam once more into place. When the sill was in place, he spliced it down.

Recently the keystone and the whole top of one of my arched fireplaces col-

lapsed. I think the bricks and mortar were tired after two hundred and eleven years. The place looked as if a bomb had been dropped on it.

"Lewis," I said casually as together we surveyed the dusty ruin, "fix that for me."

Personally I was quite helpless.

The first thing Lewis did was to find somewhere a long flat iron bar. This he bent over some tree roots until he had the precise arch he wanted. Inserting the ends of this into the wall on either side, he built his arch of bricks above it; and I think his job is better than the original.

Naturally, he is in great demand. He is forever fixing everything for everybody. Our Negro church, which long ago would have collapsed but for him, he time and again has repaired. Even the Biological Survey calls on him to mend its boats and to build its wharves.

My henchmen might be called specialists. When we think of a specialist we conceive of a man who has spent many a laborious year in college and in training. These men I have described have enough of a tacit genius to make up for their lack of formal training; and they seem to me akin to the ancient craftsmen of the past—men who did perfect work because they loved it. Any race that can produce such workmen is a race that merits our respect and instinctively has our admiration.

HITLER BIDS FOR CHRISTIAN ALLIES

(Continued from Page 13)

government. One very pious German Catholic woman, married to a high Nazi official, told me that she believed German Catholics should unite with all German Christians to exert their joint influence against "the terrible things being done today in our country."

Evidence that there are many Catholics in Germany who feel as the official life does give to the world on July sixth, when the bishops of the church in the Reich issued a letter protesting Nazi antireligious steps. The letter, framed, it was said, "at the grave of St. Boniface," Apostle of Germany, was read from pulpits throughout the land. Nazi propaganda was condemned as giving religious Germans a choice between "Christ and the Fatherland." The effect of the reading of the letter on the devout was described as startling.

Other Germans were worried about the tendency of their Nazi chiefs to indulge in proletarian propaganda. It may be forgotten now that Hitler made a rather strange speech to a group of German factory workers last January. He told these workers, in substance, "YOUR day is coming. Once we have finished this war you will be on top." The day after that speech was published I met a German street worker who had heard the speech, and added, "That speech worries us. Hitler seems to be moving farther to the left. It makes us wonder what will happen to our middle-class professional men."

During that same week a curious incident occurred in the har of the Bristol Hotel in Berlin. A wealthy German girl entered the room with her escort and the two sat quietly at the cocktail table. Suddenly a drunken man in a Nazi Party uniform walked up to her table and shouted, "Did you read our Fuehrer's speech? If not, you had better do it! It was the handwriting on the wall for you and your kind! I wait until this war is over, and we will get

you caught!" Reports of that incident quickly spread all over Berlin. They may have reached the ears of Hitler himself. They may have convinced the Nazi dictator that he couldn't safely wait much longer if he hoped to hold the support of middle-class as well as upper-class Germans.

Looking back now, it seems clear that the German people, against Russia began to take shape last November, when Molotov, the Soviet premier, visited Berlin. Both the German and Russian officials tried to make it appear that this was a friendly meeting, but those of us who watched it in Berlin could see that there was no friendliness in it. Bound together by power politics, both sides nevertheless showed their mutual antipathy. When Molotov arrived from Moscow he brought along a bodyguard of three hundred Soviet policemen. Wearing rough clothing, we can pull down and trousers tucked into high boots, they stationed themselves outside every building which Molotov entered, ignoring the German storm troops who stood beside them.

In January of this year I made a short visit to Finland and Sweden, and when I returned to Berlin I wrote an article speculating upon the possible springing of some German mine. The most interesting thing about that article was that it never got out of Germany, because military censors refused to pass it.

I thought the article was harmless enough. It described how millions of German soldiers had been kept busy all through the winter months and compared their maneuvers to the production of some snow in Hollywood. It explained that unless one is familiar with the scenario, it is equally difficult to understand the plot merely by watching a war movie making or German army maneuvers. Many scenes are rehearsed which never appear in the finished production. Other scenes

are staged out of sequence. The onlooker gets only an impression of a show being conducted on a lavish scale.

German army censors insisted that the German public be informed of what might be of use to the enemy. They even expressed the suspicion that I might be trying to hide such information behind apparently harmless words.

The German public has just returned from Finland, and apparently they connected that visit with this article. The following month I went to Poland. Poles informed me that more than a million German soldiers were packed into the confines of the General Government of Poland. I asked what these troops were doing and was informed that they were rehearsing. They were endlessly practicing maneuvers.

Some of those German soldiers in Poland were building fortifications similar to the Siegfried Line, which they had constructed in the west during the previous winter.

These fortifications extended straight down the frontier with Russia, from East Prussia through Poland to Rumania. All the cement produced in Poland was being used for these fortifications, so that none was left for rebuilding bombarded Polish cities. The German civil authorities couldn't get enough cement even to complete their wall around Warsaw's ghetto, so they had to finish it with rude wooden planks.

I thought, after one last visit to Berlin, I went on to the Balkans. In Bulgaria I encountered one of our American military observers who had been studying German activities there. We chatted for a while, and he said, "Yes, the Germans have been rehearsing all winter down here too. And one thing they certainly have been practicing is an offensive against Russia."

He said that he had seen the information he had assembled he concluded

(Continued on Page 42)



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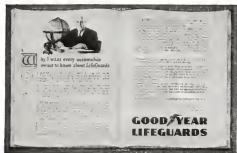
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A Report and Recommendation to American Motorists



THREE years ago we announced what I consider the most important of all Goodyear's contributions to motoring. This was the Goodyear LifeGuard, the tire within a tire that prevents sudden collapse from a blowout or other injury.

At that time, in a published statement, I said: "For 40 years I have been supervising

the design and production of approximately three hundred million pneumatic tires for automobiles, increasing their comfort and reliability, and reducing their cost per mile to a mere fraction of what it was a few years ago. *But only with the introduction of the LifeGuard have I ever felt that we have made the pneumatic tire absolutely safe at all speeds.*"

That was a strong statement. Now, three years later, I can tell you how LifeGuards have lived up to expectations.

The Report

Since this statement appeared, hundreds





How the LifeGuard functions is explained by P. W. Litchfield to some of the thousands of visitors to the exhibit of Goodyear products for national defense, recently shown from coast to coast.

speeds and under all conditions—for the full life of the tire.

The Recommendation

Today the emergency confronting the nation provides a new reason why the use of LifeGuards is important. It is to help America conserve rubber.

To quote again from the original LifeGuard announcement: "The older a tire gets, the more liable it is to sudden failure. For this reason tires are often discarded before they have performed their full mileage, and there is hesitancy to retread tires for fear of weakness in the cord fabric."

But now American motorists *must* get full mileage from their tires. They should retread—to save rubber.

Therefore, I want to recommend that you equip the tires now on your car with LifeGuards. With their protection, there is no need to discard tires when the tread wears smooth.

If you have LifeGuards, tires may be driven far longer than normally—without danger from blowouts. And when treads wear off, there is no need to hesitate about having tires retreaded, if the carcass is sound. For with the same LifeGuards inside, a set of retreaded tires can be safely driven nearly as far again.

Thus, apart from conserving rubber for national defense, the use of LifeGuards contributes to economy.

Those who equip their tires with LifeGuards now, will make sure of getting maximum mileage and useful life from every carcass. And most important of all, as we have often said before, "you can't get better protection to save your life."

P. W. Litchfield

Chairman of the Board
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY

of thousands of cars have been equipped with LifeGuards.

I am proud to report that in countless millions of miles of highway travel there is not a single recorded case of a LifeGuard failing to function in an emergency.

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LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

DIVISION OF
GENERAL MOTORS



(Continued from Page 39)

that the Germans were getting ready to throw their full force into one single great campaign—which might bestage either in the west or in the east.

If they decided to strike in the east, this observer predicted they would abandon all notions of an actual invasion of the British Isles. The east would thus become their decisive battleground, not only against Russia but also against the British Empire.

If that prediction proves correct, then the German offensive in the east is even more important than it first appeared to be. For the invasion of Russia becomes merely the initial move in an all-out campaign against the British Empire, with the major battleground shifted from the British Isles and the Atlantic Ocean to the lands and waters of the Middle East—to Syria and Palestine and Egypt, to Iraq and Iran and Afghanistan.

But whether Hitler has elected the east or the west for his greatest campaign against the British Empire, he now has the Russian Bear by the tail. It is essential for his purposes not only to smash the Red army but also to subjugate the Russian people. As long as this war continues, the Nazi dictator can neither afford to garrison Russia with millions of German soldiers nor to abandon Russia's natural resources.

Before Hitler launched his blitzkrieg against the Soviet Union, his advisers surely made every possible calculation with great care. It is not their practice to undertake any move so important without methodically balancing the possible advantages against the possible disadvantages. But in estimating the disadvantages, Hitler, hating Bolshevism as he does, may very well have refused to take sufficient account of the profound differences between Russians and those peoples in Western Europe whom Hitler previously has captured and undertaken to tame.

The problem of taming the Russian Bear may in the end prove as important as any details of the military campaign. Judging by what I learned when I lived in Russia, the German trainers have a bad time ahead of them.

Fanatic versus Fanatic

In the first place, the Russians are Slav, with all the Slav resentment against Nazi assumptions that they are an inferior race. In the second place, the Russians have developed an instinctive skill in passive resistance and secret plottings, skill which has baffled Stalin as it baffled the czars before him. Thirdly, the Russian peasant laborer, when he is confronted with modern industrial tasks, is almost incredibly inefficient.

More important than all this, however, is the fact that millions of Russian young people have been educated from childhood as zealous Communists and are taught that Fascists, especially German Fascists, are the greatest menace to their creed. Fanaticism has been extremely useful to Hitler. Fanatical German Nationalists supported his movement from the beginning and fanatical youths have provided much of the force which has carried him thus far along the path toward world empire. But in Soviet Russia, for the first time, Hitler has run head on against fanatics as devout and ruthless as his own.

When Stalin struck his bargain with Hitler in August, 1939, the theory found wide acceptance that the Communist and Nazi revolutions had com-

bined into one vast "totalitarian revolution" intent upon conquering the world. The most eloquent exponent of that theory was Dr. Hermann Rauschning, former Nazi president of the Danzig Senate. After Rauschning fled from Germany he gained considerable prestige because he had correctly predicted the Soviet east pact. But he wrongly interpreted that pact as a genuine combination between two destructive revolutionary movements and not as a callous deal between two would-be empire builders.

In the years which followed, the theory persisted that Hitler and Stalin were not only playing politics together but were thinking together. However, men who watched events inside Germany and inside Russia could see that the ideologies of these two countries were not coming together, but instead were drifting steadily apart.

The Stakes in the East

That fact assumed first-class importance with Hitler's invasion of the Soviet Union. Two years of intensive propaganda might have induced Stalin's Communist followers to accept the Nazi revolution as part of their own. But Stalin conducted no such propaganda; on the contrary, even after his deal with Hitler, he continued to warn Russian young people that the Nazi revolution was a menace to Communism. He increased rather than weakened Russian hatred for Nazism.

So, when Hitler finally attacked Russia, he added to his other wars a holy war. He leapt from his humble beginnings, a nest of fanatics, into a country populated by semi-Asiatic races who have never experienced the taming influence of the civilizations of Western Europe. Moreover, he added to the list of his active enemies all of Stalin's Communist followers in other lands, including those at present under German rule. These foreign Communists also are fanatics, some of whom may be expected to risk their lives in support of their creed.

The Nazis, therefore, handed over a great deal to the other side when they attacked Russia. They tore up that agreement with Stalin which had kept Russia compliant and foreign Communists passive. They risked the loss of a steady flow of raw materials needed by their war machine. No matter what happened to the Red army, they had to face the prospect of guerrilla warfare against themselves in time.

Did the Nazis take all these risks merely in the hope of smashing the Red army and air force? It seems more probable that they were playing for much higher stakes. And the clue to what those stakes are was revealed in the propaganda campaign which accompanied the military campaign against Russia.

Mundane evidence is available now to show that when the German armies drove into Russia, the Nazis had their next step already plotted. Time and again the Nazis have endeavored to consolidate their imperial gains by recruiting support for a compromise peace with the west. This time, as the conquerors of the Red menace, it was their scheme to make their supreme effort to undermine their opponents in the west. They were preparing the foundations for an appeal to all lovers of peace, especially in Christian churches, to end their war. They hoped to induce millions of sincere Christians to underwrite Hitler's vast new empire.

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THAT GREEK DOG

(Continued from Page 17)

appearance at a spring musicale, presented by the high-school orchestra and glee clubs, before an audience which sat in the righteous hush of people grimly determined to serve the arts, if only for a night.

The boys' glee club was rendering selections from Carmen—in English, of course—and dramatically they announced the appearance of the bull. The line goes, "Now the beast enters, wild and enraged," or something like that; Duboko chose this moment to lunge grandly down the center aisle of the platform. . . . Mahaska Falls wiped away more tears than did Mermé's heroine.

In his adult stage, Duboko weighed forty pounds. His color suggested peanut brittle drenched with chocolate; I have heard people swear that his ears were four feet long, but that is an exaggeration. Often those ears hung like limp brown drawers dangling from clothesline; again they were braced rigidly at his skull.

Matstiff he was, and also German shepherd, with a noticeable influence of English bull, bloodhound and great Dane. Far and wide he was known as "that Greek dog," and not alone because he operated out of the Sugar Bowl and under the aegis of Bill Barbilis. Duboko looked like a Greek.

He had Greek eyes, Greek eyebrows, and a grinning Greek mouth. Old Mayor Wingate proclaimed in his cups that, in fact, he had heard Duboko bark in Greek; he was willing to demonstrate, if anyone would only catch Duboko by sprinkling a little Attic salt on his tail.

That, Greek dog seldom slept at night, he preferred to accompany the town's watchman on his rounds, or to sit in the window of the Sugar Bowl along with cardboard ladies who branched aloft their cardboard sodas. Sometimes, when I had been called out in the middle of the night and came back from seeing a patient, I would stop and peer through the window and exchange a few signals with Duboko. "Yes," he seemed to say, "I'm here. Bill forgot and locked me in. I don't mind, unless, of course, there's a fire. See you at Legion meeting tomorrow night, if not at the County Medical Association luncheon tomorrow noon."

At this time there was a new arrival in the Sugar Bowl household—Bill's own father, recruited all the way from Greece, now that Bill's mother was dead.

Spies Barbilis was slight, silver-headed, round-shouldered, with drooping mustachios which always seemed oozing with black dye. Bill put up another cot in the back room and bought another chiffonier from the second-hand store. He and Duboko escorted the old man up and down Main Street throughout the better part of one forenoon.

"I want you to meet friend of mine," Bill said. "He is my father, but he doesn't speak no English. I want him to meet all my good friends here in Mahaska Falls, because he will live here always."

Old Mr. Barbilis grew deft at helping Bill with the Sugar Bowl. He carried trays and managed tables, grinning inventively, wearing an apron stiff with starch. But he failed to learn much English except "hello" and "good-by" and a few cuss words; I

think that he was lonely for the land he had left, which certainly Bill was not.

One night—it was two o'clock in the morning—I came back to climb my stairs, stepping carefully from my car to the icy sidewalk in front of the Sugar Bowl. I moved gingerly, because I had left one foot in the Toul sector when a dressing statue was shelled; I did not like icy sidewalks.

This night I put my face close to the show window to greet Duboko, to meet those shy and mournful eyes which, on a little night, would certainly be staring there instead of shining in a drifted alley where the watchman prowled.

Two pairs of solemn eyes confronted me when I looked in. Old Mr. Barbilis sat there, too—in his night clothes, but blanketed with an overcoat—and Duboko, wrapped together among the jars of colored candy and the tinted cardboard girls. They stared out, alert and dignified in the darkness, musing on a thousand lives that came near by. I enjoy imagining that they both loved the street, even in its mid-night desertion, though doubtless Duboko loved it the more.

In 1923 we were treated to a mystifying phenomenon. There had never been a riot in Mahaska Falls, nor any conflict between racial and religious groups. Actually we had no racial or religious groups; we were all Americans, or thought we were. But, suddenly and amazingly, fiery crosses flared in the darkness and dignified in the darkness, musing on a thousand lives that came near by. I enjoy imagining that they both loved the street, even in its mid-night desertion, though doubtless Duboko loved it the more.

I was invited to attend a meeting and did so eagerly, wondering if I might explore this outlandish nonsense in a single evening. When my car stopped at a cornfield gate and ghostly figures came to admit me, I heard voice after voice whispering bashfully, "Hello, doc." "Evening, doc. Glad you came." I was shocked at recognizing the voices. I had known them, fathers and grandfathers of these youths—hard-working farmers they were, who found a long-sought freedom on the American prairies, and never fumed about the presence of the hardworking Catholics, Jews and black men who were also members of that pioneer community.

There was one public meeting in the town itself. They never tried to avoid another; there was too much objection; the voice of Bill Barbilis rang beneath the stars.

A speaker with a pimply face stood illuminated by the flare of gasoline torches on a makeshift rostrum, and dramatically he spread a dollar bill between his hands. "Here," he cried, "is the flag of the Jews!"

Bill Barbilis spoke sharply from the crowd: "Be careful, mister. There is United States seal on that bill."

In discomfite, the speaker put away his bank note. He ignored Bill as long as he could. He set his own private eagles to screaming, and he talked of battles won, and he wept for the mothers of American boys who lay in France. He said that patriotic 100-per-cent Americans must honor and protect those mothers.

Bill Barbilis climbed to the fender of a car. "Sure," he agreed clearly, "we got to take care of those mothers! Also, other mothers we got to take care of—Catholic mothers, Greek mothers, Jew mothers. We got the mothers of Company C, one Hundred Sixty-eighth Infantry. We got to take care of

them. How about Jimmy Clancy? He was Catholic. He got killed in the Lorraine sector. Hyman Levinsky, he got killed the same day. Mr. Speaker, you don't know him because you do not come from Mahaska Falls. We had Buzz Griffin, colored boy used to shine shoes. He go to Chicago and enlist, and he is wounded in the Ninety-second Division!"

It was asking too much for any public speaker to contend against opposition of that sort; and the crowd thought so, too, and Duboko made a joyful noise. The out-of-town organizers withdrew. Fiery crosses blazed less frequently, and the flash of white robes frightened fewer cattle week by week.

Seeds had been sown, however, and now a kind of poison ivy grew within our midnight. Bill Barbilis and Duboko came up to my office one morning, the latter looking annoyed, the former holding a soiled sheet of paper in his hand. "Look what I got, doc."

The message was printed crudely in red ink:

We don't want you here any more. This town is only for 100 per cent law-abiding white Americans. Get out of town! Anti-Greek League.

It had been shoved under the front door of the Sugar Bowl sometime during the previous night.

"Bill," I told him, "don't worry about it. You know the source, probably at least you can guess."

"Nobody is going to run me out of town," said Bill. "This is my town, and I am American citizen, and I am bugler in American Legion. I bring my old father here from Greece to be American, too, and now he has first papers." His voice trembled slightly.

"Here. Throw it in the wastepaper basket and forget about it."

There was sweat on his forehead. He wiped his face, and then he was able to laugh. "Doc, I guess you are right. Doc, I guess I am a fool."

He threw the paper away and squared his shoulders and went downstairs. I resisted a rubber glove from Duboko and threw Duboko into the hall, where he licked disinfectant from his jaws and leered at me through the screen.

A second threatening letter was shoved under Bill's door, but after that old Mr. Spiros Barbilis and Duboko did sentry duty, and pedestrians could see them entrenched behind the window. So the third warning came by mail; it told Bill that he was being given twenty-four hours to get out of town for good.

I was a little perturbed when I found Bill loading an Army .45 behind his soda fountain.

"They come around here," he said, "and I blow hell out of them." He laughed when he said it. It didn't take the brightness of his eyes, nor the steady, three-assured activity of his big clean fingers.

On Friday morning Bill came up to my office again; his face was distressed. But my fears, so far as the Anti-Greeks were concerned, were groundless.

"Do you die," he asked, "when you catch a crisis of pneumonia?"

It was one of his numerous cousins, in Sioux Falls. There had been a long-distance telephone call; the cousin was very ill, and the family wanted Bill to come. Bill left promptly in his battered, rakish roadster.

Late that night I was awakened by a clatter of cream cans under my window. I glanced at the illuminated dial of my watch, and lay wondering why the milkman had appeared some two hours before his habit. I was about to

drop off to sleep when sounds of a scuffle in the alley and a roar from Duboko in the Barbilis quarters took me to the way door in one leap.

There were four white figures down there in the alley yard; they dragged a fifth man—nightshirted, gagged, struggling—along with them. I yelled, and padded around for my glasses, spurred to action by the reverberating hysterics of Duboko. I got the glasses on just before those men dragged old Mr. Barbilis into their car. The car's license plates were plastered thick with mud; at once I knew what had happened.

It was customary for the milkman to clank his bottles and cans on approaching the rear door of the Sugar Bowl; Bill or his father would get out of bed and fetch the milk to the refrigerator, for there were numerous cream-hungry cats along that alley. It was a clinking summons of this sort which had lured the lonely Mr. Barbilis from his bed.

He had gone out sleepily, probably wondering, as I had wondered, why the milkman had come so early. The sound of milk bottles killed Duboko for a moment.

Then the muffled agony of that struggle, when the visitors clapped a pillow over the old man's face, had been enough to set Duboko bellowing.

But he was shut in; all that he could do was to threaten and curse and hurl himself against the screen. I grabbed for my foot—not the one that God gave me, but the one bought by Uncle Sam—and of course I kicked it under the bed far out of reach.

My car was parked at the opposite end of the building, out in front. I paused only to tear the telephone receiver from its hook and cry to a surprised Central that she must turn on the red light which summoned the night watchman; that someone was kidnapping old Mr. Barbilis.

The kidnappers' car roared eastward down the alley while I was bawling to the operator. And then another sound—the wench of a heavy body surging the metal screening. There was only empty silence as I stumbled down the stairway in my pajamas, bouncing on one foot and holding to the stair rails. I fell into my car and turned on the headlights. The eastern block before me stretched deserted in the pale glow of single bulbs on each electric-light post. But as my car rushed into that deserted block, a small brown shape sped bulletlike across the next intersection. It was Duboko.

I swung right at the corner, and Duboko was not far ahead of me now. Down the dark, empty tunnel of Clive Street the red taillight of another car diminished rapidly. It hitched away to the left; that would mean that Mr. Barbilis was being carried along the road that crossed the city dump.

Slowing down, I howled at Duboko when I came abreast of him. It seemed that he was a Barbilis, an Americanized Greek, like the rest, and that he must be outraged at this occurrence, and eager to effect a rescue.

But he only slobbered up at me, and labored along on his four driving legs, with spume flying behind. I stomped on the gas again and almost struck the dog, for he would not turn out of the road. I skidded through heavy dust on the dump lane, with blunder still billowing back from the kidnappers' car.

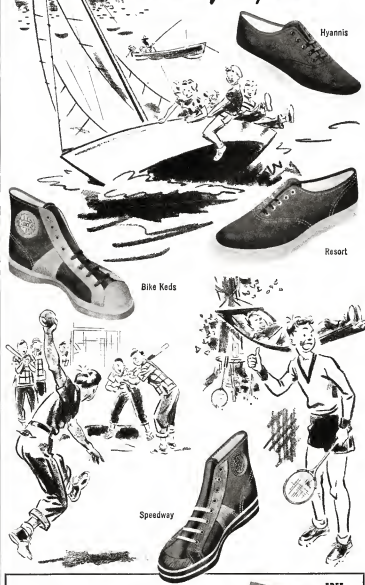
For their purpose, the selection of the dump had a strategic excuse as well as a symbolic one. At the nearest boundary of the area there was a big steel gate and a barbed-wire fence; you had to get out and open that gate to go

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through. But if you wished to vanish into the region of river timber and country roads beyond, you could drive across the wasteland without opening the gate again. I suppose that the kidnappers guessed who their pursuer was; they knew of my physical ineptness. They had shut the gate carefully behind them, and I could not go through without getting out of my car.

But I could see them in the glare of my headlights—four white figures, sheeted and hooded.

Already they had tied Spiros Barbilis to the middle of a fence panel. They had straps, and a whip, and everything else they needed. One man was tying the feet of old Spiros to restrain his kicks; two stood ready to proceed with the flogging; and the fourth, hunk, hideous, white-hooded creature moved toward the gate to restrain him from interfering. That was the situation when Duboko arrived.

I ponder now the various wickednesses Duboko committed throughout his notorious career. Then for comfort I turn to the words of a Greek—him who preached the most famous funeral oration granted among the ancients—the words of a man who was Greek in his blood and his pride, and yet who might have honored Duboko eagerly when the dog came seeking, as it were, a kind of sentimental Attican naturalization.

"For even when life's previous record shows faults and failures," said Pericles, with the same old clichés, to the citizens of the fifth century, "it is just to weigh the last brave hour of devotion against them all."

Though it was not an hour by any means. No more than ten minutes had elapsed since old Mr. Barbilis was dragged from his hack yard. The militant action of Duboko, now beginning, did not occupy more than a few minutes more, at the most. It makes me wonder how often men fought at Marathon, since Pheidippides died before he could tell.

And not even a heavy screen might long contain Duboko; it is no wonder

that a barbed-wire fence was as needs before his charge.

He struck the first white figure somewhere about the knees. There was a snarl and a shriek, and then Duboko was springing toward the next man.

I didn't see what happened then. I was getting out of the car and hopping toward the gate. My bare foot came down on broken glass, and that balled me for a moment. The noise of the encounter, too, seemed to build an actual, visible barrier before my eyes.

Our little bit of war was a turmoil of flapping, torn white robes—a whirling insanity of sheets and flesh and outcry, with Duboko revelling at the hub. One of the men dodged out of the melee, and I stumbled, tripping, grabbing a club which he had snatched from the rubble close at hand. I threw a bottle, and I like to think that that discouraged him; I remember how he pranced and swore.

Mr. Barbilis managed to get the swathing off his head and the gag out of his mouth. His frail voice sang minor encouragement, and he struggled to unfasten his strapped hands from the fence.

The conflict was moving now—moving toward the kidnappers' car. First one man staggered away, feeling; then another who limped badly. It was an unequal struggle at best. No four members of the Anti-Greek League, however young and brawny, could easily be matched against a four-footed warrior who used his jaws as the original Laedaemonians must have used their daggers, and who fought with the right on his side, which Laedaemonians did not always have.

Four of the combatants were scrambling into their car; the fifth was still afoot and reluctant to abandon the contest. But that time I had been able to get through the gate to both Mr. Barbilis and I pleaded with Duboko to give up a war he had won. But this he would not do; he challenged still, and tried to fight the car; and so, as they drove away, they ran him down.

AS I SEEM TO ME

(Continued from Page 27)

outstretched hands upon the inlaid mahogany table, no other part of them—no knees or feet—touching it. At a little distance from them, in easy chairs, my Grandmother and Grandfather Booth looked on with a grave tenacity; and my father sat a little nearer to the table with a pad of paper upon his knee. It was the table that was making the tapping and thumping sounds, and they seemed to come from its smooth surface, upon which nothing visible moved. There were no drawers in that table nor any whose part that could be made to rattle.

Nobody paid any attention to me; and I drew closer, strongly disapproving, but enough impressed to be silent. My father finished writing something on his tablet; then began to recite the alphabet slowly again, whereupon the table became noiseless. Suddenly its thumpings were renewed; father interrupted himself, and then ensued a dialogue that was, as nearly as I can remember, about as follows:

"Is A or H the letter you want?" my father asked. "Is it G?"

"The table thumped twice.

"Not G, then," my father said. "You want H. Is that right?"

The table thumped three times.

Mr. Riley laughed. "Yes; I recognized it. That's my brother again." This

It was ten A.M. before Bill Barbilis returned from Sioux Falls. I had ample opportunity to impound Bill's 45 and to wonder where he came from.

His father broke the news to him. I found Bill sobbing with his head on the fountain. I tried to soothe him, in English, and so did Spiros Barbilis, in Greek. But the trouble was that Duboko could no longer speak his own brand of language from the little bier where he rested.

Then Bill went wild, hunting for his pen and pencil to find it all the time, his father eagerly and shrilly informed Bill of the identifications he had made when his assassins' gowns were ripped away. Of course, too, was the evidence of bites and abrasions.

Earl Klugge was limping as he moved about the All-American Kandy Kitchen, and John Klugge smelled of arnica and iodine. A day or two passed before the identity of the other kidnappers leaked out. They were hangers-on at the All-American; they didn't hang on there any longer.

John Klugge, have enjoyed seeing what took place, down there at the Clive Street corner. I was only half-way down the block when Bill threw Earl and John Klugge through their own plate-glass window.

A little crowd of men gathered, with our Mayor Wingate among them. There was no talk of damages or of paying the present to the man who killed Bill Barbilis. I don't know just what train the Klugges brothers left on. But their restaurant was locked by noon, and the windows hoarded up.

The daily funeral and interment took place that afternoon behind the Sugar Bowl. There was no flag, though I think Bill would have liked to display one. But the crowd of mourners would not under credit Athens on the age when her dead heroes were burned; all the time that Bill was blowing Taps on his bugle, I had a queer feeling that the ghosts of Pericles and Thucydides were somewhere around.

I was to hear him say many times in the future; for those special thumpings were always to resound whenever he happened to be under and, as it were, to say "That H is for Hum," he said. "It's Hum Riley. That's your, isn't it, Hum?"

Thereupon the table thumped effusively; thumpings were heard all over it, and under it, and also seemingly within it. Almost riotously the table expressed pleasure.

I felt greatly annoyed. This was an affair I didn't like and which, despite the evidence of my senses, I didn't believe. In particular I was disturbed by my father's seriousness over something that simply had to be pure nonsense; and this whole group of people, together to me and previously reverenced, seemed engaged in queer processes discreditable to their intelligence. On the other hand, the table was certainly pleased. I sat down, watched and listened.

The thumpings continued—obviously expressing to Mr. Riley the exuberance of his jovial brother, Hum, and to you, his young brother, the aid of the recited alphabet, they thumped out a message. What it was I've forgotten, except that it was of merry import to Mr. Riley, who seemed to believe—and I decided he

(Continued on Page 50)

DON'T BUY ANY NEW WASHER

...until you've seen the amazing **Miracle Minute Demonstration** of the new Easy Spindrier!

WASHING machines have made amazing progress in the last two years or three! So don't pick your new washer by last year's standards. *Play safe!* Don't buy any new washer until you've let Easy's "Miracle Minute Demonstration" bring you up to date on what modern washers can really do.

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EVEN BLANKETS, PILLOWS,
DRAPES COME OUT LIKE NEW.
AND NO BUTTON BREAKAGE!*



AUTOMATIC WASHING TIMER! Forget about your wash once you start the motor. Set this automatic timer for any type fabric. It shuts off motor at pre-selected time. Overload switch protects against blown fuses, burned out motor, by automatically stopping washer if overloaded.

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**ELSIE, YOUR ICE CREAM MADE WITH EAGLE BRAND
IS JUDGED THE SMOOTHEST AND CREAMIEST
HOME-MADE ICE CREAM THE JURY EVER TASTED!**



"HOORAY FOR ELSIE!" shouted the crowd. "Speech! Speech!"

"All that I am," said Elsie, the Borden Cow modestly. "I owe to Borden's, I always make my home-made ice cream with Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk."

"Oh, Elsie," cried a young girl reporter, "don't you get ice splinters or starchy taste or flat flavor? I always do!"

"Eagle Brand will banish those jinxes for you, my dear," said Elsie kindly. "That's why thousands of women have

switched to Eagle Brand. They say it makes all the difference in the world!"

"It sure tastes as if it does. Is it hard to make ice cream the Eagle Brand way?"

"It's a pushover!" said Elsie. "Just follow the Magic Recipe. And it's drifts, too. The new half-size, half-pint can of Eagle Brand makes a batch of ice cream for the average-size family. (The large-size can makes twice as much.) A Magic Recipe Leaflet comes on every can. It tells you how to make cake frostings, pie fillings, cookies, and candies, too."



Magic Chocolate Ice Cream

(For Automatic Refrigerator)

- 1 quart unsweetened chocolate
- 2/3 cup (half-size can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
- 2/3 cup water
- 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
- 1/2 cup whipping cream

Melt chocolate in top of double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and stir over rapidly boiling water 5 minutes until thick. Add water, my well. Chill. Add vanilla. Whip cream to custard-like consistency. Fold into chilled mixture. Freeze in freezing unit of refrigerator until half-frozen. Scrape from freezing tray, beat until smooth but not melted. Replace in freezing unit until frozen. Serves 4 to 6.

**IF IT'S BORDEN'S
IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!**



NOTE: Borden's Eagle Brand comes in two sizes. The new half-size, half-pint can is just right for the recipe above. The Magic Recipe Leaflet, on every can, tells how to make cake frostings, pie fillings, cookies, and candies, too.

(Continued from Page 48)
heartily did—that his dead brother was actually present. Not accepting this improbability, I nevertheless saw plainly that none of the living persons present was by any bodily means causing the thumpings. The room was brightly lighted and trickery visibly impossible even if it hadn't been morally so.

I perceived that my father had developed a simple code of communication: three thumps or raps meant "yes," two meant "no," and one, "I don't know." As with deliberation he recited the alphabet, the thump or rap came upon the letter desired by the thumper or rapper. Father wrote the letters down as they came, and the groups of letters formed words, and the words formed coherent sentences.

More than the thumpings came from the table. Supposedly made by the ghost of Hum Riley, they were frequently accompanied or interrupted by the other types of sounds I've mentioned—less heavy, but as loud as decisive tappings by lead pencils or fingernails. Sometimes they interfered with the recordings of the Hum Riley thumps—when my father would say, probably, "Just wait a few moments. We're talking with Hum Riley now, but we'll let you speak a little later. Then, when one or two thumped sentences had been completed, the other rappings would become insistent and he'd say something like this: "Very well, Walter and Lucius, both want to talk, and so does Laetitia; you'll have to wait, Hum. Go ahead, Walter."

I comprehended that my dead uncles, Walter and Lucius, and Aunt Tish were ragging with us, but I didn't think so.

Sometimes there'd be as many as seven or eight—or even more—clear, loud raps sounding simultaneously from different areas of the table upon which rested, motionless, the hands of my mother and my sister and Mr. Riley; and I began to realize that these raps were of different types and qualities. A few of them, like Hum's and those attributed to my Uncle Lucius, were hearty, even boisterous; others were quiet and dignified; some of them were light and dainty, recognizably feminine. That is, the raps were individual, differed from one another just as the voices and handwritings of all the people I knew differed; and I saw that my father and the others recognized my Uncle Walter's strong but neat and incisive rap, for instance, because they had learned, in previous sittings, to identify it with him.

A Bridge to Eternity?

What messages were rapped out upon the table that evening I don't remember. The process was, of course, extraordinarily slow and the purports were inconsequent—unless they served to establish the tremendous fact that the dead were present. The sentences written by my father on his tablet might have been a record of a disjointed and fragmentary short conversation during which relatives or intimate friends mentioned without detail that they were leading interesting lives, and recalled to mind a few past episodes; that was about all.

My sister began to look tired; whereupon my mother said anxiously that she thought the sitting should stop, and it did. I spoke privately to my father: "Father, you surely don't believe those—those people were really here talking to us, do you?" "I believe," he looked like a man perturbed by the

forced alteration of strongly held previous opinions. "Why, who knows—but what else can it be? I can't find any other explanation."

Since he took it that way, I gave up; but my almost first thought was a shabby one—I'd be just about ruined among even my closest friends if it became known that I had favored doing such things as this and believing them. I didn't put my protest in precisely that way; I said that if this ghost business became known to the whole town would think we were crazy.

Family Secret

"Yes, of course!" my father agreed, and reassured me. The table sittings with raps that produced messages were known so far only to relatives and to Mr. Riley, and weren't to be mentioned outside of this small circle. "Naturally, everybody'd think we're insane," my father said. "Other people would think of us just what we'd have thought of them only a couple of months ago, if we've been so long in the habit of sitting about a table, listening to raps. No, you needn't worry; we're keeping it in the family."

That night's session with the raps was the last upon which the many, many others that were to follow; and, with one exception, all the people who were present at any of the sittings—grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins and others—were to be present at the last. That night's session was the last upon which the many, many others that were to follow; and, with one exception, all the people who were present at any of the sittings—grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins and others—were to be present at the last. That night's session was the last upon which the many, many others that were to follow; and, with one exception, all the people who were present at any of the sittings—grandparents, uncles, aunts, cousins and others—were to be present at the last.

Uncle Newton said huskily, "Walter."

In their boyhood, he told us then, his brother, Walter, and he had shouted the quotation tauntingly at each other and had tussled over it, half irritably, half jocosely, each proclaiming himself to be "the boy who braves all dangers."

This rapped reference to a bit of childish foiling, known only to the two brothers and long forgotten, until the table reminder, seemed pointedly significant; and when Uncle Newton returned to California, he spoke of his strange experience to a friend who was in deep grief. Uncle Newton suggested that he come to Indianapolis and he did—a kind, sad old retired colonel, lost in a world that lacked his wife. My hospitable mother asked him to stay with us, and his visit, intended to be for a day or so, lasted three weeks. The first rappings the table addressed to him spelled out the opening verses of a song the dead wife had been wont to sing for him in the earliest days of their married life, long long before. Her sister, that poor man, he'd have had the table going all night every night, except for the exhaustion the sittings brought my sister.

The exception I've mentioned—the one person who came to see the table's performance and didn't think the dead most probably responsible for it—was Grandfather Tarkington. He never thought the dead made the raps; he thought something else did. Grandfather Tarkington was a ruddy, husky-voiced, squarely man, powerfully agile and strong as a father, and like a father, ready, given to cheerfulness and kindly laughter; but he could be grim.

Neither my father at fifty nor any of my Tarkington aunts and uncles was reckless enough to mention card playing, wine, the theater or dancing in his presence. He thought tobacco abominable, breakfasted at seven, and in his eighties, was on a horse at half past.

In his pioneer youth he'd had a disturbing spiritual experience, had broken with the Southern Tarkingtons' previous easy Episcopalianism, and, after soul searchings, discovered that he couldn't be a Roman Catholic or a Presbyterian or a Baptist. The theology he found in himself proved to be Methodist; he'd become an early Indiana circuit rider and, in time, a presiding elder. Now, retired to his big sweet-smelling farm—always heaven to me whenever I got there—he preached only upon special occasions, but was unshakable in old convictions that included a necessary modicum of hellfire and brimstone. My mother's family, the Booths, deriving Congregationalism from Connecticut, had gone Presbyterian in pioneer Indiana, and this was my church and Sunday-schooling; but with both Booths and Tarkingtons the old orthodoxies were fading. Of all my relatives, the only one who hadn't lost faith in a personal Satan was my father's father, the Reverend Joseph Tarkington.

My father wrote him of what was happening at our house, and Grandfather drove the forty miles from the farm and sternly occupied a big chair throughout an hour of afternoon rapping. He spoke not a word till it was over; then said, "Those sounds are not made by human trickery, but they cannot be from spirits in heaven. There is no countenance or sign in the Bible. They are from the Devil."

One didn't argue with Grandfather Tarkington. This was his say, and, having said it, he drove back to the farm with what substantial thoughts in his mind we never learned. The one dared speak of raps to him again, nor did he ever utter another word upon the subject he'd so ironically settled.

Behind the Veil

The sittings continued, sometimes desultorily, over a period of perhaps three years; and now and then the force that produced the raps did freakish things. Once upon an evening, when the table had been busy in the afternoon for a visiting uncle and cousins, I sat upstairs after dinner and to my certain knowledge was the only person on the second floor. As I passed through Grandmother Booth's room on my way to my own, its walls, its floor and ceiling abruptly resounded with such raps as I'd never heard, though often the table thumpings had been easily audible beyond closed doors. They made an almost thunderous uproar for probably half a minute.

As they subsided I heard voices shouting from the drawing room below, and, going to the head of the stairs, found that my father and mother, my sister and the visitors were rushing out of the drawing room, where they'd been talking to Grandmother and Grandfather Booth. They were all calling to me, wanting to know what on earth was going on upstairs. When said, "Nothing; it was raps," they believed me for two reasons: one, that obviously I couldn't have produced such a multitudinous outrage unaided; and the other that they were habituated to miracles. So was I. Though startled, I hadn't been frightened at all; and never, never was I numbered among the brave.

For that matter, nothing in this whole long experience appeared to us as supernatural; it all seemed "just natural." Apparently we'd stumbled, as it were, upon phenomena not yet recognized by physicists and people generally as a part of the known order of Nature. Our ghosts were never in the least ghostly; they "talked," sometimes eagerly, but always cheerfully, with the amiable inconsequence of people who drop in for a while on friends; and, when we asked questions about the "life beyond" or about the space and time in which they lived, they replied they couldn't explain to us what we couldn't possibly understand. When we asked for prophecies, they said we knew as much about what was to happen on our "plane" as they did.

The Giant "Perhaps"

They seemed reasonable, and the only person whose nerves were affected by the sittings was my sister; she grew tired and wan when the sessions were protracted or too frequent. She felt that the drain upon her was less if other people's nerves were at the table as well as hers; nevertheless, that her strength did wane became evident. Finally my mother talked to the family physician, and he said that in his long practice he'd known two or three other persons for whom tables moved and raps sounded, manifestations he'd had to believe genuine; and that in those other instances he thought the mediums' constitutions had been somewhat weakened.

After that the sittings were short and held only at considerable intervals; then came a disastrous marriage, subsequent preoccupation with a household and children—and when she tried to make a table move and rap again, years afterward, nothing happened. The power was gone—like that of the great voice she'd had and lost when, for the care of children, she'd given up her singing.

In the meantime, for her and for my father and for all of us, there it came doubt. We'd never made the experience scientific, had never even tried to prove with irrefutable tests the identifications of the unseen visitors. The phenomena themselves, the raps, though incredible to anybody without a real experience of them, were of course never doubted. They were beyond question, but what had been the intention? Were they "directed them"? In time we were confronted by the Hudson theory that those intelligences are contained unwittingly in the subconscious of living people, and for this we hadn't any answer.

When we reviewed our apparent communications with the dead, we could only say that perhaps—perhaps—it was they. But this "perhaps" was to be with us the rest of our lives, and "perhaps" can be a giant. If perhaps there is no death, what then perhaps is suicide—or murder? Question most dread of all: What, perhaps, is war?

During all the time of this adventure I asked no such questions of the rappers or of anyone. Speculations upon the unknown possibilities among which man, like a bull on volcanic coast, walks his strangely confident way, weren't anywhere in my head. That fuzzy asylum, dismaying to the thought that now looks back in it, was all the while engaged with interrogations it found more absorbing. In particular it concerned itself with the vital question of beauty—my own.

(Continued on Page 53)



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PROLON BRISTLE
won't get soft and soggy!...won't break off! No other nationally advertised brush has newer, costlier, or better Du Pont synthetic tooth bristles—because there is no newer, costlier, or better grade on the market.

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"ROUND-END" BRISTLES
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Photo-micrographs show why patented "Round-End" bristles insure gentler action on the gums:



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MONEY BACK guarantee of six months service—the longest in the world with this definite guarantee! No other nationally advertised tooth brush can possibly have longer-lasting bristles than PROLON... our name for the finest synthetic tooth brush bristle sold by Du Pont.

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TOOTH BRUSH



Bristles don't turn soggy!

Bristles don't break off!

What a toothbrush this new BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic! Its PROLON bristles are the costliest tooth brush bristles that Du Pont makes... the only synthetic bristles with patented "Round-Ends!"

BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic is specifically guaranteed for six months of use. The brush may actually last a year, eighteen months, two years. No one knows. It has not been on the market long enough to find out. But, note carefully, that only Pro-phy-lac-tic, among all tooth brush manufacturers, gives a definite six months

money-back guarantee!

The big plus in favor of Pro-phy-lac-tic is "Round-End" treatment of the bristles... a process which no other manufacturer can use because it is protected by U. S. Pat. No. 2,066,068. Together with the 6-months money-back guarantee, this "Round-End" gentler-to-the-gums feature makes reason enough for you to insist on BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic!

For those who prefer it, finest natural bristle is also available in the BONDED Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush, PROLON bristles, or natural "Tempered" bristles, both are guaranteed for six months. Either is 50¢.

A New Line of Plastic Brushes!

Another Pro-phy-lac-tic triumph! Dresset and toilet brushes in clear plastic... in a choice of four gleaming, jewel colors. Instantaneous Jewellite bristles. Moisture-resistant bristles of Du Pont Prolon. \$1.50—\$2.00—\$2.50—\$3.00. *Roll-Wave, a unique "curved-to-like-head" brush... \$4.00*

Jewellite Brushes by Pro-phy-lac-tic



Oil research going over with a BANG

Most of the amazing discoveries at the "University of Petroleum" (Shell's \$3,500,000 research laboratories) have enriched the peaceful arts. But when they found a new way to get *toluene*, basic ingredient of TNT, out of petroleum—that was big news in the War and Navy Departments...

TNT for the big guns, bombs and depth charges—potential supplies unlimited—for national defense, oil research was going over with a bang!

The first commercial-scale toluene plant in America—to produce 2,000,000 gallons yearly—was completed by Shell last December. And these scientists have now perfected a process for greatly expanding this needed production.

Spectacular research results! And you'll find another—closer home—at the nearest Shell pump.



"Fuel of the Future" today SHELL GASOLINE



821 research scientists and assistants work for you at the "University of Petroleum."

They found a key to production from petroleum of synthetic rubber—glycerine—plastics—fertilizers—germicides—even a key product which enters Vitamin E.

But these are by-products of their main assignment—constant improvement of Shell Gasoline. They have advanced its

Road Performance Rating (RPR) to an all-time high:

Thermal conversion makes it extra rich in iso-compounds similar to iso-octane—first produced commercially by Shell scientists to give America 100-octane aviation gasoline... fuel so powerful and efficient that it led to an increase in the speed and flying range of America's planes up to 30%!

This scientific advance saves on the costliest driving you do—Stop-and-Go. And increased RPR puts a new thrill in your motoring! Get high RPR Shell Gasoline (at regular price) or Shell Premium at your neighborhood Shell dealer's. Try a tankful today.

AUGUST SERVICE TIP

"Thoro-fast" service means quick but careful—that's my free-service pledge! Your car needs a "Thoro-fast" check-up every hundred miles.

(Continued From Page 51)

As I flourished through fifteen, a yearning to know what I looked like exerted acute pressure. Feeling that I had to learn the true quality of my appearance and how nearly its effect upon the world approached my desire, I gave an inestimable amount of time to the pertinent research. The fact that my dressing-table mirror was exceptionally large lengthened the periods devoted to this study because, if one stood some distance away, almost a full-length view was afforded.

By retiring to the opposite wall and approaching slightly, I could even observe my gait, grace of carriage and how I tipped my hat to ladies; but most of the work was done at close range and sometimes caused pain in the neck and eyes brought on by hard effort to discover my profile. The problem continued to confront me: Was I or was I not beginning to be rather a handsome person? I was too familiar with my face to answer this question for myself, but evidence collected from outside pointed to not.

Years of exercise were bringing results, developing my nose and ears, the rest not keeping up with them; but on the other hand, I could look forward to whisksers as a remedy. Whisksers, at that time still frequent among grown men, could be used both as balance for protuberances and as the mask of deficiencies. Alone with my mirror and a burnt cork, I studied whiskers as an art, sketching upon myself the most favorable future possible, and striving, as a seer, to picture the romanticized face maybe I'd be able to have when, in later manhood, hair should arrive upon me.

Growing Pains

In fairness to my whole person I had to admit as much doubt of my figure as of my features. I still wore a Youth's First Base collar, size 13, but my face seemed nakedly farther above it than was desirable; and the length of my trousers during the winter season, shortening after month or two of wear and descending only to high-water mark. I needed new shoes usually, because my feet were stealing a march on my members; but what most deeply concerned me was my shoulder blades. I stooped a little and was thinner than the thinnest of my friends; lawn tennis had arrived in Indianapolis and a serious player wasn't supposed to go into action wearing his jacket, or blazer. Contortions before the mirror made me suspicious of the impression my shoulder blades created in the minds of spectators, and one afternoon I confided my anxieties to a friend.

He and I were to play tennis with two girls, one of them a victor all my life, lovely from the front, tall and South; and my friend arrived with I was dressing for the game. Finished, except for a jacket, I asked him for his frank and honest private opinion.

"Well, since you ask me," he responded sincerely, "I guess I better tell you. I wouldn't say it except you asked me, but since you really want to say right out whether I ever thought so or not, well, I have to say

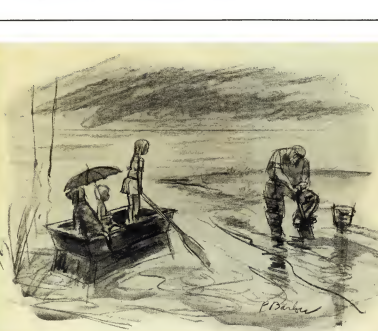
I have; they do. They do stick out too much and I kind of expect she'd notice it. If I was in your place I'd wear two shirts."

It was a painfully hot afternoon, but I took his advice and made this sacrifice. In addition to underwear, I wore two shirts, the inner one of flannel; and, though I suffered pleasantly, I felt rewarded. On the way home my friend said he doubted if she'd noticed my shoulder blades much. Anyhow, he said, I looked a lot better in two.

It seemed clear that the question for which I sought the answer—had I beauty?—was at least in part related to my effect upon girls. The trouble was, I couldn't discern any effect at all—either upon them as a class or upon a single representative. Still, as I believed girls to be secretive, I thought I could go on hoping that there might be some effect sometimes somewhere.

"Maybe," I thought—"maybe I've passed some girl on the street some-

Horace wasn't only more agreeable to the eye than Bush Browning and I were; his debonair self-assurance when we were among girls at a party, or on someone's veranda of a summer evening, fortunately kept my ill-chosen imitations of it from being even heard. Horace's dash was so contagious that Bush and I, though not without many correct misgivings, dared to become musical semiplicity with him. Partly supported by a fourth friend who played the guitar—some—we several times stayed out as late as ten o'clock at night, ventured into the front yards of girls whose parents we thought we could count upon to remain quiescent, and injured the quiet night with attempted quartetting serenades. Diligent sensitive neighbors may have counted the chords that went foul in My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean, Over the Banister Leans a Pace, The Spanish Cavalier, and Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party.



"Would you be interested in digging for treasure on a fifty-fifty basis?"

time—some girl I didn't know and that even didn't seem to notice me and had special kinds of taste—and maybe she was thinking to herself: 'Who is that handsome boy?'"

From my family I couldn't find out what I looked like. In their fondest moments and in their other moments this was a subject they never brought up. There wasn't anybody at all to whom I could put the inquiry, "Am I handsome or not, and if not—as appears pretty likely—how much not?"

I never fully discovered how much not, but finally let the matter come to rest upon the conclusion that while waiting for whisksers I was probably a kind of queer looking. Of course I'd had eyes enough to perceive from the first that my looks could never put me in the group of outright handsome boys like Horace Hord. Horace, harmonious in feature, graceful in figure, had two intimate satellites—Bushrod Browning and me—and both of us were always loyally conscious of our privilege in being handsome Horace's constant accompaniments, or trailers.

were cordial, too, and of course fully at our ease. I thought Bush laughed too loudly and too long, especially as there wasn't anything to laugh at; and I felt hurt when he and Horace would sit up. What do you want to keep on tittering for?" Then we both said, "Yes, indeed!" again and laughed again.

The Older Girl said, "Shush! We all sit down and the boys and Horace took chairs, but Bush and I didn't know how or where to lower ourselves. We somehow couldn't. We said, 'Yes, indeed!'" and remained standing close together.

Parlor Panic

The Older Girl said, "Mr. Browning, perhaps you and Mr. Tarkington'd like to sit on the sofa," and as Bush only laughed, I said laughingly, "Yes, we'd like to," and Bush and I, red and laughing, sat down on the sofa together.

Horace and the Older Girl began to chatter, while Bush and I sat and sat on the sofa. We didn't know what they were saying; we didn't know what it was all about; but it seemed to make a lively amount of noise, and Bush and I laughed because we wished to appear parties to it. I felt ashamed of Bush, he was so red and laughed so much, in an ignorant-sounding way. I began to hate him, too, for his stupidity and because every time he thought the Older Girl wasn't looking he dug his elbow into me and whispered out of the side of his mouth, "You're making a fool of yourself."

Horace and the Older Girl continued to chatter cozily, though now and then she'd ask, "Don't you think so, too, Mr. Browning and Mr. Tarkington?"

We'd say, "Yes, indeed, huh, huh!" and hate each other more and more, and our necks inside our collars and cough and look guilty. When-ever Bush stopped laughing he seemed to feel that he had to fill the gap with a cough. It wasn't natural, or etiquette, either, for us to cough so often at the same time; but he didn't once let me cough alone.

The muscles of my face were hurting me; I was too warm, and I suffered because when I sat down I'd crossed my right knee over my left, and after an hour or so I wanted to get both feet on the floor again, but didn't like to try because I thought the action might look foolish. Horace and the Older Girl, thick as thieves, chattered unceasingly and even had a scuffle over a ribbon she was wearing and he tried to snatch from her. Bush and I sat in a kind of hell, glassy-eyed, red, and making a morbidly hilarious, coughing sounds. Unalterably affixed to the sofa and repellently coupled to each other, we had no hope; our condition seemed permanent.

Horace rose at last. "It's time to chase our freight," he said, in knowing anger. "Get off that sofa, jaybirds; we got to chase our freight for home."

Bush and I stood up, and the Older Girl said she was sorry we had to leave so soon; she hoped we'd come again. Bush and I said we'd certainly like to, and remained where we were, numbly waiting for some moving motions, and moving our hanging

HE TALKS AQUAPLANING LIKE A MASTER But he's dunked oftener than a doughnut



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hands in little arcs, in case she intended to shake them.

She didn't, but said she was glad she'd like to come again; and we said, yes, indeed, we'd like to; and Horace said, "Well, for heaven's sake, come on; we got to chase our freight!"

Bush and I, still making little bowing motions, began to move backward toward the door together, saying, "Well, good night, huh, huh!" and then coughing. Every step or so we stopped because she'd say, "Well, good night; I do hope you'll come again!" and we had to respond, "Well, good night, we'd certainly like to!"

Our progress backward, accompanied by these courteous vocalizations, was impeded. We were too close together; Bush seemed to be both a little behind me and somewhat in front of me. I stepped on him and he stepped on me; our feet became confused, all eight of our limbs seemed to be interlocking in the way of one another. Bush lost his balance and I mine, there were hopeless clutchings, and then we were both full sprawling upon the carpet, still entangled, and exclaiming scrupulously, "Pardon me!"

The Older Girl covered her face with her hands. Bush and I rose, each using the other regardlessly as a means of assistance, laughed loudly at ourselves, said, "Well, good night again," and, still laughing heartily, followed Horace out of that terrible house.

We laughed as long as we thought there was a chance we'd be heard from indoors; but false merriment died suddenly when we reached the sidewalk. Bush and I were instantly vehement in mutual accusations. All the way home each charged the other with not having enough sense not to trip a person up in a lady's house, and each vowed bitterly never so long as life lasted to make another call in the other's company. As I trembled and weeped passionately to Horace for his testimony in the matter of who did the tripping.

Horace, indifferent to our troubles and fond of his voice, kept a few paces ahead of us, singing:

*"The Spanish Cavalier
Stood in his retreat
And on his guitar played a tune, dear."*

Bush and I were aware with each other for days. Recriminations broke out between us illogically in the midst of conversation upon other affairs; neither could say the slightest thing in indirect praise of himself without the other's interrupting, "You're a nice one to talk! Look what you did last Thursday night!"

Follow the Leader

Bush Browning and I were often critical of each other, though never of Horace. On all subjects except Bush's opinion of me and mine of him, the three of us were always of one mind—Horace's. We were a trio, but he was the leader, and in the company of our peers—girls especially—Bush and I enjoyed the reflected prestige of being his entourage. Most of the time, however, there were just the three of us and we spent nearly all of it outdoors for a reason unconnected with sports of the playground, field or stream.

Rightfully looking upon ourselves as youths—virtually young men of fifteen or sixteen—sometimes addressed by even street children as "mister"—we were bigotedly regarded at home as much younger. Expected to go to bed at ten o'clock, and, if out earlier, to report where, we were surrounded by parental

care and the difficulties it imposed on us. For instance, we were all supposed not to smoke until we should be twelve—one, whereupon Bush Browning had first taken to smoke cigarettes at the age of five, and had succeeded, in the Brownings' stable, before he was nine. Later in life he'd given them up for cigarettes and gone with Horace and me—certainly because the smoke, well-being, while smoking, increased with the distance from home. We were great walkers and versed in the use of his father; but Horace, looking solemn, was silent. So was I. I'd twice taken a series of drawing lessons, one from a portrait painter and the other from a French stonemason who worked on our new statehouse, and as I spent most of my spare time drawing, and nearly all my time was spare, I habitually supposed myself on the way to become an "artist." I didn't say so now, because I was waiting for Horace to speak.

Footlight Future

As he didn't, I ventured to ask him, "What have you decided to be in this life, Horace?"

He stopped short, stood looking into distance. "During the whole of my days I've never once considered adopting any other profession except one."

Bush and I had halted too. Almost breathless with deference, we stared at Horace as he looked over our heads into the faraway sky. "Which, Horace?" I asked him, in a whisper. "Which is the one you've never had any ambition except for?"

"The only one—for me," he said. "I've never even a moment considered anything but going on the stage. I intend to become an actor."

Suddenly a rosy footlight glory seemed to flare before me; Titian and Rembrandt were part of dull doings in the clouded past. "I'm going to, too, Horace," I said, in the deepest tones of a voice almost rid of adolescent quaverings. "I intend to become an actor, too, Horace."

In spite of Bush Browning's expression, this hypnotic moment seemed to settle, unalterably, my career. I knew what Bush was thinking, even without his saying, as he did, that person who couldn't step inside a lady's house without tripping somebody up wasn't going to get very far as Romeo. Untalented and doomed to grovel in the gutter of business, poor left-out Bush was disregarded; Horace and I, with our new bond between us, began to talk insipidly of Edwin Booth and Mary Anderson and life on the stage.

Determined to enter into that life, we decided to sweep away all difficulties—such as school, having to go to bed by ten, etc., etc. Of what benefit would a whole lot of useless education be to us on the stage, and so why wait till we were old men? Our families would be proud of us when we wrote home after achieving our success, we said reassuringly; and planned to select a supporting company in Indianapolis to tour the country as immediately as possible.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Tarkenton. The sixth will appear next week.

TOGETHER

(Continued from Page 15)

It isn't the camp, though, dad. I want to go home. I want to be back in Highlands again, back in my room, and not be alone like this any more. I have been thinking a lot about it, and I guess you don't want me around because I remind you of mother. At least I know you don't want to do anything with me that we used to do with mother. Mother and I always walked down to the corner to meet you when you got off the bus at night, but last spring you told me not to bother any more. And after supper we always walked up to the park, mother and you and I, to watch the boys playing baseball, but you never walked up to the park with me last spring. You went out walking by yourself. Sometimes I waited up in bed to hear you come home, and it was eleven or twelve. But, dad, I promise you I won't get in your way. You won't have to see me at all. I just want to be home.

I love you,
ANNE.

Anne turned over the paper and read aloud the final draft of the letter she had mailed.

Dear Dad: We have been playing tennis and swimming every day. My tennis is getting pretty good. What about taking me on? The weather is all right, but damp in the morning. I don't think so much of Mrs. Trayner, but we have a good cook. I've been here for five weeks now. It seems like a long time. Don't you think that it's time she's a long time to be away from home?

I wonder what Highlands is like this summer. I guess it must be pretty hot down there, but you know I always did like the heat.

Do you miss me?

Affectationally,
ANNE.

Anne folded the letter and dropped it back into the box. It was almost time for breakfast. Mrs. Trayner handed out the mail at breakfast. Maybe, Anne thought, her father had answered her letter. Maybe he had guessed everything that she had left out of the letter. Maybe, as in the dream, he had written her that he missed her.

Anne dressed herself hurriedly and ran along the path to the ell beyond the main house. She knocked on the kitchen door. When Mr. Littlejohn opened the door, Anne saw that his face was still flushed from his quarrel with Mrs. Trayner.

Anne said, "Excuse me, Mr. Littlejohn. I was just wondering if Mrs. Trayner had got the mail."

Mr. Littlejohn nodded. "More than she wanted," Mr. Littlejohn said. "She left it over there on the table." Mr. Littlejohn said "She," Mr. Littlejohn said, "as if to make sure of the capital S." The Abbott girl's father wrote and gave her hail Columbia. Wrote that his daughter had opened his eyes to conditions at the camp. Gave the old battle horse a fine scolding. She took it out on me, the way she always does.

Anne said, "I'm sort of expecting a letter from dad." Mr. Littlejohn's voice softened. "It's nice, ain't it, expectin' a letter?" Mr. Littlejohn opened the oven, sending a hot, sweet smell into the room. "Here, quick," Mr. Littlejohn said. "Have one before she comes back. She ain't counted 'em yet." Mr. Littlejohn watched Anne swallow the muffin, then walked across the room to the table.

He shuffled the pile of mail, his hands shaking. "You're supposed to wait till breakfast for your mail," Mr. Littlejohn said. "I guess She figures to take your mind off the food. Fine way to run a camp—you starve, She starves and I starve. Things was different when Martha was here to help. Martha kept things tickin' like a three-dollar clock." Mr. Littlejohn picked up a letter and studied the address. "Martha and I wasn't separated a single night in thirty-two years, but I guess I know how good it feels to be expectin' a letter from someone you love. Or how bad."

Mr. Littlejohn handed the letter to Anne. Anne turned it over in her fingers. The address was written in her father's careful, upright script. Anne said, "Mr. Littlejohn, I don't want to open it. I'm afraid—I'm afraid dad won't let me go home."

Mr. Littlejohn's thin old face twisted with concern. He crouched beside Anne. "Is that what you're fixin' to do? Clear out of here?"

Anne nodded.

Mr. Littlejohn said, "Why, girlie, that's fine. That's great. I'm glad they's somebody round here who's willin' to kick against that old battle horse. Somebody besides me, that is. Don't you worry, Anne. You go ahead and open that letter. You're goin' to get home, all right. I know it. I got one of my hunches."

"You have? Honest?"

"Yes, sir. And they're never wrong." Anne tore open the letter, Mr. Littlejohn glanced over Anne's shoulder, his eyes squinting. Mr. Littlejohn read the words aloud, and as he read them his voice faltered.

Dear Anne: Thanks for your note. I'm glad to hear that you're playing tennis. Tennis is good for you, and swimming is even better. I had hoped to drive up to see you next week, but business will keep me chained to my desk. As you thought, Highlands is pretty hot right now. It's comforting to know that you're having pleasant weather in the Berkshires. I remember visiting in the Berkshires once—before you were born!

Get as much as you can out of your association with girls of your own age. That is what you need.

Lovingly,
DAD.

Anne read the note again, looking for another line, a phrase she had missed.

Mr. Littlejohn dropped one hand on her shoulder. "Nope," Mr. Littlejohn said. "Not a thing. I don't care how you read it."

Anne clenched the letter against her blouse. Anne said, "You see, he doesn't want me home. He doesn't care if I never go home!" She turned her face away from Mr. Littlejohn. "But I want to go home. I want to go back to where mother was. I won't get in his way. I won't say a word. I won't ask him for anything."

Mr. Littlejohn said, "Hold on, girlie. Here She comes."

Mrs. Trayner swung open the pantry door. Mrs. Trayner had failed today to dust her old cheeks with rouge. She looked pale and tired. She smiled as she stood in the doorway.

Mrs. Trayner said, "Well, now, isn't this lovely? You've found yourself a friend, have you, Mr. Littlejohn?"



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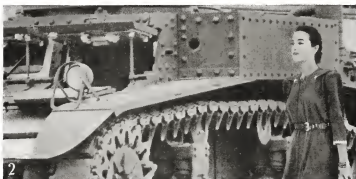
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about her clothes. Anne ran past the abandoned cellar hole of the estate and down the gradual slope of the fields to the Pittsylvale road. Anne felt the gravel cutting into her soles. After a few minutes a pain began to hammer against her side. She had to walk holding her side until the pain went away. She tried to draw her breath slowly to keep from crying. She tried to remember that she was going home. That was all that mattered. She was going home, home, home.

But a voice inside her shouted that she couldn't reach home. There were ninety miles between her and Highlands. Little by little the hours would crawl past and the sunlight would fade and Mrs. Trayner would be waiting to answer the telephone at the main house. The day would be gone like her dream of having run away, with her father slipping into the shadows and Mrs. Trayner stumbling after her. Anne heard a car rattling downhill over the gravel. She stepped onto the grassy shoulder of the road to let it pass.

Then she heard a voice, a cracked, chirping voice, say, "Better hop aboard, girly. We got a long trip ahead of us." Mr. Littlejohn was sitting at the wheel of his open Model T. His lean face was folded in a grin. Anne felt an odd surge of hope at the sight of him. Anne said, "You—you haven't come to take me back?"

Mr. Littlejohn pulled Anne up to the broken seat beside him. "Don't let them springs jab you," Mr. Littlejohn said. "This old hen ain't been off the roost since '38. She's sort of preenin' her feathers." The fire plunged unsteadily forward. "Come take me back? You think this blunderbuss could climb Weona bill again? Once we'd rolled over the crest, we were gone for good. And glad it is." Mr. Littlejohn repeated the words harshly, "And glad it is."

Anne felt her body shaking, only partly from the motion of the car. Anne said, "What about your job?" Mr. Littlejohn patted Anne's arm. "I've been lookin' for a way to quit that job for a month of Sundays. I just never found the strength of mind to do it. You see, Martha sort of figured on me stayin' there till kingdom come. Martha figured I'd be safe there. But when that old battle horse started lightin' in to you! Why, I'd have gone off with you on the spot, but I had to aiphon some gas out of the old battle horse's car. I guessed it would take some gas to push us ninety miles. Matter of fact, I drained her tank dry, just to use that kit into her hand to follow us."

Only half believing, Anne said, "You want to take me home?" "I sure do, if the car does. Don't you remember my hunch? I told you I was never wrong."

Anne was silent. The sunlight felt warm on her face and on her bare legs. The car hissed and chattered down the green valley toward the plain. Anne was beginning to accept Mr. Littlejohn and the flivver and her escape to Highlands as if nothing else had been possible.

Anne said, "The only thing is, I hope dad doesn't bate me for coming home." "Don't you worry about that." "But he doesn't want me to come." "Dat's you fret about that."

Anne twisted her hands in her lap. "But, Mr. Littlejohn."

"M'm-m!"

Anne's voice trembled. "Mr. Littlejohn, I—I know dad loves me. But I don't know why he won't let me come home. I thought at first it was because

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I reminded him too much of mother. But I'll always remind him of her, so it can't be only that. You don't suppose that what Mrs. Trayner said, that what she said about dad —"

Mr. Littlejohn pressed his foot against the pedal. The brass radiator cap began to dance in front of them, and the lids of the hood rose and fell like black wings.

Mr. Littlejohn said, "Now, you're not goin' to bother about that. I guess you must have hurt the old battle-horse's feelin's, the way you took to her like she was plastered with poison ivory. She has to spend all summer pinchin' pennies to live all winter. She knows what the girls think of her. She knows the camp is slippin' down out of sight. Now that we got away, I guess we can start feelin' sorry for her. Not much, but a little."

Mr. Littlejohn's voice fluttered up and down the scale. "Anne, you listen to me. You can't understand why your father ain't wanted you no more. You can't understand why he's mad at you. Well, you're right about one thing. It ain't only because you remind him of her. It's because they's a time a man goes through that's got to be lived alone. When every day's crammed with little things that say, 'Her, her, her.' And he's got to learn to look at 'em as if they was never there. You've never seen one before. Now, Anne, you listen to me. I know. It takes a man months and maybe years before he can look at everyday things without their 'twin' in 'em. He's been tryin' to wear hisself out with work, tryin' to keep from thinkin' of youin' but work. But you give him time. You see, Anne, you know that's the way to make him glad all the way through. Then he'll be cured. Somethin' like your comin' home may do the trick. You'll be back together as if you never parted. Now, Anne, you listen to me. I know."

Anne rubbed her nose with her fist. Anne said slowly, "If only there was some way of being sure."

Mr. Littlejohn reached down among the broken seat springs. "Now, no more talkin'," Mr. Littlejohn said. He dropped a paper bag on Anne's knees. "You missed breakfast. Here. Eat them muffins. I swiped 'em right from under the old battle horse's nose!"

It was midafternoon when they reached Highlands. They had been forced to stop five times to pump up their blistered tires. A mudguard had fallen into the river as they crossed the Torrington bridge. In Avon the reverse pedal had flattened its treads. The men were told it would have been compensated, if there had been compensations. They had been able to swap Anne's cheap wrist watch for three quarts of oil at Ye Ox Bow Tavern in Canton the proprietor had offered them lunch in exchange for their antique rubber-bulbed horn. "I've been looking for one for years," the man had said. "Isn't he quaint?" If it wasn't for the fact that we needed no more announcements, I could have sworn we were in the middle of a comedy routine.

During the last twenty-five miles the radiator had boiled over in a steadily diminishing stream, but the car swung into Prospect Avenue like a swift ship of the line. Anne leaned forward in the seat, waiting to catch her first glimpse of the big brown house behind its mask of trees.

"There it is," Anne whispered finally.
"Oh, there it is."

Mr. Littlejohn drove the flivver to the back door. Mr. Littlejohn said,

"It's too stylish round here to leave an old hen like this settin' out front. We got to keep her hid." Mr. Littlejohn shook his head doubtfully. "Maybe it's too stylish for me too," Mr. Littlejohn said.

Anne jumped down from the seat and took Mr. Littlejohn's hand. "See," Anne said. "We're here! There's my swing, the same as it was, though of course I don't use it any more, I'm much too big for it, and there's the garage, and there's where we play croquet, and that house next door belongs to the Hartmans, and, oh, come quick—come into the kitchen!"

Anne dragged Mr. Littlejohn into the wide, tiled kitchen. The sink and the stove and the ivory-painted ceiling gleamed in the afternoon light.

Rapping the stove, Mr. Littlejohn said, "You spose I could learn to cook a batch of muffins on a pretty little toy like this?" He wiped his mouth. "I guess not. It ain't much like my old net at the camp."

Only half listening, Anne said, "Olga must be upstairs. I'm sure she wouldn't mind if you wanted to try the stove. She wouldn't even mind if dad hired you to do the cooking here. She's always saying the house is too big for her."

Mr. Littlejohn watched Anne opening the pantry door. Mr. Littlejohn said softly, "Girlie, you know what? I got a guilty feelin' inside me right this minute. And that shiny stove is makin' it worse. I don't belong here. I belong back where Martha is. Back helpin' that old battle horse." Mr. Littlejohn straightened his thin old shoulders. "Well, I've showed her I could quit. Maybe I didn't get as far as the Golden Gate, but I got as far as any man needs to before changin' his mind."

Anne let the pantry door swing shut behind her, not listening. Anne ran through the pantry with its rows of jars and bottles, to the door of the dining room and stopped, sucking in her breath. The shades were drawn across the windows. The dining room was dark and empty. Anne slipped into the room, her joy draining out of her. Again, as in her dream, she felt afraid. This was her father's house. This was his darkness. These were the rooms he had made her feel were his. Anne's feet tiptoed uncertainly into the living room. Everything was in its usual place, untouched, unmoving, colored in the same way as when she had last seen it. Anne locked her arms across her blouse. Now that she had come so far, she couldn't turn back. If only there were some way to get out of the house, to find her mother here with him! If only there were some way of being sure that Mr. Littlejohn was right—that soon, maybe now, her father would

Anne touched the polished sides of her father's desk. She could imagine her father sitting at this desk last night, writing to her in his careful script. She could imagine his throwing the first draft of the letter into the basket between his knees, then starting patiently to write the second. The first draft—Anne's heart wavered under her blouse. Anne stared at the basket beside the desk. A sheet of paper lay crumpled in the bottom of the basket. Anne picked up the paper, smoothing it between her palms. She read the words aloud.

Dear Anne: Thanks for your note. I think I understand how lonely you must be. Tennis and swimming aren't much fun when you're homesick, are they? I had

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neither can
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Too many cooks spoil the breath—with their highly seasoned concoctions. That's why so many folks carry a pack of breath-taking PEP-O-MINT LIFE SAVERS. They sweeten your breath, aid digestion, and taste swell!



Five different flavors, ladies and gents! A handful of dee-licious, dee-lightful fruit flavors in each and every pack. FIVE-FLAVOR LIFE SAVERS—mint, cherry, orange, lemon, lime, pineapple.



Cool and fresh as a spanking breeze on an August day—that's how your mouth feels when you treat it to a cooling COLA LIFE SAVER. Get a pack, matey—today.



Everybody's breath offends sometimes after eating, drinking, or smoking. Let LIFE SAVERS save yours. Choice of 14 delicious mint and fruit flavors. Sold everywhere, 5¢.

hoped that you would enjoy meeting girls of your own age. But maybe, young as you are, you have guessed that I had other reasons for sending you away. It's a hard thing to put into words. It's mainly that I've had to learn how to live this new life of mine. I've had to get used to all the empty places in it. And I didn't want anyone, not even you, darling, to stand in the way, to try to make things easier for me.

But it won't be long before we're together again. I'm sorry that the camp has managed to spoil the Berkshires for you. Did mother ever tell you that we spent our honeymoon there, in Barrington, back in 1925? I suppose that must sound like prehistoric times to you.

Of course I miss you. Every day I want to see you more.

Love,

DAD.

Anne dropped the letter into the basket. She felt as if there were cold,

bubbling air in her heart instead of blood. Her father had written her as she had dreamed. He had been afraid that she would not understand him, but she did understand. She would always understand. And he was going to let her stay here with him. Anne was certain of it. Anne walked across the room and lifted the shade at the window. The sun streamed through the clear air, lighting the chintz-covered couch, the flowered walls, the waxed floor. Anne ran into the dining room and raised the shades at the windows there. The sunlight winked on the round mahogany table, on her mother's silver glittering on the sideboard. Anne ran along a shaft of light to the foot of the broad oak stairs.

Anne called softly, as if answering a dream, "Mother, look! I've come back! We're all together again!"

THE RED BIRDS FLY AGAIN

(Continued from Page 19)

say eeny, meeny, miney, mo—and perhaps I'm glad I don't have to get waivers on some of these boys—and send away two stalwarts, Henry Gornick and John Grodzicki, who seemingly had met the major-league test. John had won two games and lost one. Henry, in his only big-league start, had pitched a one-hit shutout against the Phils, seemingly a 1941 Cardinal habit. To Rochester, too, went Max Surkont. Billy says Max is as fast as Bob Feller.

Worries about other departments, too, folded their tents and stole away under the Southworth magic. Crespi, at second, released the versatile spark plug, Jimmy Brown, for duty at his best station, third base. At short, Martin Marion, who personifies rhythm on the diamond for all his string-bean build, stood out more brilliantly. Walker Cooper's fine hitting sent Don Padgett back to the outfield, making possible the cash Ernie Koy deal with the Reds. Out of it all came a well-knit, fighting ball club, with so much speed, Casey Stengel cracked, that any time you forced any one of the Red Birds to slide, it was a moral victory.

Even the brashiest thiamin-chloride fans, of course, won't claim that the B₁ tablets did all that. Even Dale Carnegie might hesitate to affirm that the manager's new ability to win friends brought it off.

No, it took a little more than that. So what did this Southworth do, to take a club that had parted with \$365,500 worth of playing talent and inspire it and polish it and rebuild it so that it immediately qualified as a pennant threat? The Dodgers of Leo the Lip MacPhail had reason to be shocked no end at the unexpected challenge. You see, they had been spending while the Cardinals were banking all that cash. The Dodgers had bought Medwick, Davis, Owen, Higbe, Reese, Vosmik, Cullenbine, Kampouris, Franks, Wassell, Grissom, Rachunok and Carleton, and had drafted a few players. They had expended almost half a million dollars. And yet, there were the Cardinals, matching the Dodgers, winning streak for winning streak. Who was this Southworth and what were his methods?

Managerial skill is a rather intangible thing. Unfortunately, too, it can be inconstant. The Miracle Man of 1938 and 1940 can find himself at the wheel and far down in the race, if the pitchers of those great years lose

their touch, or if the men who hit for extra bases other years go to manufacturing pop flies and double plays. Managerial success seems to go as the material goes. But Southworth must have much of the wood and warp of success and miracle men. Moving from the Cardinals after the 1927 season, Billy won a pennant for Rochester in his first place by two or three games when he moved back from St. Louis. When the season closed, Rochester had the pennant by a margin of twelve or thirteen games. And Southworth went on to win pennants in 1930 and 1931—four successive International League championships.

Billy will tell you there's no miracle about directing a ball club. He says it's a simple formula: "First your team must be in the best possible condition. Pitchers must be sound of limb, able to run, throw and field their position over the full nine or more innings. The same goes for all the players. Then you must have spirit. The man on the bench must be pulling for the man on the field. There must be a common purpose, free from petty jealousies. If a pitcher is knocked out, he must be sincerely glad that his successor was able to stop the enemy. Then you must play percentage, doing the right thing at all times, avoiding mistakes and not mean errors. They're part of baseball. Everybody makes 'em. I mean you must take full advantage of your own strength and of every enemy weakness."

Southworth believes, too, in taking full advantage of the experience of his older players. He saw to it that Gus Mancuso drew on his rich catching background to help the pitchers. And Walker Cooper, the young catcher. Mancuso, for instance, noticed that Morton Cooper, of the brother battery, was still fumbling around with a screwball. Big-league batters had learned to wait for that screwball or Cooper's slower curve. They couldn't do much with his Sunday pitch, the old high hand one, but they marked the screwball or slow stuff. After Mancuso took charge, the slow stuff was used only to set up Cooper's better pitch.

Warneke, who is a good teacher, worked with young and old pitchers. Several members of the staff will tell you they have better stuff this year

because they studied with Professor Warneke.

Cardinal meetings became wide-open affairs. Time was when a stupid question from a rookie drew a raucous laugh. The rookie then was silenced forever. Nobody laughs at anybody else at a Cardinal meeting now. If anybody laughed in the early days, Southworth gave him the dirtiest Southworth look and then took up the laughed-at question or suggestion and made use of it. The rookie's morale was boosted materially.

Everybody who gave the Cardinals in spring training will tell you that a better-conditioned team never came out of Florida. That was no accident. Southworth heard complaints from his men during the late weeks of the 1940 season. There hadn't been enough time for batting practice the previous spring, muscles were not firm, batting eyes not properly tuned when camp was broken.

Southworth, a demon for detail, went to work with pencil and paper. Usually there is much wasted effort in a training camp, especially in the early days. Old players go methodically about their work. But rookies may be in a dither of uncertainty. They don't know exactly what to do.

When Frisch was managing the Cardinals one spring, a young catcher named Sam Narron was like that. He didn't know exactly how to occupy himself and took his plight to Frisch. "I'll tell you what to do," Frisch suggested. "You pick out a player and stay with him. Do what he does. If he chases flies, you chase flies too. When he hits, you follow him in the batting order."

Several days later Frank was leaning against the corner of the batting cage, elbow on a strut of the framework, chin cupped in his hand, as he watched his athletes hit. Turning, he noticed that a player was leaning against the other corner of the batting cage, elbow on strut, chin cupped in hand. It was Sam Narron.

"Hey," Frank heyed, "what the what are you doing? Sam, I thought I told you to pick out a player and stay with him, do what he did."

"I did pick out a player, Mr. Frisch," Sam replied.

"And who did you pick?" Frank wanted to know.

"I picked you, Mr. Frisch."

Efficiency on the Diamond

There wasn't any uncertainty about what to do in Southworth's 1941 camp. The Cardinals operated on the basis of an unusual split-second schedule anybody had ever heard of on a baseball field. Billy worked out a chart, dividing the personnel into two squads, in charge of the two coaches, Miguel Angel Gonzales and Clyde Buzzy Wares. A copy was posted in the clubhouse, another at the hotel, and Billy carried another with him always—he probably slept with it. Each man in each squad knew what he was to be doing every minute of the working day. Batting-practice pitchers stepped on the mound by the clock. As one stepped off, after his chart, another took his place and began pitching to the next hitter without any time-wasting warm-up. That had been done on the side lines with a catcher assigned to the task by Billy's chart. As one infield combination took its last round in fielding practice, the other combination stood five paces back, moving in without the loss of a minute for its turn at handling grounders and throws.

To give extra batting practice to anybody who wanted it, the club purchased and installed an automatic pitching machine, developed by a St. Louis baseball fan. The machine projected baseballs with remarkable accuracy and because of that fact and its rubber arm, was nicknamed Old Pete, after the great Grover Cleveland Alexander. The machine will never eliminate the human batting-practice pitcher from the training-camp scene, because the batters need drill against a more diversified delivery. But Old Pete sensibly strengthened the batting muscles and quickly told about any batter's sheer driving power.

The team-spirit problem virtually didn't exist for Southworth. He had taken care of that during the late months of the 1940 season. Before that campaign ended the players were ready to—and almost did—fight for the Skipper.

How to Become an Ex-Cardinal

One of the Cardinal rules was that no player was ever to stay away from the team's hotel, except with special permission from the manager. Managers always have a way of knowing when players check in at night. They have remarkable espionage systems. But there always are players who think they can outsmart the boss. There was one like that on the Cardinals. While the club was in Cincinnati, this player, tarrying in several hours after the prescribed bedtime, entered the Netherland Plaza Hotel by way of the lower level, slipped the elevator boy a thick dime or a thin quarter, and whizzed past the lobby floor and any possible spies, right up to his room floor.

Southworth, of course, heard all about it. When he questioned the player, the latter entered a complete denial. A few days later that player was not doing so well in a ball game and his irate teammates were muttering about the advisability of taking him under the stands and pinning his ears back, for treating Old Skipper per Bill that way. That player, by the way, isn't a Cardinal any more.

As his men went through their 1941 spring training, Southworth overlooked no chance of improving the morale he had built. Billy guided his forces into formulation of rules which the players liked because they participated in their making. In a ball game were won, the Cardinals would feast over it in the clubhouse, replaying it to their hearts' content. In case of a defeat, there would be no post-mortems. A pitcher would be held by the Cardinal teammate. Encouragement, yes, but bullying or browbeating, no. In return, pitchers would make no demonstrations that might show up or reflect on a fielder. A man who kicked a grounder in a pinch felt bad enough about it, without having the pitcher scowl or shake his head or throw his glove into the air.

Southworth was as meticulous about observing the club rules as he wanted his players to be. There was an incident at St. Petersburg. A local baseball writer wrote a piece about the Cardinals, in which he quoted Southworth as saying that one of the infielders had shown plainly that he had slowed up too much to play a certain position, that he'd have to be shifted, because of his arm and other things. When Southworth read the piece he was all upset. He took the player mentioned and a couple of others, visited the newspaper office and explained to the baseball

(Continued on Page 61)

You'll like yeast this new way



YOU'RE TOPS, DREAM GIRL. BEEN EATING YEAST AGAIN?



PETE: Lady, you're sure up to the minute! I just read a headline that said "YEAST IS ONE OF THE RICHEST NATURAL SOURCES OF THE AMAZING VITAMIN B COMPLEX."

MARIE: Poo! Everybody knows that. Here's something even better... Yeast and raw liver are about the only really abundant natural sources of the marvelous Vitamin B Complex... a group of the very vitamins that lots of us don't get enough of, and all of us need.



PETE: Maybe I don't get enough of them either. Could be. I remember when I was eating yeast I felt absolutely tops. But I quit... didn't like the taste.

MARIE: Well, here's a taste you'll go for. My vitamin cocktail tastes like oven-fresh bread. Get these vitamins this natural way. Twice a day, and stick with it right along to get the full benefits of yeast. Maybe even a big, brave, handsome man like you could be improved a little.



MASH... Take a cold cake of Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast and mash it in a dry glass with a fork.



STIR... Add a little cold tomato juice, milk or water. Stir till blended. Then fill glass. Stir again and...



DRINK your yeast this delicious, easy way. It's quick, too... whole business takes less than a minute!



Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast

Ladies: If you bake at home use this same Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast...the household favorite of four generations.



The fine, flavorful canned fruits and fruit juices which America enjoys the year 'round have an interesting history. Few people, for instance, realize that—

Napoleon's '2500 began a billion-dollar business

IN 1795, hard-pressed to feed his armies far from home, Napoleon offered 12,000 Francs (about \$2500.00) to anyone who could invent a process for preserving foods. Years later, this sum was awarded to Nicolas Appert, who developed a method of sterilizing foods and sealing them hermetically.

Napoleon never dreamed, of course, that his emergency would bring forth a tremendous boon to mankind's health, convenience and enjoyment. He couldn't envision America's fertile fields, lush orchard lands, and the mighty crops of fruits and vegetables they produce every year. Nor could he foresee the modern technique and precision with which these precious foods are picked and packed at the very peak of their perfection.

No wonder the canning industry has grown to mammoth proportions! The newer methods of canning which capture all the goodness and flavor of fresh fruits and fruit juices, have tempted more people to enjoy more canned fruits more often... at surprisingly low cost.

Dextrose a Great Sugar for Canning

In their efforts to improve quality, leading canners were impressed by the remarkable properties of Dextrose sugar in developing and protecting flavor in canned fruits. Repeated experiments demonstrated that Dextrose not only imparts adequate sweetness but actually enhances natural flavor.

Dextrose also preserves firmness and texture, and protects natural bloom and appetizing color. The great value of Dextrose as the chief source of all body energy adds to its superiority as an ingredient of canned fruits and fruit juices. Babies begin life on Dextrose. Doctors prescribe Dextrose for young and old. In short, Dextrose is the sugar that supports life most efficiently. Hence,

Dextrose amplifies the natural food value of luscious canned fruits... Next time you buy, look for "Dextrose" on the label—it's your assurance of finer flavor and genuine food value.

America can supply every pound of Dextrose sugar needed for American consumption. Dextrose, derived from America's greatest grain—golden Corn, is wholly, completely American. It is refined in American factories by American workers and distributed by American companies.

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Many important foods today are enriched with Dextrose: Ice Creams, Candies, Soft Drinks, Canned Fruits and Fruit Juices, Jams, Jellies, etc. Whenever you see "Dextrose" on the label of any food product, you may be sure it contains genuine food-energy value.

(Continued from Page 59)

writer that he didn't want to complain, but that he wanted the writer to tell the players where he got that story. The writer explained that he had written the piece as his own idea, and had meant to call Bill to get his okay on the quotes, but that things happened and he didn't have time.

Southworth carries his interest in his players to their families, their personal problems. His young but extremely tactful wife, Mabel, an important factor in the new Southworth and the new Southworth way of living since their marriage, six years ago, helps a lot. She plays bridge with the other wives, goes on parties, never talks baseball, but finds out if anything is worrying the Joneses or the Smiths or the Doakeses. If there happens to be a problem, the Southworths try to help him out.

We've seen a lot of managers come and go, managers who were admired, respected and warmly liked. We never have seen an entire club so devoted to a manager as these Cardinals are to Billy Southworth. One day we sat down next to Lon Warneke in the dugout before a game.

Warneke is shrewd, full of the philosophy of his Arkansas hills. He sees a lot and doesn't say much. But if he knows you and knows you won't violate his confidence, he'll say plenty. They don't fool Warneke easily. We said to Lon that we understood that their newest manager was about the so-and-soest so-and-so that had ever landed the job.

Lon turned quickly and then grinned. He knew what we meant.

"Bill's the most

considerate manager I ever worked for," Lon said. "I don't believe I ever saw a better manager. You see, he knows a pitcher is out there trying to win, throwing what he thinks is best and wisest. If somebody kisses one, he never asks you what it was or why didn't you throw something else. He knows you gave that hitter what you considered your best pitch under the circumstances. He never second-guesses you. And I never saw any manager in my life who could build up what you all call morale like this guy does."

Down through the ranks you heard the same story. The boys recalled stories to illustrate their points. For instance, Billy always held sliding practice at training camp just before shower-bath time, at the end of morning or afternoon workout. The sliding pit was filled with sawdust and shavings, and during the shower and resting time uniforms were cleaned, so there wouldn't be any annoying splinters in the monkey suits. Then there was the

player last year who understood he was to get a \$500 bonus if this or that happened. In late September he was talking about it, about when he'd get the bonus. Billy wrote out his personal check. He got that money back, of course, from the front office. But that personal check was just another proof to the players that there was the most remarkable manager ever known.

One rule that Billy put on the club books shows the courage of the man. It was that no player would ever go to the front office, to visit or to talk over things with anybody there, without permission from the manager. There wouldn't even be any visit to the cashier's window on payday. The checks would be distributed in the clubhouse.

Even our weather-beaten eyebrows, stabilized by many years with the Gas-

were confidential—he told Rickey that it might be wise, while Leo the Lip still had considerable value on the market, to make a deal for him. It is the policy of the Cardinals to trade or sell players when the club thinks the players have passed their peak and have more value in the market than they have on the field. They did it with Dizzy Dean and they did it with Joe Medwick, just to mention two out of more than a dozen.

Rickey, however, apparently decided that there was a motive, a grievance, behind the Frisch suggestion. He went looking for that motive. He prides himself on being quite an expert on human problems, and he saw a chance to exercise his talent. So, on a Durocher visit to the Rickey office, Branch told Leo the Lip that Frisch wanted to get rid of him and asked if Leo knew the reason. We weren't present during the conversation that day, but our authority is good.

On the front steps of Philadelphia's Bellevue-Stratford Hotel one evening, we asked Leo the Lip what had come between him and the Old Flash. We appreciated the sterling quality of each and regretted the rift. Durocher told us the story.

If Rickey had told Frisch that he couldn't arrange a trade for Durocher, Frank would have accepted the statement. Durocher would have remained with the Cardinals. He could have helped them the other way or two, with his dynamic personality. He was and is an Old Gas-houser from wye back. But when Durocher knew that Frisch wanted to get rid of him, the rift was out of hand. The Cardinals had to trade Durocher for what they could get. They didn't get much.

To our surprise we learned from Southworth that Owner Sam Breadon has put the stamp of approval on his rule against players' barging into the front office for chats about sealing wax, managers or the one about the traveling salesman's daughter and the farmer.

Breadon always has wanted his managers to feel that they had authority. There was a tendency, of course, for all managers to feel overwhelmed by Branch Rickey, and to bow to the greater Rickey wisdom, actual or legendary. Hearing a Rickey opinion, the average Cardinal manager felt that opinion ought to be his own too. And so, if Rickey wanted to send Pitcher A to Rochester and keep Pitcher B, though the manager thought A would help him more, the manager took it for granted that he would have to dispense with A's services.

Not so, Southworth. Perhaps because he started on his new managerial

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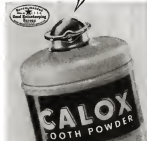
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Helps your teeth shine like the stars'

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1. CALOX CONTAINS CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. That's why Calox is a real beauty tooth powder... it promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

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stretch as Breardon's boy, Southworth is his own authority. Southworth's appointment was Breardon's doing, and incidentally a great surprise to Rickey when Branch read about it in the papers. Breardon made up his mind one day as he prepared to fly to Chicago to see Commissioner Landis about something. He telephoned from Chicago to Oliver French, Rochester president, that he wanted Southworth as manager. On that same day, Rickey gave out a statement that all the rumors about an impending change in Cardinal managers were so much tommyrot.

The Official Ax Man

Unlike Ray Blades, who was sold to Breardon by Rickey oratory, Southworth functions with the knowledge that Breardon is boss; he works with Rickey as the man who gathers and sorts and sends up all those fine young ballplayers. But Southworth wants no player added to the roster or taken away without his approval. That is as Breardon wants it. The manager on the field knows more about his men's good points and bad than could any office executive.

Southworth has assumed another responsibility that pleases the front office. It is difficult to tell an ambitious young man that he has to go back to the minors. Managers in the past have shied at that painful chore. Get somebody else to tell 'em, I haven't got the heart, has been the managerial lament.

"I want to be the one to tell them," Southworth told us. "They work for me. I don't want anybody else sending them away. I want to explain why they must learn to do in that extra year in the minors. I'll feel bad about it with them when they go, and I'll be happy with them when they come back."

It takes more than a kind heart and willing hands, of course, to direct a major-league club capably. Southworth knows his baseball. Young players don't remember, but Billy was a great player in his own right. He was a right fielder. We were talking about Billy the player, with Burt Whitman, a keen analyst among the Boston baseball writers.

"Bill was one of the best," Whitman reminisced. "He was here with the Braves in 1921, 1922 and 1923, and we always bracketed him with Harry Hooper as the greatest of all Boston right fielders. When you needed a whale of a catch, Southworth would make it for you."

Southworth is a stickler for percentage baseball, and position play is an important part of his strategy. He talks unceasingly to his players of the importance of being in the right place at the right time. He will stop a game to move an outfielder or an infielder if the individual is playing a few feet in the wrong spot.

"Nothing new about that," Southworth grinned when we asked him about his be-where-they-hit-'em program. "I was with the Cleveland Spiders, in the American Association, way back in 1914 and 1915, when Jimmy Sheekard explained the importance of playing the hitters. It immediately struck me as a great idea. I'd keep repeating to myself the count on the batter, telling myself what the batter probably would do next, and what I'd do, where I'd throw the ball if it came my way. You see, the count—number of balls and strikes—makes a big difference. If pitched naturally will try to pitch to a batter's weakness.

He'll pitch outside to the pull hitter, low to the high-ball hitter and high to the man who murders a low pitch. But the catcher has the pitcher's word of probability. I mean if the pitcher is ahead of the batter, he can stick to his best pitch, the batter's weakness. But when the count gets to three and two, you know the pitcher will try above all else to get that next one over the plate. He may have to pitch to the batter's strength, then."

"Take that game at Brooklyn today, for instance. Lavagetto is a left field hitter when he can get his pitch. So we try to make him hit straight to center or to right if we can, by pitching outside. Well, in that eighth inning, if you noticed, Terry Moore was playing Lavagetto straightaway, or perhaps a bit on the right-field side. But when the count became three and two, Moore shifted over toward left. He knew Ernie White would try first to get the ball over the plate. It was more likely to be the pitch Lavagetto wanted than our pitcher's choice."

"That was good outfielding, regardless of what Lavagetto was a percentage. An outfielder ought to repeat to himself the count, the number of men out, and know exactly what he is going to do when the ball is hit or when he fields it. It's all very simple. All you have to do is be alert through a ball game, know at all times what you ought to do in any possible immediate emergency and you'll make few mistakes."

Like most baseball men who ever played for the late John J. McGraw, Southworth mentions him first when you ask him about great players.

"But while I was playing for him, as much as I admired him, I made up my mind I'd do some things differently if I ever had a ball club," Billy told us. "Baseball is team game. Everybody must do his part and everybody must know what to do. In my opinion, the McGraw system of pulling all the strings destroys initiative. My theory is that a catcher who doesn't know best about what that pitcher out there can throw doesn't belong in the big league. Certainly the catcher and pitcher together should know better than anybody on the bench. The batter, too, should know what to do. Oh, under unusual circumstances, if the batter wants a sign on a two-nothing count, or three-one, I'll give it. And of course there are times when I'll initiate the machinery of signaling. But that's rare."

Passing of the Iron Fist

We asked Southworth how it happened that he was a good manager now, whereas in 1929 he was fired.

"Experience," he stated tersely. "I've learned that you can't handle men the way they handled them when I broke in the hard way. The playing personnel has changed. The iron-fisted methods don't work now. Baseball is handed to the young player on a silver platter now. He is given a bonus for signing, there are tryout camps, teachers are provided. In the old days a recruit was lucky if he was able to fight his way to the plate. Today the rookie can hit for hours at a time in batting cages. College players have been trailed and pampered, paid and promised. You can't handle them the way I did."

It was Southworth who recalled the Wilson incident of 1929 for us, and the ill-advised midnight knock at the door of Hasey and Bottomley.

"I'd have given anything if I could have undone those things," Billy said

gravely. "It certainly was miserable diplomacy. Not that my order about the trip across Florida wasn't right, or that there shouldn't be a curfew rule. But I could have handled it differently. When Jimmy Wilson spoke up in that clubhouse meeting—well, if it happened now, I'd not make any threats about fines. I'd make it a point to see Jimmy alone. He wouldn't want any favors because he was Jimmy Wilson. Not that Jim didn't give me all he had that year. Everybody did, and we weren't doing so bad when I was fired. But I handled situations wrong and mistakes like that don't build team morale."

Southworth's trim, boyish figure belies his forty-eight years—he still looks like a little boy down there at the third-base coaching line. Billy was born March 9, 1893, at Harvard, Nebraska. His father, Orlando Phelps Southworth, was a blacksmith. Billy was the youngest of five brothers, and there were two sisters. The family moved to Columbus, Ohio, when Billy was nine years old, and at the Avondale school he played third base, caught and pitched, while the school was winning three interscholastic-league championships. Billy also caught on the West High School team and was eighteen years old and still a catcher when he reported for a tryout with Portsmouth, in the Ohio State League. Pete Childs, the Portsmouth manager, told Southworth the team already had two fine catchers and that he could either pack his bag and go home or join five other guys in a fight for right field. Billy won the job. He served later with Cleveland in the American League and American Association—the city had teams in both leagues in those days—and joined Pittsburgh in 1918. Trades took him to Boston, New York and finally to the Cardinals. Except for 1933 and 1934, years of penance, reform and rehabilitation, he's never been out of baseball.

His family and baseball are Southworth's only interests now. There may

be a brief dinner-table reference to the war, movies, golf or politics, but the conversation soon goes back to the great American game, or to his boy, Billy, Jr., who wanted wings. When this was written, Billy, Jr., was flying for Uncle Sam at Brooks Field, San Antonio, Texas.

Sometimes between his days at Rochester and his return to baseball in 1935, there was a turning point in Southworth's life. Tom Meany, one of our favorite authors, thinks it may have been at Galveston, Texas, in 1933, when Billy was coaxed under his old friend and roommate of New York days, William Harold Terry.

"I suspect that extracurricular things may have interested Southworth in those days," Meany told us. "Anyhow, Southworth, as coach, didn't survive that training trip. We were playing an exhibition game at Galveston. We looked around and we couldn't see Terry and we couldn't see Southworth. Probably a lot of people can't see Terry, but when we couldn't see Southworth, either, we suspected something might be wrong. It was. We finally found Southworth in his street clothes in the grandstand, and when Terry showed up he had a beautiful black eye. The black eye was beautiful, I mean, not Terry. It was a mystery. The eye cleared up in due time, but the mystery never did. And if Southworth gave Terry that black eye, something both were denied repeatedly, it wasn't the last black eye Southworth gave Terry. For only recently Southworth traded Bill McGee to Terry for Harry Gumbert and \$20,000."

Billy's a teetotaler now. Soft drinks and Sam Breadon's thiamin chloride are the strongest things on his list. You see, under the new scheme of things for the new Southworth, he just wouldn't have time for a drink. If you want a cocktail, go ahead, it's all right. But he won't take one. All he wants to take, besides the Reds, are the Dodgers.

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MALICIOUS MISCHIEF

(Continued from Page 52)

well what I meant. Having had business with Frazer, they were prepared in case the police questioned them—which, in fact, they would have done if they hadn't caught Turk so soon. This Rizzo must be in it, too, or they wouldn't be so quick with his alibi. He seemed a grade below the others, but he spoke when they stopped. He had 'criminal' written all over him."

Stuart nodded. "What's my job?" "I'd like your impressions of these men. Start with Switzer. Pretend you know more than you do—I don't have to tell you how to act. And since you're baching it, will you have dinner with us? We're going to the theater later. I'll reserve a extra ticket."

John waited uncertainly. Had he gone overboard in his conclusions? Was he meddling in what didn't concern him? He had the uneasy feeling of having stepped into trouble.

He looked up when Stuart returned. "Back so soon? Did you see Switzer?" "Switzer," Stuart said slowly, "new to Bermuda this morning."

Police Commissioner Green said, "I don't know what more I can do. I've notified every district in the city. Every patrolman on hand is equal to keep a special lookout for anyone who acts as though he might be murder-

bent. I put a guard on that bank treasurer." He spoke irritably. "How can you stop a murder when you don't know who's to be killed, or why? Maybe it's just a brainstorm. Lots of people go away week ends."

"Lieutenant Stuart said the others also left it till tomorrow," he said. "What of it? Of course, if you're right, we can figure that Turk's partner in the Frazer murder is in this too. Where's Stuart?" "It's almost six o'clock. . . . There he is. . . . Well? How'd you make out?"

Stuart dropped into a chair. "I didn't. I practically pleaded with him. I said, 'Listen, Turk, your helping to save a man's life and put your own line for an easier sentence, maybe a pardon someday. Tell us who killed Frazer with you, so we know who to look for.' He said, 'Why should I help a copper?' I got a definite feeling that he knew who the victim would be."

"Is that all he said? How did he act?" "Well, at first he was surprised. Then I could see he was figuring it out. I tried to get at him by hinting that Switzer and the others were about to confess, but that didn't work either. Their names didn't even register."

"Excuse me," Green took the ringing telephone. "Yes, speaking. . . ."

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Yes. . . I see. . . Nothing about the others? Much obliged."

He hung up. "New York called back. They know Rizzo. Once a common thing, later graduating to middleman between crooked business and gangsters. Left the city in October. Sometimes questioned in murders. So maybe that wasn't a pleasure trip he took. Well, we've done everything we could. Any special ideas, call me."

In the bus to John's house, Stuart said, "I don't think he took it seriously till he got that doctor on Rizzo. How did he come to call New York?"

"These men aren't known here, and since Rizzo went to New York he night of the murder, we thought maybe he once lived there. We called the airport too. Switzer made the reservation at four-thirty, a half hour after I left them. It looks as though my visit was the cause of it. If anything happens, I'll feel responsible."

They rode a while silently. John said, "I'm beginning to get an insight into this Triple Alliance. Their object was to muscle into Frasier's business. The chances are they involved him in this bootleg racket. When he tried to squirm out they killed him. I think Rizzo handled that end."

Stuart nodded. "My guess is that he hired the killer, who hired Turk. That way, each man knew only the one above him—three men would have to crack before it got to the top two. Incidentally, I mentioned the malicious-mischief trial to Turk."

He said, "Why is it always me that's caught?" I asked him why he tried to break into the school on New Year's Eve, but he denied that what he was doing. That trial worries him.

"Something else must worry him didn't demand the chair, but it's still up to the judges. My own impulse must have been to tell the truth and save his neck, but no doubt Gregory stopped that by assuring him a life sentence. What gave you the impression that he knew the victim?"

"His whole attitude. 'Why should I help a copper?' As though he could, but wouldn't."

They got off the bus. John felt jittery and depressed. Somewhere—perhaps because of him—a man's life might be taken; maybe tonight. It was a harrowing feeling.

His wife greeted Stuart. "The children are so disappointed. They were sniffling, so I put them to bed. You can both go up a minute."

It was a brief respite; a few minutes to forget the case.

Cong down, John said, "I've been trying to picture what happened at that meeting after I left."

"Met too. They must have said, 'How does he know so much?'"

"More likely it was, 'Who talked?' The action they took shows that. They said, 'That so-and-so!' And that's the way they nominated for tonight."

Martha bowed her head. "Was someone nominated? For what?"

"A kind of—ah—honorary position. Is dinner ready? Let's sit down."

John ate mechanically, making no note to join in the conversation. Fortunately, Martha was busy with water. John thought, *I must get myself together. Maybe I can do something.* This unknown victim—this X—why were they so afraid of him? Because they thought he had linked them to the Frasier murder? But in that case, they would ask themselves, why weren't they brought in, questioned? Why, of all things, subpoenaed them to a malicious-mischief trial?

Take another angle, Turk, according to Stuart, was worried about Tuesday's trial. But why? There could be only one reason—he knew there was some dynamite in the malicious mischief which, exploded in open court before one of the sentencing judges, would blow up his hope for a life sentence in the Frasier murder. Was this what X was in a position to do? Was that why the men in the Colony were so afraid of him—enough to mark him for death?

John said, "John, are you well? You haven't said a word."

"I'm all right. I—er—I was thinking about a case. . . Bill, doesn't it strike you that the nomination was touched off by Tuesday's trial? I mean, because the nominee might be a witness?"

Martha said coldly, "Is that your idea of dinner talk? It's not mine."

After dinner, while Martha was preparing for the theater, John summed up to Stuart, "Look at it this way: I walk in there and practically accuse them of the Frasier murder. Then what do I do? I subpoena them to this trial. Now, why would they suppose I wanted them there on Tuesday?"

The answer blows him to this: There's more to this malicious mischief than meets the eye. I think they decided I unearthed a witness who knows enough about this case to hang Turk for the Frasier murder. Now, that's something that can't allow to happen. If Turk gets the chair, he'll talk, if he talks, he might the next man, and so on up till it reaches them. You see? They thought I wanted them there to slip the nooses over their necks. But how could a malicious-mischief case be the sentence? Who could I have stumbled into who might throw light on what happened New Year's Eve?"

"That would depend on why Turk tried to break into the school."

"You're right. Bill, that's the whole secret of the case."

Martha Doornick came down. "I want to say something. It's years since I've gone out with two men, and I want some attention paid to me."

John felt slightly better. But not for long. He had made some progress in his thinking, but he was no nearer to stopping what might happen tonight. He made a feeble effort to follow the play, but gave it up. He went over the facts again, worried by the feeling that he had overlooked a clue. Was it something Turk had said? He couldn't put his finger on it.

Martha said, "It's the intermission. Do you like the play?"

"Oh, yes. It's fine."

"How would you know? You never looked at it."

"Look," said John to Stuart in the lobby.

"That phrase Turk used, 'Why is it always me that's caught?' Always—more than once. Doesn't that sound as though someone was with him New Year's Eve?"

"I wouldn't take it like heart that. Maybe they decided on this anyway and I had nothing to do with it."

I'd like to believe it, thought John as he sat down for the intermission act. But the idea that Turk was not alone that night raised up a completely different picture: Turk breaking that window, another man waiting until the coast was clear.

John muttered, "That's the answer!" He touched Stuart's arm.

"Meet me outside, will you?" He whispered to Martha, "Here's money for a taxi. Let's go now."

He fled before she could say anything.

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"Bill, what's the nearest police station to Fifth and Jackson?"

"There's one at Forty-eighth. What's up? You look excited."

John hailed a taxi and gave the direction. "Hurry!"

They got into the cab. "Bill, take a man in Turk's position, waiting to be sentenced for murder. What's the one thing he'd be most afraid to have the judges learn about?"

The officer considered. "Something as serious as murder, I guess."

"Another thing. You said Turk knew the intended victim. He's been in jail six weeks. I'm sure they didn't consult him. How would he know a thing like that?"

Stuart asked. "Sure, I get it."

John said, "I hope my head's not in the stars again. . . . Driver! Can't you stop on it?"

Two reporters, meeting accidentally on their City Hall rounds, noticed District Attorney Graham and Police Commissioner Green hurrying into Quarter Sessions Court. They fell in step with them. "Anything special in there?"

Graham spoke and moved on. "Malicious-mischief case."

The newsmen glanced at each other simultaneously, they followed. In a few minutes more reporters arrived, drawn by the grapevine when something unusual is afoot.

Look, three judges on a malicious-mischief case."

"But notice who the defendant is—Al Turk. They're the judges who'll sentence him. Ah, Big Sam. Who's the D.A.?"

"Oh, Doovinkie!"

"Doovinkie!" He hewed the first Turk trial."

"Will you watch Turk? The way he's staring at those four men with Lieutenant Stuart? Sort of—"

"Nonplused," suggested a colleague. "That's the word."

Expectantly, they settled back. Something was going to happen. It was in the air.

Big Sam Gregory launched an indignant protest. This trial, he declared, might be legal, but it was inhuman; only a publicity-mad prosecutor would have insisted on it. "The idea of tormenting this poor man on this trifling charge! It's barbarous!"

Judge Turk said dryly, "I think you overdraw it. Do I hear a motion?"

"I move the case be continued until after he is sentenced."

"I will consult my colleagues." The judges put their heads together. "Motion denied. Empanel a jury."

He nodded to John. "Proceed."

John rose slowly. To an extent, he agreed with Gregory; it went against his grain to bear down on a convicted man.

Yesterday Big Sam had moved heaven and earth to halt the trial, going to Graham and Judge Rowan. Called in, John took the ground that the case was listed and must be tried. The judge was annoyed, but Gregory's very vehemence defeated itself; he ruled for the trial, stating also that it would be held before the judges who would sentence Turk, Judge Barr presiding. That was one hurdle over, but by no means the last. John knew his goal, but to get there would take careful steering—and luck.

"Officer Dorgan, take the stand."

An elderly patrolman in uniform walked to the box.

"You are attached to the Sixth District? Tell us what happened New Year's Eve."

"Well, about ten-thirty P.M. I passed by the old Ludlow School at Fifth and Jackson. I kept a special lookout for it, on account of some breaks in the fence and the kids getting in to do mischief. As I rounded the corner I heard a crash of glass. I ran across the yard and saw this man kicking his foot through a collar window. He tried to run, but I collared him."

"Was he drunk?"

"Sober as a judge. Begging your pardon, your honors."

"It's all right," smiled Judge Barr. "We don't resent the comparison."

"By the way, did anyone blow a horn or start a car as you caught him?"

Big Sam Gregory was up. "Objection!"

John said, "I wish to suggest that the defendant was not alone."

Judge Barr frowned doubtfully. "Isn't it rather remote? Many people blow horns and start cars on New Year's Eve. I will sustain it."

"That's all. Cross-examine."

Big Sam waved disdainfully. "Is that your case? . . . Your honors, at this point I wish to make a request. My young friend, for no earthly reason I can imagine, subpoenaed three men to this trial named Switzer, Gore and Ringer. They don't even know the defendant. I ask that they be allowed to go about their business."

John said quickly, "I oppose that. I request to need them before the trial is over."

"What for? You know they have no connection with this case."

His honor quieted him, "He subpoenaed them, so he must want them. His reasons are his own. They will remain in court."

Big Sam growled to his client, "Go up there. Tell the judge and jury what you were doing in that yard."

Turk twisted his face into a simper. "It was like this. I was to a friend's house in the neighborhood. So around ten o'clock his little girl comes home from a party. 'Daddy,' she says, 'I won a doll, but some boys threw it in the schoolyard.' I says, 'Don't cry, honey. I'll find your doll.' I was huntin' for it when this flat—when this officer grabbed me."

"What about the broken window, Mr. Turk?"

"I was a little tight and fell against it. It was an accident."

"And that's the whole case! Cross-examine."

John looked up at the man on the stand. He sat defiantly, but it was a good part because the trademark of his. His anxious glance kept darting to the bench.

"What is your friend's name?"

"His name? Joe."

"No second name?"

"Well, on account of bein' a pal, I wouldn't want to drag him into this."

"You believe in protecting a pal, no matter what happens to you?"

"Yes, sir. I guess so."

"Why did you try to run?"

"Who says I run? All I was doin' was huntin' for this doll."

"That's a nice story. Why didn't you tell it to the magistrate?"

"Well, I didn't get around to it."

"You mean to thinking of it?"

Big Sam jeered, "My, my, my! Aren't we cross-examinin'! Just like a murder case."

"Mr. Turk, why did you break that window?"

"I told you. It was an accident."

"Was it to crawl through and open it for the man who came with you?"

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John turned to the witness. "Tell us about yourself. Where do you live? What is your work?"

"I live at fifty-twenty Hoyt Street. I'm married. I have two children. Since December twenty-seventh I'm a night man in a garage. Before that—"

"Objection! We don't care about his life history!"

"Aren't you curious about him?" said Judge Barr. . . . "Yes, before that!"

"He delivered coal for the Frazer Coal Company."

"Ah, Frazer. . . . Go right ahead, Mr. Doovinkle."

"Do you know this defendant? Ever see him before?"

Big Sam was up again; Judge Barr waved him down.

Dykes said slowly, "I saw him just once—a week before I quit the Frazer job. And I'll never forget him."

John Doovinkle said, "Tell us about that."

"Yes, sir. But first I have to explain something. I guess everybody knows there's a lot of bootleg going on brought into the city. It looked to me like Mr. Frazer begun sellin' it. Well, it wasn't my affair. I was paid to deliver it. But there was a driver named Donlin who was foretore. He spoke what he thought, no matter what. One day he says to all of us, 'I know what's goin' on. A couple of crooks put the old man in the racket and they're gonna get him out of his business. You and there's some stool pigeons among you new guys too.' Later I said to him, 'Mike, your tongue'll ruin you someday.' He said, 'It's my tongue and I'll use it when I see fit.'"

He paused. "We were bavin' a busy stretch, delivering at all hours. One night I didn't get back till ten o'clock. As I drove in the yard, Mike was with another man. I saw them by my headlights. Comin' out, I saw this man take Mike to a parked car and drive off. And that's the last anybody's ever seen of 'em."

"And who was with Donlin that night?"

"Your honor—"

Judge Barr said curtly, "Sit down, Mr. Gregory."

Dykes pointed a shaking finger. "That man—Turd. I'd know him anywhere." He steadied himself. "A few days passed. One morning I spoke to Mr. Frazer in the yard. I said, 'Something's happened to Mike. Aren't you gonna do anything?' He sort of whispered, 'Be careful. Watch what you say.' Oh, he was a changed man. I lost my head. Mike and me had been friendly, you see. I said, 'Then I'll do it. I'll give the police a description of the man Mike went with.' I walked out and never went back."

He went on, "I guess if you don't do a thing right away, you never do it. I started worrying about what Mr. Frazer said. I thought of my kids. I said to myself, 'Maybe Mike just left town.' And I had a new job to think about. One night I did go to the police station, but changed my mind and walked out. On my way home I realized I was followed. A week later I read Mr. Frazer was killed. I was a coward, that's all."

"You never knew of the attempts on your life?"

"Not till the officer spoke to me last night. Even then I was too scared to say anything. But a few minutes ago he said to me, 'That's twice the police saved you. Maybe you won't be lucky next time.' I imagined there was only one thing to do. He rose fiercely.

"Ask him what happened to Mike Donlin! He knows!"

The courtroom was still. Every eye, it seemed, was on the hunched, wax-faced defendant. Suddenly the pressure was too much for him. He threw off his lawyer's arm. "No, you don't! No no more! I'm not gonna burn for nobody! I didn't kill Donlin. I only drove the car. I didn't kill Frazer. I was only holdin' him!"

"Who?" demanded John. "Who killed those men?"

"Yurra. Pet Yurra killed 'em." He fell into his chair.

John faced around. "Bring him up here. . . . Well, Mr. Yurra?"

The man stood there, a slight sneer on his face. "So that's how it is. Well, this baby sings too. This wouldn't of happened if he listened to me. I told him I didn't like these last-minute jobs. I told him I didn't have nobody to spot for me. Yeah, I killed those men. I was hired to do it. And there's the man who hired me—Louie Rizzo."

Big Sam said weakly, "Don't believe him, your honor. Just his word."

Judge Barr said coldly, "We will let a jury decide. Bring up Rizzo. . . . Well, Mr. Rizzo, it appears we have a singing contest. You don't care to join it? The police will attend to both of you. Take them away."

Turd's confession, such as it is, does you credit. We will give it due consideration in fixing your sentence. . . . Mr. Doovinkle, I congratulate you. It seems you got to the truth of the Frazer murder, among other things."

"Thank you," John stood disappointedly. Not the whole truth—only part of it. Well, it had been a lot to expect. He gathered up his papers.

A sudden commotion split the court. Rizzo was in front of Swetser and Gregory. "So you walk out and don't even look at me! You cash in and I head for the chair! Well, I'm takin' care of my self too! It's a cinch you won't! You're in this as much as I am!"

John smiled at Big Sam Gregory. "You see? I told you we might need them."

Graham said soberly, "I have a lot to tell you, John. This is the most sinister outfit that ever broke into the city. I have no doubt it is a branch of a national combination. Their object was to organize all the bootleg coal being brought here. But they needed a plant, trucks. Frazer was a good subject—no relatives, plus a streak of cupidity. He wasn't a murderer, though; he guessed what happened to Donlin. But it was too late to ease out. Turd says they buried Donlin's body in a sand pit out by the river. But coal bootlegging was only a beginning. They planned to muscle into liquor, gambling—anything promising. You got a break when Rizzo cracked. He was sore because the others didn't treat him as an equal, socially and financially."

He went on, "The subject of allis may interest you. They didn't bother in the Donlin murder—didn't expect to be questioned. New Year's Eve they went to parties, anyway. When the first attempt on Des failed, and it seemed he hadn't gone to the police, they decided to let him go. But when you stirred up the malicious-mischief case, they thought he'd gone to you and you'd put two and two together and guessed its true meaning." He grinned at John. "And what theory in astronomy did you use in this case?"

John shook his head. "It was a different theory. When a ship starts to sink, all the rats will scurry to leave it."

PIPE SMUDGE GRIPES JUDGE

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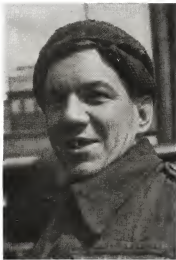


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SEVEN AIRPLANES, TWO TORPEDO BOATS, TWELVE PASSENGERS

(Continued from Page 20)



SAILOR—"Two nights on Broadway."



GUNNER—"Turned up in time."



CAPTAIN—"Many times across."

anxiously. How many, he wondered, might fail to turn up for such a dangerous voyage? But five minutes before the ship was supposed to leave, the whole crew trooped up the gangplank. Some were a bit worse for two nights on Broadway, but they'd all turned up in time to take the ship back to England.

The ship was forty-two years old, and had survived the Boxer Rebellion, the first World War, and two years of this war. Her crew and captain were Norwegian, and the captain told me they had been many times across the Atlantic since the beginning of this war, but none of the sailors had jumped ship except the Chinese cook.

Eight hours after we left New York, we blacked out at night for the first time. Although we were not yet in the danger zone, we felt we were sailing straight into war. That evening, in the saloon after dinner, we twelve passengers and the officers of the ship met for the first time. The passengers were a curious mixture. There were six British employees of a Venezuelan oil company, on their first vacation since the war started. After every two years in the tropics they've always come home for three months. There were two commercial travelers for British textiles. One of them, Mr. Griffin, was on his eighty-sixth crossing of the Atlantic, and all the time kept comparing this trip with his many previous ones. Another passenger was a seventy-year-old Dutch surgeon, an exile from Holland since the invasion, returning from a trip to America to resume work in a London hospital. Then we had a Czechoslovakian movie cameraman, happy to escape from Hollywood to an English studio job, he said; and last, an American courier from the United States Navy, clutching his official wallet night and day.

Throughout the voyage nobody mentioned the hazards of the crossing, lurking U-boats, roving Nazi bombers or raiders. The oilmen would dream of their families wait-

ing in England, and of good English beer. The Norwegian sailors told us wistfully how the fishing would be just right now in Norway. After some days, we joined the tail of a big convoy. We were the last ship in the train—one of the sailors remarked, "God makes the last be first in the sinking."

Whenever anybody talked about what was aboard, it was "seven airplanes, two torpedo boats, twelve passengers." In that order. Somehow we all felt that airplanes and torpedo boats were more important than passengers where we were going.

Moving into the danger zone, we carried life belts all the time and slept in our clothes. All day we watched the horizon, counting our escorting warships. The convoy changed course many times, sometimes zigzagging east, west, south and north in the same day. Our radio informed us of reported submarine positions near by, our guardian warships flashed us signals constantly. As we drew nearer to the coast of England we began to notice floating debris from wrecked ships. Tension grew. Secretly, each passenger practiced putting on the rubber life-preserving suit issued to him at the beginning of the voyage. One day we sighted a floating mine about fifty yards from the ship. An airplane from Britain's coastal command flew above to warn us of the danger. Then an escort warship hustled along and exploded the mine. This little bit of excitement broke the tension aboard; we had something new to talk about.

Without further incident, we arrived in the Irish Channel. Everybody started to figure out how many miles he was from home. Mr. Griffin, the commercial traveler, put on his bowler hat. The least nervous of the passengers throughout the crossing, now he became violently homesick for the eighty-sixth time. Soon the gray outline of barrage balloons loomed in the sky and we knew we had reached England.



FIRST OFFICER—Homesick for Norway.



ENGINEER—Forty years at sea.



SAILOR—"Life belts all the time."

PHOTO TAKEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY ROBERT CAPA



The ship had no name, was forty-two years old and was surviving its third war.



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Ask for the 1000-mile *VEEDOL Safety Check* Lubrication

RENDEZVOUS

(Continued from Page 32)

waving good-bye and taking off again. I had pulled in my signalman off the rock and by radio recalled the Dryad and the Unicorn to the search. My anchor was up before the gas hoses were in and I followed him right out of the entrance of the bay. It wasn't long before he was out of sight and we had our nose headed back on the long grind home.

Bob hadn't been off the water more than half an hour when the control-room messenger came bouncing up the bridge ladder with a message in his hand.

"Heavy cruiser and two destroyers course zero one zero, speed two five."

We hadn't got out any too soon. I'd bet dollars to doughnuts that cruiser was coming in to investigate Moab, and if she was, I was sitting pretty to be more than chief plane tender for the expedition. I rang up full speed and changed course to the westward to try to run ahead of him. With the cruiser coming in at twenty-five knots, I should have to get in almost right ahead of him before I was forced down. If I didn't, he would sail right by me on the rim of the horizon, and I shouldn't be able to close to torpedo range with my slow submerged speed.

Jim Gant, one of my machinist's mates, popped up the hatch, ostensibly to get a breath of fresh air and smoke a cigarette, but really to look the situation over.

"What's the chances, captain?" he asked.

"Fair," I answered, "if we get a few breaks and if he holds his course for a while. I've got plenty of speed to get away and he'll probably put his planes up now for scouts. If they force us down before I can run in ahead of him, he will have a better than even chance of getting by outside of torpedo range."

The gunner's mate joined Gant on the bridge. "Mind if I go down on deck and check over the gun, captain?" the gunner's mate asked.

"All right, but make it snappy," I replied. "We might have to dive any minute."

"Can I go along with the gunner, captain?" Gant requested.

I nodded assent. The news of an impending attack had spread through the ship like wildfire. It inspired me to see how the crew was taking it. A depth-charge attack like the one we had been through has been known to ruin the morale of a submarine crew, but these men were made of sterner stuff. And the situation was different now. Before, we had been intent on getting away, and we had struck back like a cornered animal trying to escape from a trap. We were going in now with an offensive mission. The big cruiser was our quarry, words of all the chance we should have to take. The screen might depth-charge us again, but now we were charging the ball. The crew, I could feel, had confidence in me, and my confidence in them was firmly based on the experience of hundreds of practice attacks like the one coming up. We were through playing a passive part on the edge of big operations.

There was no need of my issuing a multitude of orders to put the men on their toes. All through the ship, people like Gant and the gunner's mate were making last-minute checks on everything. When I needed them they would be there and ready.

It wouldn't do to voice my misgivings, but I knew I was going in to attack under a handicap. I had fired my stern-tube torpedoes. We still carried plenty of punch in the bow tubes, but we had lost the sting we had carried in our tail. Like a boxer, I should always have to keep faced toward the enemy. I could angle my torpedoes to cover a fairly wide range of tactical situations, but if the cruiser ever got astern of me the game would be up. With a fast and mobile target, zig-zagging at high speed, just that was likely to happen, and the cruiser would be gone and away before I could turn to a firing position.

The men were back from the deck almost immediately. They knew, and I knew, that the gun was all right, but they had to have a last look-see.

"Any chance of using the gun, captain?" Gant asked.

"None whatever if I can help it," I replied. "Not against all that gun power bearing down on us."

He grimaced. His pet gripe was that God and a lot of arduous training had made him one of the best gun pointers in the fleet while Fate had decreed that he should serve in a submarine where the gun was entirely secondary to the torpedo armament. Most of his time he spent ministering to the needs of temperamental high-speed Diesels, but the gun was his real love and I was always sure of good shooting when he was in the gunner's seat.

The two men went down the ladder. The messenger passed them in the conning tower with another message. "Speed two five, course three four five."

I cursed. Bob Watkins, the fool, was trailing the cruiser. It was his business to get away over the horizon while the going was good. He had apparently caught the cruiser unprepared, not ready to outpull her planes, but a very little time would rectify that error for the enemy. She would have two planes in the air by now and our patrol plane would have a fight on her hands, two planes to one, any minute. Fortunately, we knew the enemy's observation planes were no faster than our patrol bombers, but the enemy planes were smaller and more maneuverable, and two to one was heavy odds for a patched-up plane.

Bob didn't have any bombs on board. The only thing that he could do was to trail and report. He could easily stay out of the cruiser's gun range, and while he was there he would keep the enemy planes busy, so they wouldn't be on in the advance to force me down too soon. And I was grateful for the information he was sending in. I acted on it now. A quick glance at the chart showed me that the cruiser had changed course directly toward Moab. She was evidently zig-zagging and probably suspected the presence of submarines. But I figured she was on her base course now, and I headed right down toward her last reported position. Nevertheless, I could not help being worried about Bob and the two planes I was sure would be after him.

Sure enough, not more than seven minutes after the last message I got another: "One down and one to go. Course zero one five."

I interpreted that to mean that he had had his first brush with the cruiser's planes and shot down one of them.



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my teeth. The screen was rapidly boxing me in and restricting my choice of action.

"Down periscope! Two knots!" I decided to hold on one more minute. The range was decreasing more than eight hundred yards a minute. If I got in to three thousand and I was still dead ahead, I'd have to do something pretty snappy to retrieve the situation, and the destroyers would be right in my way. The palms of my hands commenced to sweat. The fire-control assistants stood ready and alert. There wasn't anything they could do. I couldn't tell them what to do. I didn't know yet myself. A submarine skipper is awfully alone in such a situation. Everybody knew I was in a tight spot. It was getting tighter with every tick of the stop watch.

I knelt on the deck with the control button for the periscope motor in my right hand, one eye on the stop watch, my fire-control assistant held for me to see. I didn't dare trust my sense of time. Each second seemed an hour. As the eyepiece cleared the deck I squatted lower to look. Hoisting the periscope up in short jerks I kept my eye glued to the instrument. The instant I could see I stopped the periscope. We were making dead slow speed. If we were sighted now we should be in a fearful predicament. Not only would the enemy have ample opportunity to avoid but his destroyers would be in an ideal position to attack. We should be lucky to get out of it with a whole skin.

It was difficult to restrain my impatience. Everything depended upon what had happened since I last looked. If the cruiser had changed course or if she was changing now, I should be sitting pretty. If I was still dead ahead of him I should have to take drastic and immediate action. By the time I did any turning I should be right under his forefoot. About the best I should be able to do would be to dive deep, let him pass over me and chalk it up as a badly fumbled periscope.

At the periscope broke water my heart sank. I could see the cruiser's flaring bows headed at me, her masts still right in line. I could see the creamy white rollers on either bow. The screen was rapidly boxing me in. Yet as I looked I could see his wicked stem swinging around to starboard. He was changing course. Fascinated, I watched until he steadied on the new course.

"Angle on the bow twenty port! Range thirty-two hundred! Speed twenty-five! Down periscope! Starboard motor ahead full! Port motor stop! Left twenty degree rudder!"

I had him now. He had played right into my hands.

"What's the course for a hundred and ten track? Bow tubes ready for firing! Straight bow shot!" It was like calling signals in a football game, and like a football team, each man knew exactly what was expected of him.

"Pick up the destroyer on the starboard bow with the listening gear! Keep the bearings coming in! . . . Take her down to a hundred feet!" The port screen would pass right over us. Until that destroyer had gone by, that would be my chief worry. If they were alert and expecting it, they might even be able to see our hull through the water as they passed overhead.

"Destroyer bearing three zero!" the listener reported. "Bearing four five! Bearing five zero!"

The bearing was changing as we swung in the new course. Neverthe-

less, a glance at the compass showed me that his true bearing was holding constant. I watched the depth gauge as we gained the depth that would let him pass safely over us.

"I can hear him all around the dial, captain."

Then we didn't need the listening gear to hear his screws. His sound was like a subway train as he passed right over our stern. I could put the screen out of my mind. With him safely over us, it would be all over before he ever found out what was up. We would have to turn through at least a hundred and eighty degrees to head for us. It would take him nearly three minutes to do it, and by that time I'd have my torpedoes all launched and be sneaking off at a hundred feet. We were coming in on the firing course.

"All stop! Forty-five feet! Stand by the tubes!"

I gave her time to lose her way and watched the depth gauge as the diving officer brought her smartly up.

"Up periscope!" I didn't waste a glance at the destroyer. My eyes were on the cruiser. Down she came, all unaware that anything was afoot. I was well inside the screen. The range was only six hundred yards. I adjusted my periscope to the right offset angle. Behind me there was dead silence. "Fire One!"

What a load off my mind. I felt an icy calm as I got off all four of my torpedoes in rapid succession. I was almost certain of a hit.

Suddenly I could see white smoke puff from the cruiser's antiaircraft battery. She wasn't firing at me. I could plainly see the men at the guns. I swung my periscope around to look at the destroyer.

She gave me the shock of my life, because she wasn't at all where she should have been. She was up on her beam about seven hundred yards away and turning—turning fast under full rudder. She was turning in toward the cruiser with her inbound afterdeck rail nearly up water. Every now and then a deck fitting or her rail aft would strike the top of a swell and send a cloud of spray over her fantail. She seemed to be lying on her side with her deck canting toward me. It must have been difficult enough to keep upright on that careening deck, but she, too, was firing.

A glance told me that the completion of her turn would bring her very close to my position. Moreover, she would pass almost exactly through the same water in which my torpedoes were traveling. She had but to follow the torpedo track and she would end up right over me in a position to depth-charge the hell out of us. She must have commenced her turn as soon as she passed over us. Why? I suppose I'll never know. Some chance maneuver, perhaps. Certainly we hadn't been sighted, or the cruiser would have made an effort to dodge.

"Down periscope!" shouted. "Take her down to a hundred feet!"

As the periscope was coming down I saw what they were shooting at. It was Bob Watkins in the patrol plane. He was coming down on the destroyer in the closest thing to a dive he could get out of his heavy plane. All his guns were spouting flame. With a plane as maneuverable as an ice truck, he was making a strafing attack on a destroyer, facing the gunfire of three ships, at an altitude that wouldn't much more than clear the destroyer's masts.

Before the periscope was down he heard the muffled thuds of the torpedoes getting home on the cruiser.

"The children didn't want to get off!"

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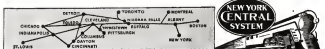
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MENTHOLATUM

I had almost forgotten them myself. The enemy was so preoccupied with the plane that I'll bet the explosion was their first inkling that a submarine was present. Bob's maneuver had done that much. Besides, if his strafing got home on the destroyer's bridge, she would be out of control at least long enough for me to get safely away. It was magnificent, but it wasn't war. The fool, the utter fool! There wasn't a prayer that he could get away with it.

I got down to a hundred feet and the depth charges that I had been expecting never came—not close, at any rate. We heard a series of muffled explosions some distance away. They may have been depth charges or they may have been the cruiser's boilers going up. I came around to the reverse of the cruiser's course as soon as I was down at a hundred feet, and I stayed down there for a few minutes after I had finished delivering a successful attack, for my job was to get my ship out of there safely, and my curiosity couldn't wait. Play them safe and I'd have a ship under my feet to sink another cruiser someday.

Everything had been quiet for some time before I ventured to plane up and have a look. The listener reported that the destroyers were firing at the bombers, but the destroyers were buzzing away back there where we had them. I had no trouble picking them up as soon as the periscope broke the surface. I saw the destroyers come over to starboard, and it wouldn't be long before she was finished. The destroyers were standing by, picking up the survivors out of the water. That was all I saw. I didn't see anything trying to interfere. For safety I took a sweep around the horizon before I went back down to a hundred feet.

I think I should have missed them. I was looking for the plane, not the enemy plane diving down at her. Bob Watkins had been shot down, but somehow he had made a couple of miles before he had set his plane down. I was looking for the plane, not the enemy I could see her stretched out on the water like a wounded bird, and that damned observation plane was diving down on her, ripping her up and laying out the wreckage. I saw the plane helpless in the water.

I guess I must have lost my temper. Machine-gunning that helpless plane seemed so much like wanton murder. As long as there was any possibility of getting the bomber out of the sky, it was every right to dish out any punishment they could to him. But the patrol plane was obviously permanently out of action. There wasn't even the excuse of a broken engine. The fighters the destroyers got around to it, they could steam over and pick up the plane crew as prisoners of war. They could sink the plane then, too, if Watkins was right. But the bomber was still in the air. It had simply gone berserk at the thought that Bob had outthought and outmaneuvered two planes and helped lead the cruiser into a death trap. They were going to get him out in retaliation, and the cold-blooded murder could not undo what he had done.

"Take her down to a hundred feet!
All ahead, full speed!"

It was going to take me twelve or fifteen minutes at my best speed to get over to the plane. Never did I feel so frustrated by our slow submerged speed. But I kept her down deep, so the observation plane wouldn't see us, and plugged along as fast as I could go.

When I figured I was about there I slowed down and came up for another

look. We were pretty close aboard. I could see that they had abandoned the plane and were in their little rubber boat, paddling away from it as fast as they could. Even as I looked, the observation plane came in on another attack. The after gun of the patrol plane was still manned and firing at him as he came, so he didn't come in too close.

"Stand by for battle surface! Get the machine guns ready to go up and repel strafing attack! Deck force stand by to rescue plane's crew!"

I hadn't told anybody what was going on. They may have been surprised, but that didn't slow them down any. I remember Gant passing by me to take his ready position beneath the gun-access hatch. He grinned at me as though he was remembering that I had told him we wouldn't use the gun.

I ran up the periscope and maneuvered in submerged until I had a position between the boat and the plane.
"Surface!"

The diving officer brought her up with a rush. I turned from the periscope and dashed up the ladder to the conning tower. I could see the water level at the conning-tower eye ports.

I heaved up on the bridge and the machine guns were right behind me. The water was still running off the deck, but the first of the gun's crew was already at the gun, casting off the breech cover.

"Target is the destroyer on the starboard bow!"

The gunnery officer, just coming on the bridge behind the machine gunners, would have to fight that battle. I had other things on my mind. I reached over and gave the wheel a flip to see if I had steering control on the bridge, and the quartermaster was behind me to take the wheel from my hands.

"All stop! Come right handsomely and lay her bow alongside the boat!"
 "All motors stopped," he reported back as calmly as though we were coming alongside the pier back home.
 "Coming right handsomely."

The gun got off the first shot just as I got the boat alongside. The plane crew scrambled up the deck and my own men hurried them along to the gun-access hatch.

"The skipper is in the ship!" they shouted at me. "The skipper is in the ship!" I can still picture one man who stood with feet wide apart on the deck, resisting the efforts of my people to hurry him below. "The skipper is still in the ship!" he kept yelling at me. "O. K.!" I answered. "I'll get him!" And then he went below without any further argument.

I was going to get him, but not without a lot more trouble. The roar of the observation plane's motors increased to a screaming crescendo. The machine guns on my own bridge opened up. I jumped down beside the quartermaster, pushed the motor-annunciator handle up to standard ahead and just pointed to the plane. He understood. The cruiser's plane was coming over in a dive, spraying machine-gun bullets out of everything he had, but the quartermaster never batted an eye.

I turned away from the quarter master and crouched down on the port side of the bridge to keep out of the way of my forward machine gunner. The plane was coming in over the starboard bow. As she flattened out her dive, commencing to pull up, I noticed that my after machine gunner was unable to bring his gun to bear because the periscope shears were between him

ATHLETE'S FOOT



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In summer, your feet are more apt to sweat easily between the toes. In this hot, moist area the spores of Athlete's Foot fungi thrive, burrow deeply in the tissues and spread rapidly. If itching on your feet occurs and the skin between your toes cracks, is thick and white, or reveals tiny blisters, it may mean this dangerous and stubborn infection has already taken place and may spread to other parts of the feet and body.

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696 Independence Square, Phila., Penna.

and the plane. He crouched behind his gun, ready and waiting until the course of the plane would bring her down along the port side. As she swept over the deck from starboard to port, he let her have it. I expect I'll never again see as fine a wing shot. The plane never pulled out of the dive. She seemed to waver for an instant and then continued her dive right into the sea, like a kingfisher coming down on his prey. I never thought that I should be blood-thirsty enough to enjoy seeing men die like that.

The sudden cessation of noise was a physical sensation.

"Rig in the bow planes!" I shouted down to the control room. "Get the machine guns below!"

The first salvo from the destroyer arrived. They were away over, but it wouldn't take them long to spot on. I was abruptly aware that it was too quiet. Our gun had ceased firing. Leaning over the bridge, I could see that there was a lot of confusion at the gun.

I heard the gunnery officer shout, "Let the deck forces get the wounded men below! Resume fire! Range three five double oh! Scale five three!"

And then I had to turn back to my immediate job. We had our bow almost alongside the plane's after cockpit. I stopped the motors. There was a man standing up in the cockpit, and I shouted for him to jump into the water and swim for his life. The gunner, arm and shouted something in return, and I let the submarine come on in to bring her bow alongside with a healthy crash.

The man in the cockpit made the difficult scramble to our deck, pausing whenever he could get a foothold to help Bob Watkins, who followed behind. Then I could see why he hadn't jumped. For Bob had the use of only one arm and he would have had a hard time making it alone.

The instant their feet touched the deck, I commenced backing down.

"Put one shell into the plane," I shouted to the gun's crew, "and then get below!"

The gun swung round and plowed a raking shot right up the fuselage of the plane, from so close a range that the gun blast blew in the plane's thin structure. If anyone was going to have souvenirs of that plane, they would be in mighty small pieces.

A salvo landed short and close aboard. The shell fragments whistled through the air and crashed through the superstructure plates. I saw the last of the gun crew making for the gun-access hatch. I dropped down to the conning tower. The diving alarm wailed. As the hatch closed behind me we took a shell somewhere up forward. I could only hope that it hadn't found the strength hull, because we were on our way

down, with the motors full speed ahead and the rudder hard right.

It was nearly three minutes before the destroyers were over us. We were at a hundred and fifty feet then, running dead slow and silently. The first depth charges were quite a distance away, but they dropped one too close aboard for comfort.

The deck plates seemed to lift right off the deck. The whole ship quivered and shook, and the diving officer had a frantic time trying to regain control in the darkness as all the lights went out.

After that we drew away from them. As soon as things seemed quiet enough, I turned over the control room to the executive officer and went up into the forward battery to see how the wounded were faring.

Poor Jim Gant lay stretched out on the bunk. He had spent six years or more becoming a crackjack gun pointer, in addition to his other many duties. His gun had been in action less than a minute. He had fired five rounds at an enemy, and now he was dead.

Three others of the crew were badly wounded. The pharmacist's mate was busy doing what he could for them, and Bob Watkins was waiting his turn to have his wound dressed. A machine-gun bullet had plowed through his right shoulder. The bleeding had all but stopped and he was in no immediate danger.

"What happened?" I asked him.

"One of their high-explosive shells just ripped the port engine out of the plane and blew a big hole in the wing. I had to set her down quick," he answered. "Then that lousy observation plane came down on us and ripped us up the back with machine-gun bullets. I got the crew out in the emergency life raft, and the gunner and I stayed behind to get the bomb sight and the code books over the side. We manned the after machine gun to make him keep his distance. He came over twice more before you came along, and the second time he nicked me on the shoulder."

"Before that," I insisted. "How come you tried to take on three ships at once with nothing but machine-gun fire?"

"Oh, that," he replied. "Well, you see, while I was playing ring-around-a-rosy with the observation plane, I happened to get right over you when you came to periscope depth in the wake of the destroyer. My bombardier picked you up right away. The destroyer was already turning in toward you as fast as she could, and I thought maybe you'd be sighted, or soon would be. I know how much you hate to be disturbed when you get all set to fire torpedoes, so I came on in to give them something else to think about."

"You ought to get a court!" I retorted angrily. "Anybody who takes a patrol plane into an unsupported strafing attack against two destroyers and a cruiser is an unmitigated fool!"

"How about a guy who will take a submarine into a surface engagement with two destroyers just to rescue the crew of one cracked-up plane?" he countered.

"That's different, Bob," I answered.

There was a distant rumble of another depth charge.

"It won't be if those depth charges get closer," he contended.

(THE END)



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FATHER'S HOME AGAIN

(Continued From Page 23)

two years and walk back any time I wanted. Just let him stew!" He broke into a laugh. "In two weeks he'll be crawling to me, begging me to straighten things out."

"I don't think so, father," She rushed the words out desperately. "He really means that."

"I'll be running that business right from this couch!" Father emphasized it with a furious finger jabbing the blanket. "Weak as I am," he added in a fading voice. He laid his head back, eyelids drooping over the angry brilliance in his eyes.

There was a silence. Paula looked mutely to Chris.

"We—we were going to the movies, weren't we, Paula?" he said, coloring. He wasn't a very good liar.

Father opened his eyes. "See if you can pick up the new issue of your Digeston for me while you're out, will you? It's supposed to be out today. Today's Monday, isn't it?"

"What happened to this egg?" father demanded. Gingerly the prong of his fork touched the poached egg lying on its bed of toast and strained spinach.

"Why? Is it hard?" Mother bent appreciatively over him where he sat at the dining-room table in bathrobe and pajamas, a pillow at his back. "I gave it exactly one quarter minute over the regular time, because yesterday morning you said it was loose."

"That's female logic for you. Because you underdid it yesterday, you overdo it today."

"Not the egg again?" Paula wanted to know, coming in to slide into the chair across the dining-room table from him.

Mother straightened, stifled a sigh. Father gave Paula a single stabbing look. "No one asked you. Haven't you done enough interfering?"

Paula had done the unforgivable. She had brought the family doctor in the night before.

"Nothing but nerves," he had told father. "Personally, I think you'd be better off at your office than brooding over yourself here."

"My dear man, do you think I want to lie here, weak as a cat, with two women dependent on me? Do you think that I wouldn't be down there this minute, if I didn't have to fight for every breath?"

So father's morning temper was at knife-edge. He took a few resentful mouthfuls of the egg and spinach, poked at his applesauce and opened a freshly baked bran muffin with trembling fingers.

"Sit down and eat something yourself, mother." Between exasperation and pity, Paula watched her mother anxiously scan the table. "Everything's here. It fits in. I'll get it."

"It's nearly eight. Are you watching your time?" Mother reluc-

tantly pulled out a chair. "Why don't you ever wear that new blue tweed you bought, Paula? That black gabardine is smart, but it makes you look a little washed out, even with the white vest." She sat down, half rose. "Don't we need more butter?"

"Stay there! I'll get it if we need it." Paula's voice was edgy. The color had risen painfully in her face. She could feel it hot against the chill white piqué at her throat. The blue suit—the lovely, soft, darling blue—was to have been worn the day she and Chris got married. It would have been next Friday. One week from today.

Father coughed. "Bran muffins," he muttered chokily.

"You need more butter." Mother was up again. At the violent shake of his head, she paused, tense, in the doorway.

"What is it, Walter?"

"Too dry," he got out. "A man who can hardly breathe can't eat bran muffins. Any pinhead ought to know that. Is there any other kind out there?"

"But you're always wanted bran muffins!"

"Is it a law? Can't I eat any other kind?"

"There's nothing but white bread." "Blotting paper. Never mind. I'll choke this down, somehow."

Mother's chin quivered. Abruptly she went into the kitchen. The door swung to after her.

Father sat back, pressing his fingers tenderly to his chest, listening. "A sick man can't eat in this bickering atmosphere, that's all. Where are you going?" he asked Paula.

"Out for more coffee."

"You might bring me three quarters of a cup of cocoa." He held out his cup, sent a disagreeable look over her plate.

"I don't know what's got into you young people—leave half your food, live on coffee and cigarettes—" Paula escaped to the kitchen, kicked the door to behind her.

Mrs. Gordon's face was crumpled, her nose red. Tears splashed past her

(Continued on Page 78)



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Some familiar peck—but new Old Golds!

P. Lorillard Company, founded 1740—blenders of fine tobaccos since George Washington's day.

(Continued from Page 76)

puckered mouth. She held up a warning finger for silence, shook her head. "I'll be all right in a minute," she whispered. "It's just—I'm a little nervous about his job and all. It's so hard for a man of his age to—and then, I just can't seem to please him lately. Just when I want to do everything I can to settle his nerves."

"Oh, mother, can't you see you're all wrong? If you didn't cater to him so he wouldn't enjoy these breakdowns."

"Paula!" Mother rebuked her gravely. "Your father's a sick man. Just the way he looks—"

"When has he ever looked any different?" Paula demanded. "It's his nature to be this, that's all. He eats like a horse, sleeps like a baby. You heard the doctor say he's perfectly sound, physically. It's psychology you need to deal with father. And you're really only making him worse."

"I am? I?" Mrs. Gordon looked distracted.

"You're spoiling him like a child," Paula went on relentlessly. "What he needs is to be uncomfortable at home. Mother"—she leaned forward, tense—"I've been thinking of something. I'm going to call up Aunt Margaret to come and help you."

"Oh, Paula, no! You know he can't bear her!"

"That's just it."

The kitchen door swung open. Father stood there eying them suspiciously.

"I thought you were going to bring my cocoa, Paula?"

"I had to heat the water." Father would make a glib liar out of anybody in time, she thought with grim satisfaction.

He went out again. Mother followed. Paula put down the cup of cocoa on her way through the dining room. Father's plates were neatly removed. She caught her mother's eye remindingly.

In the subway she swayed on her strap, stared unseeingly at the ads. She was faintly smiling to herself, her eyes a deep and dreamy blue.

Hope is elastic when you're twenty-four. The idea of having Aunt Margaret over developed more dazzling possibilities with every jolt of the train. Chris and his logic—Chris and father's "pride." What an innocent the boy was. The way to get at father was to be as tricky as he was. Tortoiseshells didn't outsmart hares. Only other hares with faster dodges could do that. But she'd call Chris, anyway. Tell him her plan.

It was quite a week end, that first one. Aunt Margaret arrived ready and willing Saturday afternoon, with a truly frightening air of being there to stay.

Mother kissed her sister with apprehension and a guilty. "Oh, Margaret, it is good to see you."

Big, good-natured, red-faced and rustling in her unchanging black taffeta, Aunt Margaret deposited a large bag in the hall.

"All I've got in here is a couple of aprons and my toothbrush," she whispered to Paula. "But Walter won't know that. He'll never lift it in his condition, poor man."

She lefted the bag, winked, bustled loudly into the living room, with mother and a wildly hopeful Paula trailing after.

"Well, Walter." She planted herself beside his couch. "I'm sorry to see you laid up again."

Father was wan but wary. He lowered his eyes at that. "again."

"Just my rotten luck," he said. He glanced at her bag. "What's in there, Maggie?"

The deliberately unpleasing nickname bounced harmlessly off Aunt Margaret's solid front.

"I'm going to stay and help Fran take care of you. And do the cooking"—father winced—"and Fran can spend more time with you."

"That's mighty kind of you, Mag. But I didn't realize you was such a terrible burden on her."

"Oh, Walter, you're not!" Mother spoiled it all. "Paula thought I needed help, and she and Margaret arranged it between them, really. Not that I'm not awfully glad to have you, Margaret"—she couldn't help the warming of her voice—"but really there's no need for you to put yourself out."

"I'm staying," Margaret declared roundly. "First thing you know, Fran would have a breakdown, then Paula—then where'd you be?"

Father didn't answer. He breathed with difficulty. He said he'd like it a little quiet now.

By the middle of the week, Paula had to call Chris up and gloat a little. She called from the stationer's up the street—father had never allowed the jangle of a phone in the house.

"So you thought it wouldn't work? Father is so furious he can't swallow. Aunt Margaret does horrible things to his beloved vegetables. I'm sure he won't hold out much longer."

Chris hesitated, then reluctant. "I hope you're right," took her down hard.

She was suddenly angry, nervous taut. "Well, your idea wasn't so hot. And any time you can do something better—not that there's much we could do between now and Friday—"

She stopped, aware that her voice was getting hot. She seemed to lash out so easily these days. Even at Chris. Especially at Chris.

"All I was thinking," Chris said slowly, "was that you might just get his back up with this stuff. It might be a matter of pride with him to stick it out."

"Pride again. Logic. You're a one-string player sometimes, Chris." She leaned against the side of the phone booth, all jubilation gone.

"Paula?"

"I'm here."

"Darling, don't be mad. I know I'm slow."

"Chris"—she turned suddenly to the phone—"oh, Chris, I do love you. I hope you'll always be just the way you are," she said passionately.

"Paula, can I come over tonight?" "We'll have to just sit around home. Why?" she added curiously a moment later. "Is there something?"

"With the words, she knew that there was."

"I can get an officer's commission in the Naval Reserve."

"Oh, Chris, why didn't you tell me?"

"Only just learned about it today."

"And in the nick of time," she breathed. "Joey got his questionnaire last week, and you were right near him on the draft list, weren't you? Same board and everything?"

"Uh-huh."

"Why, it's a wonder you haven't got yours, too, by now."

"I'll be over in a while, then," he said.

"No, wait. Tell me now. Where would you be sent? Would you get medical work?" She had to know.

"Quintico—that's down the coast. There's a hospital too. I'd have dental surgery, and the pay is good for specialists."

"I can't believe it! If only father—oh, but it's got to work out this time, Chris!"

She was quivering with excitement when she left the phone booth in the local stationery store.

She spied father's long-awaited new issue of *Your Digestion* on the magazine rack. Feeling it was a good omen, she snatched it up, tore home with it.

"Chris is coming over. Mind?" she asked the living room in general.

Father's reply sounded like a mind? in a hostile voice. "As long as he leaves early. I've got to get lots of sleep with this thing."

"Here's your magazine." She dropped it on the couch, spread out with a smile over her shoulder for mother and Aunt Margaret. "Think I'll change into my blue—just for fun."

It was unreasonable, of course. Pure supposition, that wild, irrepressible hope. It danced like light through her, secret, sweet, in her eyes, on her lips.

Perhaps it was because of that blinding hope that she failed to notice the change in father's face when she came down again to answer Chris' ring. It was serene. Pleasant. Too pleasant.

Father greeted Chris' entrance cordially, one hand keeping his place in the open *Your Digestion*.

"This is my wife's sister, Margaret—Mrs. Hennessey," father introduced her, smiling almost fondly at her. "She's very kindly come to help us out here."

"I don't know how much of a help I am." Aunt Margaret was a little baffled. "I guess my cooking leaves something to be desired."

"Not at all—not at all." Father held up a hand. "You don't need to worry about me any more." He paused, smiled benignly. "From now on, I can eat anything."

He turned over the magazine. "I've been reading about my own case right here. Fellow says people fuss too much over food. Says that cereal-vegetable-fruit business is out. 'Man,' he says, 'is a meat-eating animal.'" Father looked around. "That's logical, isn't it? And here: 'Man should eat as much as possible like an animal. With no fuss. An animal's digestive juices are aroused as it gulps its food.'"

Father read to the end of the column. All eyes were on him. Paula's hands clasped her knees, crushing the soft blue tweed of the new suit. Her knuckles were white. She might have known.

When father had finished she brushed aside the last pretense, came right out in the open. "Father, Chris heard from the Naval Reserve today. He can get an officer's commission and practice dentistry too."

"What's that?" Even father was a little startled at the suddenness of the transition.

"It pays well too." Once and for all, the question would be settled. She met his eyes, held them, her own burning. "It's just what we've been hoping for, father."

"Well, well. That's fine, Chris." Father didn't seem to get the implication of her last words. "It would be," Chris said, "if I can take it."

"If?" Father was incredulous. "You'd be crazy to turn down a chance like that. Why, you might wind up

peeling potatoes in some Army camp if the regular draft gets you."

Chris went on in his slow, quiet way, "I won't go off on this thing unless I can take Paula with me. We've had to wait three years, Mr. Gordon, for one reason or another."

Father met Chris' steady hazel gaze without flinching. His face saddened. "I know," he said gently. "Believe me, I know. I've wanted more than anything else in the world to see you two young people happy." He sighed deeply.

"Father?"—Paula felt stifled—"it's our last chance! Chris has got to take this! And if I can't go with him—"

She sent a desperate look to mother. Mother only looked helplessly toward father, and was mute.

"Paula, I'd give my right arm to be able to say 'Go.' But you can see for yourself—"

Father lifted a hand. It shook. "I couldn't even hold a pen. And these cold sweats take every ounce of strength out of me, aside from having to fight for every breath."

He looked at the room appealingly. "What can I do?" Tears came to his eyes. "It's your mother I'm thinking of, Paula, not myself. I could get along—go to some charity hospital, if necessary. I wouldn't stand in your way. But your mother—what's to become of her?" He gasped, coughed, fought for breath.

"Walter!" Mother went to him. "As if we'd ever let you go to one of those places!" she said, outraged. "As if anybody could take care of you but me—and Paula. You mustn't upset yourself like this. It will all work out somehow."

He held on to her hand, and they clung together, tears in father's eyes, tears unashamedly coursing down mother's cheeks.

Aunt Margaret finally broke the long silence. "Dishie, she mustn't, and went out. The floor trembled beneath her heavy tread."

No one looked at anyone else. Mother smoothed the hair from father's brow forehead. "Better, Walter?" she said awkwardly.

Father rallied, took a deep breath. "Go sit down, mother. I'm—I'll be all right in a second," he said bravely.

He lay to his chair, mother paused, turned toward the kitchen, sniffed, tense.

"Oh, dear, the apples! She must have forgotten! . . . Margaret!" she called out. "The apples must be boiling over. Will you turn the gas down?"

Paula listened in numb silence.

There was relief in mother's tone. Relief in her turning back to the simpler worries. It told Paula, more than anything else, that everything would go on just the same—just the same.

Father blew his nose. "Well, this is no time to talk about me; it's Chris' big moment now. When would you have to go?"

"If I went, it would have to be in a couple of weeks."

Paula looked at the line of his jaw, clean and young. At his mouth, his hair. She sat weak in a sort of agony of loss.

He'd go. She'd make him go. Drowning people had no right to pull others down with them.

"H'm. Doesn't leave you much time. Still, I've cleared him. It will do you the world of good, Army life. I was in camp some weeks at the end of the last war. Never felt better in my life. Ate anything, drank anything."

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Chris made no answer of any kind. "You're both young," father said with increasing ease. "A little wait won't hurt."

"Chris is twenty-six. I'm twenty-four," Paula said raggedly. "Mother had me when she was twenty-four."

Father shook his head. "Things were different then. Besides, it was a great mistake. A man needs to have a little adventure before he ties himself down. I've often thought if I had had a year or so at that time, instead of taking on the burden of marriage, a family, my nerves would be stronger today."

"But there's no telling how long this will be!" Paula cried. "Any more than there was."

"Oh, this will all blow over in a year," father said reassuringly.

"There's no use talking about it," Chris took over in a tone that drew all eyes. "I'm not taking the commission. In fact"—he reached into an inside pocket—"I got my draft questionnaire today. It's all made out."

"Chris, I won't have it!" Paula cried out.

"Don't be a fool, boy," father admonished him gravely. "Just because you're upset now is no reason to fly off the handle and do something you'll regret all your life."

Chris was quietly unfolding the official paper. "I don't think I'll be taken. You see, I've asked to be put in Class Three-A."

He handed the paper to father, who smiled pityingly, started glancing over it without particular interest.

"Even if we were married," Paula said in a low voice while father read, "they'd ask how much I've earned in the past twelve months—and anyway, I'd still be working. Have to."

Chris just laid one of his square, warm hands hard over hers, shook his head.

He indicated father. She looked.

Father's cursory reading was accompanied by a murmured "M'm. Can't see that you've got a leg to stand on." He stopped. His eyes widened. His mouth opened. He looked over the top of the paper at Chris, then down to it again, outrage dawning in his face.

"What," he demanded in a quivering tone, "is my name doing here? Dependents—Walter Gordon, Frances Gordon—What's the meaning of this?"

"I figure," said Chris logically, "that when Paula and I get married tomorrow—"

"Tomorrow?" Father's head left the pillows.

"—as my wife"—Chris' hand tightened over Paula's—"she turns her responsibilities over to me. And since your health isn't so good right now, and you're unemployed—"

"Unemployed? Me?" father screamed, hands to his chest. "Have you lost your mind?" He sat straight up, ignoring mother's panicky "Walter, please!"

"What ever made you think," he demanded furiously of Chris, "that a man with my experience, my ability, would ever have to be dependent on a pup of a boy?"

Father pushed down his blankets, reared forward.

"You must think you're dealing with some senile old man! I haven't got a gray hair in my head—not one! Look for yourself! And my brain is as sharp as your age—better!"

He swung his feet to the floor, shook a finger in Chris' face.

"I've supported my family without any help from anyone—and I'll go on doing it when you're still scraping along on some Army pittance."

"Walter, I beg you to be careful!" mother implored. "You'll lose your breath again!"

He turned on her. "My breath's all right! Just because some fool intern didn't know a simple case of nervous indigestion—all that monkey food you've been piling on me."

He stood up, hitched his bathrobe wrathfully around him.

"Any man'd get a nervous breakdown if he stayed around here. Bunch of women keeping him in bed, people trying to make a dependent of him behind his back—!" He scuffed furiously for the stairs, muttering, "Dressed and get out of here in the morning. I'll tell the old man a few things about that pinhead son of his. Where's my gray?" he demanded over the banister of mother. "I'll need it tomorrow."

Galvanized, she panted up the stairs after his lively tread. "I think it's in that bag from the cleaner's."

Their voices were lost behind the closing of the bedroom door.

Paula looked at Chris. Kept on looking at him.

He jammed the draft questionnaire dismissively into a side pocket.

He met her look, smiling, flushed. He got up, took her hands and drew her up. "Let's go to the movies."

She laughed weakly, held onto him. "Oh, Chris! I'm afraid I'm my father's daughter. I just—can't—breathe!"



"It looked like this this morning, if that will help you any."

LET THE GUN TALK

(Continued from Page 11)

ahead, as if she wasn't there. But he could hear everything she said, and he could imagine how she was looking at the old man when she told him she had heard about him all her life and longed to meet him and dreamed of someday having a Pyne rifle.

"I'll make you a rifle," J. M. Pyne said.

Joe knew by the tone of his voice that the old man was flattered. He had heard that kind of thing from gun cranks. It only made him crasier than usual.

But when a girl with lovely brown eyes said it, he felt for it as if he were a college boy and she'd been telling him that he was too big and strong she was afraid of him.

"I've got a barrel nearly finished," he went on. "I intended it for Joe here. But he can wait. If it shoots when I put it in the machine rest, it's yours."

Joe thought if she had any sense of decency she'd offer to do the waiting. The old man had been promising him that barrel for a year.

"Oh," she said, "how nice of you! But it's only fair to tell you that Mr. Hill thinks I'm not a good enough shot to need a Pyne rifle."

"What has Joe got to say about it?" the old man demanded.

Joe wondered where the girl had got her fixed idea. Did she think a Pyne rifle was something to hang on the wall and brag to her friends about? It wouldn't get her much. A Pyne rifle looked like other rifles, except on the inside. And you had to know what to look for to see what was there to see. Not one man in fifty thousand could appreciate the perfection with which the grooves were cut. She certainly couldn't. To let her have a Pyne rifle was like letting a baby have a chromometer to play with.

The road bore south, sometimes close to the river, sometimes half a mile from it, through a country of small fields enclosed by stone walls, with wooded hills rising tier on tier in the distance. Joe turned off the concrete highway into a dirt road and then into the long, winding drive, with a row of elm trees on either side, that led to the Gaylords place. The house, half hidden by trees and shrubbery, had once been a plain, rectangular one with four chimneys. The wings on either side were plainly of a later date. It looked big and shabby and comfortable.

J. M. Pyne pointed to a long, low wooden building, with many small-paned windows, off to the right. "That," he said to Frieda Guerdner, "is where the first Reuben Gaylord made carbines for the Union Armies before he built the Water Shop in Waterford. When I started making rifles fifty years ago, I used to buy my barrel steel from the old gentleman, and it was smooth-cutting stuff. Yonder is the big meadow where he had his rifle range."

The meadow sloped gently to the river, where there was a homestead footbridge suspended on wire cables well above the water. On the far side a meadow extended northeast for a good half mile, until it met a steep wooded ridge that made a natural backdrop for bullets.

Joe saw, at the firing point, the things he had asked for—a table and a spotting scope and a tub of water, and a wheelbarrow load of garden dirt

with a spade sticking in it. The driveway ahead was full of cars. He had to stop.

The old man got stiffly down and gave his hand to the girl.

"Joe," he said, "don't claim too much. Let the gun talk."

II

THEY had to meet a lot of people on the east terrace. Some of them were friends of the Gaylords, country-club people in sports clothes who didn't matter. Joe guessed that most of the others were the sort of chiselers, disguised as businessmen, who swarmed wherever arms or ammunition could be made, in the hope of running a shoestring into a bank roll while no one was looking.

He saw one man he couldn't place—a tall man with graying hair and a proud, unsmiling face who carried himself as if he had been a soldier and an athlete. He had a scar across his cheek, almost from his mouth to his ear, that might have been a saber cut. What made Joe look again was the dog that stood at the man's heel, obedient, but trembling with eagerness. The dog was big, with the short black coat and tan markings of a Doberman pinscher, only taller at the shoulders and more powerful.

Joe started back to the car to get the gun, and guessed he'd better check first with the Gaylords. Reuben Gaylord, looking more like a nice college boy than a man in his middle thirties should, was busy at the table where the whiskey had been set out. Mrs. Gaylord was talking to a little group of chiselers.

He waited for her, admiring the way she did it. She knew what they were as well as he did. She was being a good hostess. He did not like the kind of make-up she chose—a dark tan, with the lips and fingernails a purplish red. But he knew her artificiality was only color deep.

"Do you see anybody who counts?" he asked when she got away.

She shook her head. "Reuben did the best he could. It seems all that purchasing commissions are at New Haven looking over that new submarine gun. There isn't a single person here who rates anything. But the newspapers have all sent reporters and photographers. And now—she just came—" Winthrop Harris said he'd be here.

He did not feel free to ask Mrs. Gaylord what Winthrop Harris rated at Gaylord Arms. The story around the plant was that Harris represented new money in the company, but that Reuben Gaylord was still president in fact as well as on the letterhead.

"And," Constance Gaylord went on, "Harris is bringing an Army officer—a major or a major general or something."

Joe smiled. She understood as well as he did how it was with Army officers. The Army had adopted the Garand rifle in 1936. The choice had been so strongly criticized that the Army was touchy on the subject.

"Who," Joe asked, "is the fierce man with the big dog?"

"Oh," she said, "you mean Winkler. I suppose Reuben asked him because he has money. But he's only interested in his dogs. He breeds them and trains them to capture criminals."

(Continued on Page 83)

HE LOST the Contest!

*But...
WON*

A STOMACH-ACHE

That grand old institution, the eating contest, is by no means confined to the young and inexperienced. We all eat, not wisely, but too well on occasion... and stomach distress is the price we pay.

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THEY HELD A MEETING OF THE BOARD ON A FERRIS WHEEL ... AND MADE A GREAT NEW BUSINESS DISCOVERY:

THEY looked around and discovered that they'd been thinking of agriculture in terms of the geography they'd learned thirty years ago!

It was as out of date as the 1910 census!

They suddenly realized that from the top of a ferris wheel anywhere in the typical agricultural State of Indiana, for instance, you could actually see three or more cities ranging in population from 3,000 to 364,000!

They discovered that nowadays farms and cities practically rub elbows... that most of Country Gentleman's 2,100,000 upper-half agricultural families, for instance, actually live within sight of town!

They trotted out the latest U. S. atlas and learned that nearly half a million miles of paved highways have been built in this country since they went to school... that there are 1,151 more cities of over 2,500 population now than there were thirty years ago!

They found that today 93% of the total population, and 87% of the farms are within a 25-mile radius of one or more of those cities.

And so they concluded, with elegant logic, that Country Gentleman's 2,100,000 upper-half agricultural families do the bulk of their buying today in America's 3,464 urban buying centers!



THEN THEY LOOKED AT THE LATEST U. S. CONSUMER PURCHASE SURVEY. And they found that their knowledge of farm income was as out of date as their geography. For here are the new facts: Today, the upper-half farm family actually spends more money than is spent by the upper-half city family. Yes, more money! Today, the farmer and his family are even better prospects for advertised merchandise than their city cousins.



NEXT THEY LOOKED TO SEE WHAT THESE FARM FAMILIES ARE BUYING. And they saw cars, groceries, radios, drags, clothes—in fact, anything that any American family anywhere buys! Most amazing, they found that Country Gentleman's 92,100,000 upper-half agricultural families spend more for these things than is spent at retail by all the people in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles and Cleveland combined!



FINALLY THEY LOOKED AT CIRCULATION FIGURES OUTSIDE CITY LIMITS. They found that outside city limits Country Gentleman's circulation exceeds LIFE by 283%... COLLIER'S by 185%... LIBERTY by 37%... GOOD HOUSEKEEPING by 66%... THE POST by 18%... WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION by 93%... LADIES' HOME JOURNAL by 100%... M-CALL'S by 123%. Outside City Limits they found one of the richest markets in America controlled by one magazine!

Country Gentleman's 2,100,000

IN THE TOP OF THE TOP HALF OF AMERICA

(Continued from Page 81)

Joe found J. M. Pyne hesitating the rooster with the rifle in his hands.

"Let's get started," he said.

"Mrs. Gaylord says there isn't anybody in the whole crowd who knows anything about guns."

"Mrs. Gaylord is mistaken," the old man retorted, and went off toward the firing point with the rifle.

Joe followed, lugging the case of ammunition. The old man sent two boys off to the two-hundred-yard hutts with a sheet of targets, and orders to stay in the pit until they had pulled the targets down and raised a red flag as a signal to cease firing.

"What did you mean?" Joe asked. The old man did not answer.

"You said she was mistaken."

The old man grumbled something. Joe saw that the boys had to wade to reach the footbridge. The river was over its banks. He turned toward the terrace. Reuben Gaylord had started his guests toward the firing point. Joe braced himself. The hardest thing he had to do was to speak his piece about the gun. He wondered if he ought to begin by saying "Ladies and gentlemen." He guessed that would sound too stiff.

"We should have had Reuben string a rope to keep them away," the old man said. He sat down on the camp stool behind the spotting scope, within reach of the field telephone on the table that connected with the target pit. The crowd straggled in a semicircle, two or three deep. Joe picked up the rifle and faced them.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the rifle I have here was made, locked, and barrelled by J. M. Pyne. You all know who he is. The gun is a recoil-operated semiautomatic rifle. In other words, it fires each time you press the trigger."

He saw Winthrop Harris coming across the grass with the Army officer. He couldn't think of what to say next. He stood there sweating. Winthrop Harris and the officer joined the semicircle. It was getting unbearable, when he remembered a sentence from the speech he had started to write that morning.

"The gun has certain advantages over any other semiautomatic rifle. It is loaded from standard Army clips. It takes two five-shot clips at a time, so it is good for ten shots without recharging—in fact, for seven shots if you use one cartridge in the chamber. Thanks to its design, the gun does not heat up as fast in rapid fire as others. It is more accurate than other semiautomatic rifles. In my tests it has proved as accurate as the Springfield service rifle with the same ammunition."

"Just a minute, Joe," J. M. Pyne interrupted. "The gun shot as well as the two service Springfields we had. We are not certain those two were up to standard."

Joe saw several people smiling at the old man's insistence on the precise truth.

"I stand corrected," he said. "But all these are minor points, compared with the fundamental superiority of the gun. You all understand that modern mass production can go into high gear only when the product is designed to be built by mass-production methods. The Pyne rifle is the only semiautomatic rifle ever designed to take full advantage of such methods."

"It will not take eighteen months, or a year, or even six months to tool up for it. At most, it will be a ninety-day job. And when you have tooled up for

it you can make it three times as fast as you can make any other gun of its speed of fire. It overcomes the only serious objections to supplying every private in an army with a semiautomatic rifle—the slow-motion manufacture and the high cost. You may have wondered why the armies now fighting in Europe and Asia are not armed with semiautomatic rifles. The answer is, no country in the world, except the United States, can afford to wait for or to pay for the kind of semiautomatic rifles now being made."

Joe found himself out of words. He took a quick look over his shoulder. The targets were up. He saw Reuben Gaylord handing out cotton.

"Before I shoot the gun," he went on, "and while Mr. Gaylord makes sure you all have cotton to put in your ears, I want to tell you that the targets down there at two hundred are Army targets with a ten-inch hull. It is no trick to stay in the bull from the prone position when you take your time. I am going to see how many I can keep in there while shooting rapid fire. The Army says the ordinary soldier can fire forty aimed shots in sixty seconds with the Garand. I'm going to shoot at that speed. . . . Reuben, will you hold a stop watch on me?"

He stripped two clips of cartridges from the gun and put a dozen more clips on the grass and lay down in the military prone position. He felt the sling go tight as the weight of his head and shoulders went into it, felt the wood of the stock warm and friendly against his cheek, felt the earth solid under his belly and his legs, saw the bull sitting on top of the front sight, and all his nervousness was gone. He was home again. He was no talker. But this gun could talk.

"Fire," Reuben Gaylord said. Joe broke the shot dead on, without conscious effort, and the front sight leaped up and across the bull at twelve o'clock the way it should, and he had the good feel with which the gun sat back against his shoulder and he heard the sharp clean blast from the muzzle ringing in his ears as he pulled the front sight down to six o'clock and again the gun sat back. He was in the groove, getting them off fast and clean, when the gun misfired.

He reached out for the bolt handle. He yanked the bolt back. But no cartridge came flying out. The gun had failed to eject it and had stopped before. It couldn't happen. But it had happened. The next cartridge just hadn't come out of the magazine to be picked up by the bolt as it went forward.

The old man leaned toward him. "Put in another clip."

Joe stripped a fresh clip into the magazine and the gun worked perfectly for five shots. He had to go on that way, putting in a fresh clip every five shots on top of the five cartridges that refused to come out of the magazine, until he had fired his forty shots.

"That's pretty well lunched," J. M. Pyne said, studying the target through the spotting scope.

"The time," Reuben Gaylord said, "was one minute and fifty-eight seconds."

Joe got off the ground. He saw the grin on the Army officer's face. He felt he had to say something, to admit that the gun had failed to do what the Garand would do.

"That was twice as long as I intended," he said.

The gun was pretty hot to handle, but he got the magazine out, meaning to see what was the matter with it.

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not form it into bathtubs, lavatories and sinks? Useless weight could be eliminated without loss of strength, and styling and color improved.

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ARMCO
IRON AND STEEL SHEETS



"Let it alone," J. M. Pyne said. "You can't fix it now."

Joe put the magazine back. There wasn't anything else to do. He turned to the crowd again.

"We'll have that target up here in a few minutes," he said. "While we're waiting, I'll give the gun a mud test."

He spread out the pile of garden dirt, making a hollow, and dumped the tub of water into it. He puddled the mud and laid the gun in it. When he thought it was cool he picked it up and wiped it off on the grass.

"Before I shoot the gun again," he said, "I am going to take one precaution that would be difficult with any other semiautomatic rifle. I am going to look through the barrel to make sure that there isn't enough mud inside it so that the first shot will blow the muzzle off."

He took the barrel out, saw that it was clear, and put it back again. The gun fired five shots in spite of the mud in the action when he worked the bolt by hand, but quit on the sixth shot as it had before.

The boy had come back with his forty-shot target. Joe saw that he had all but three of his shots in the black and gave the target to Reuben Gaylord to pass around.

He did most of the things he had planned to do. He took the gun completely apart with no tool but a loaded cartridge, and put it together again. He fired two successful ten-shot groups, taking his time, to show what the gun would do at two hundred yards, and both times he kept the spread of the shots under five inches.

But he knew the show was a flop. The gun had balked. And nothing else mattered.

He asked if anyone would care to shoot the gun. Two news photographers came forward.

"We want a picture of a girl shooting the gun," one of them said. "How about that redheaded one?"

"It's up to her," Joe said.

They brought Frieda Guerdner over. Joe loaded the gun with the National Match ammunition. It would kick more. He hoped she'd feel it.

"I'll need the sling shortened," she said.

Joe was afraid then that she knew what she was doing. She was taller than most girls and wider in the shoulders. But she would need the sling a good deal shorter than he did. He took up three holes.

She got down into the prone position. He could see that she was used to it. She had the loop of the sling high on her left arm, her left elbow under the gun, her left arm stretched far out, her right thumb around the grip, her legs at the proper angle to her body and spread wide apart as she hugged the ground.

"Lend me your hat, will you?" she said to J. M. Pyne. "The sun is in my eye."

The old man gave her his hat and she jammed it down over her eyes. Joe wondered if she was nervous. The sun couldn't possibly bother her.

"I want one sighter," she said, as she settled again into the sling. "Will you tell me where this one goes?"

Joe knew that was what he would have asked in her place. A rifle sighted in for one person was right for another only if their eyes and their ways of aiming and holding were the same.

He watched her finger on the trigger. He could see her taking up on the pull. She did not flinch as she got the shot off, and he could see no sign that the recoil surprised her.

"You're in the black between one and two o'clock," the old man said. "About four inches from center each way."

"That was a good hold," she said. "I'll take a chance on it." She reached for the rear sight. "How much do I give it?"

"They're half-minute clicks," Joe said, hoping she didn't know what a half minute of angle meant.

She knew. She gave the elevation screw four clicks down and the windage screw four clicks over.

He watched her as she shot. The recoil lifted that red hair of hers each time, but it did not disturb her rhythm. She got her first five shots off at regular intervals. He knelt down and loaded another clip into the gun.

When she had fired her ten shots, J. M. Pyne turned to Joe. "I thought you said she couldn't shoot. Take a look."

Joe looked through the spotting scope. Her sight correction hadn't been quite enough. You really couldn't correct a sight on the strength of one shot. But her group was better than either of his ten-shot groups. He guessed it wasn't over four inches.

He knew how to take being beaten in a match with other men. But to be beaten by this girl was maddening. How had she learned to shoot like that? And what for? Why should a girl want to shoot? This one had deliberately deceived him with her story about hitting pop bottles, knowing that it would convince him she didn't know anything about shooting.

"I was wrong," Joe said to the old man.

The photographers asked Frieda Guerdner to pose for them standing up. They said the pictures of her they had got would be nothing to look at. The hat had hidden most of her face and the prone position was not graceful.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but I won't pose."

Joe looked at her. He would have guessed that she would like to see her picture in the papers. But it was plain she meant what she said. The photographers were astonished and indignant. They argued and cajoled. But it didn't do them any good.

Joe let the others go into the house ahead of him. He wanted a look at that magazine.

The Gaylords were in the gun room. One wall was lined with cases displaying examples of all the rifles Gaylord Arms had made, beginning with Civil War carbines and continuing through a series of buffalo rifles and long-range match rifles, and ending with the current model, a well-made single shot that had no sale to a public that demanded repeating rifles.

Over the fireplace was a large portrait of Reuben Gaylord the first, looking a good deal like U. S. Grant. On a stand at one side of the room was the first Gaylord portable—a little five-horse steam engine, all polished brass and steel, that the founder had built himself.

The room was, Joe felt, a museum that told the story of the rise and fall of Gaylord Arms. He looked at Reuben Gaylord, glass in hand, leaning carelessly against the mantel under the portrait of his grandfather, and the contrast saddened him. Everybody liked Reuben Gaylord, but no one took

him seriously. He had inherited Gaylord Arms. It hadn't paid a dividend since.

"Joe," Reuben said, "what was the matter with the gun?"

"Somebody tampered with it." "What?" Reuben said. Joe saw that they were all leaning forward, startled and curious—all of them except J. M. Pyne.

"The magazine spring is a flat ribbon of steel," Joe said. "It is shaped like three v's in succession. Somebody cut off one whole v. That made the spring too short. It was only long enough to feed the first five cartridges." "Who would do a thing like that?" Reuben asked. "Who has a chance to do it?"

"I did," J. M. Pyne said. "But what for?" Reuben Gaylord demanded.

"I saw too many strangers when I got here this afternoon."

"They all looked at the old man as if they thought he was a little cracked." "I decided it was better," he added, "if the gun didn't do too well. The more will go now that the gun is no good, and no one will bother about it."

"You mean," Reuben said, "that no one will buy it?" "No one would buy it anyway," the old man retorted. "It's too different from the others. And the Army isn't interested, or the Marine Corps. They've adopted the Garand. They look at another gun. But I'd just as soon no one stole the idea."

Reuben started to say something, and thought better of it. No one said anything. It was not easy to tell J. M. Pyne he had taken care against an imaginary danger. Joe felt sure and puzzled. He remembered bitterly the moment when the gun had balked for the first time. It wouldn't have bled him if he hadn't said he was going to shoot forty shots in sixty seconds. He could still see the self-satisfied grin on that Army officer's face. The old man had let him down. It wasn't his fault. It wasn't like him to be so fearful, either.

But Joe saw now that it hadn't done any good to demonstrate the gun to a crowd, and that it wouldn't have done any good, no matter who had been there or how well the gun had performed. He had taken it for granted that when you had a good thing, all you needed to do was to show it. Pyne target rifles had never needed any selling. His friends shot them and found out how good they were and talked about them, and other men wanted them. The old man had never been able to keep up with the demand.

But a semiautomatic rifle was different. It wasn't something handmade to suit an expert. It was a mass-production job. The superiority of Pyne's design was of a kind that only a man who was both a mechanic and an engineer could appreciate. And if he was a mechanic and engineer who had grown up in an old-fashioned factory and all firearms factories were old-fashioned—he probably wouldn't see it. You'd have to prove to him that the Pyne gun was faster to produce by producing it faster.

"Pyne is right," Joe said. "There's no chance to sell the gun to the Army, and as long as it's just an idea there isn't any chance to sell it to anybody else either. The market is full of buyers, but they aren't buying ideas. They want rifles. Springfield Arsenal and the big arms companies are making all they can for the Government. They will be for years to come. The

purchasing commissions from the Dutch East Indies and the South American countries don't know where to turn. The State Department is glad to license sales to them. The Government wants them to have rifles. But where are they going to buy?"

"I know," Reuben Gaylord said. "But what can we do about it?"

"There's the whole West Shop," Joe said. "It's full of lathes and milling machines and drill presses. They're old, but they're good. All they need is the parts and fixtures. We could have the forgings delivered by the time we were tooling up."

"It would take a hundred thousand dollars to start," Reuben said.

"What's a hundred thousand dollars?" Joe asked. "A lot of money," Reuben Gaylord said.

"Not in times like these. Not when you're tooling up to make millions of dollars' worth of stuff. You'd get your money back with just one million-dollar order and make a profit besides."

"Maybe," Reuben Gaylord said. "Maybe you would. But somebody's got to stick his neck out first. Somebody's got to put up the hundred thousand, maybe two hundred thousand."

"So what? I'm not talking arm-factory production. I'm talking about the way the automobile people do things. Suppose I brought a man from here on Detroit like that fellow Bostwick you met to M. L. T. with. He'd make an engineering study and lay out the West Shop for real mass production. It would be a small unit, but it would be set to standard. But we'd show what could be done by using modern methods to make a gun like Pyne's. We'd produce guns three or four times as fast as they've ever been produced before. We'd get all the orders we could fill. And the time is coming when the Army is going to take anything it can get. The Army will give us orders if we're in production. And that's the only way we'll ever have a chance to prove that Pyne's gun is better than the Garand."

Reuben Gaylord smiled at Joe. "Have you any idea what George Bostwick gets for making engineering studies? His fee would be at least five thousand dollars."

"I'm not surprised." "You're too good for me," Joe said. "I'm not talking to me, Joe," Reuben Gaylord said, "instead of my grandfather." He looked up at the portrait of Reuben Gaylord the first. "You might get somewhere with him. If you could sell him on your proposition, he would go out and get the money even if he had to hook everything he owned."

He poured himself another drink. Joe thought he'd had enough.

"The trouble is, Joe," he went on, "I'm a grandson. Did it ever occur to you that there's the whole trouble with New England? The grandsons have got all the fine old factories and all the fine old names. And they're a timid lot. Their only ambition is to hang on to what they have."

"You can see how it is with me. I own this old house and the seven hundred acres that used to be a good farm. I own almost half the stock in Gaylord Arms, and if it goes to pot, as it will as soon as this fine old house goes, I'll still have enough money to live here. Maybe I could raise a hundred thousand dollars. But why should I risk it? Why should I let myself in for all the grief that sort of thing would mean? I'm just not that kind of a guy, Joe." He

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looked down at the tall glass in his hand. "I don't really care."

Joe felt there wasn't anything to say. He looked at J. M. Pyne to see if he was ready to go. The old man was sitting with his hands clasped around one knee and staring up at the portrait of Reuben's grandfather. Frieda Guerdner was sitting on the sofa beside him with her chin in her hand. She hadn't said a word, but Joe could see how interested she was.

Connie Gaylord stood up and started to leave the room. "I want to talk to Joe," she said.

He followed her out into the hall. She walked into the dining room and kicked the door shut.

"I like you men who have no illusions about themselves, don't you? Who never let you down because they never promise anything. Who haven't got much on the hand and admit it. Who haven't any ambition and don't pretend to have."

"Yes," Joe said, because that seemed to be the thing to say.

"So," she said, "you really are dumb. You believe anything you hear, and never think."

Joe waited.

"Don't you know that's only his alibi?" she went on. "He says he doesn't care, and he cares so much he can't go to sleep at night. All his pride is in Gaylord Arms. Do you think he wants Winthrop Harris to take it away from him? Do you?"

"No," Joe said, "I don't suppose he does."

"Why do you think he went out to Jersey City to get you and J. M. Pyne? Because he doesn't care?"

"No," Joe said, "I wasn't just talking. And he knew it."

She looked up at him, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"I've got to save him," she said.

"Don't you see I've got to save him? You can help. You can break through that pose of his. You got to work on him."

"All right," Joe said, "I will."

"If it was anybody else, I'd think you were yessing me. But there's something convincing about you, Joe."

She started for the door of the dining room. Joe took her arm and pulled her back.

"Listen," he said, "The first thing to do is to get George Bostwick."

"Consider it done," Connie Gaylord said. "What next?"

"Ask those South Americans up here and make them believe we are going to build the Pyne gun, and high-pressure them into giving us a letter of intention, so we can get a clearance from the State Department."

"I can do something about that too," she said. "You'd be surprised. But you understand, don't you? Please understand. Nothing matters except Reuben. He's sunk now, but if this thing goes through, he won't be."

"I understand," Joe said. "All I care about is the gun. We've got to make the gun."

The traffic was bad, driving back to Waterford at the hour when the day shifts from the big airplane factory and the machine-tool plants were coming out of the night shifts and were going in.

Joe found a kind of relief in the difficulty of getting into town. He did not hear what Frieda Guerdner and the old man were saying. He was busy with his own thoughts.

He had come a long way since the day, a year ago, when he had appeared at Pyne's shop in Jersey City, hoping to persuade the old man to teach him how to make fine shooting rifles. Until then, his only tough problems had been those of a toolmaker. You didn't solve those with your hands alone. You had to think. But you worked with things you had learned how to control. You might have to make something to a tolerance of nothing minus and half a thousandth plus. When you did, you knew where you were at. You could prove it with a micrometer caliper.

But if he was going to put the gun over, he would have to work with people. You couldn't change them to suit your purpose—beating them to a cherry red, quenching in oil, and drawing to the right color.



LITTLE LULU

You had to take them as they came, even if they were as crochety as the old man, or as badly liked as Reuben Gaylord, or as hard to take as the red-headed girl beside him.

IV

THEY went to a place called Brick's for dinner—a large square room with a bar across one end that looked as if it had not changed for fifty years. Frieda noticed that Joe Hill carried the gun in with him and laid it on a chair beside him, and the waiter showed no surprise.

"I used to come here with your father," J. M. Pyne said to Frieda, "before you were born. The steaks are just as good now as they were in those days."

Frieda said she hadn't had any lunch, so steak appealed to her. The old man ordered a steak for three.

She looked across the table at Joe Hill and wished she had resisted the

temptation to take him for a ride when he had told her that J. M. Pyne only made rifles for men who shot well enough to need them. Her impression of him at the moment had been that he was a big dumb young man who needed to be taken down, and she was the girl who knew how to do it. Now that she had seen him in action, she knew she had made a bad mistake. He wasn't dumb. He was merely not given to bright chatter, after the manner of the young men she knew in New York. And if he was arrogant, he had some right to be. He wasn't handsome—unless you counted his long, lean, hard build—but he was increasingly impressive. She wanted to make him take. She had always found it too easy to get men to do what they themselves. But she was afraid she had alienated this one so completely that he would

they put the gun in a rest with steel plates around it, so if anything lets go no one gets hurt. Joe, you put that where you won't pick it up by mistake."

Joe Hill obediently put the blue bill in the watch pocket of his trousers. That was that, so Frieda tried again to make Joe Hill talk.

"I feel good," she said, "taking a barrel that J. M. Pyne intended for you."

The old man chuckled. "You need it. If Joe wants a barrel, he can make it himself as well as I can."

"It wouldn't be a Pyne barrel," Frieda said.

"No one could tell the difference if he used my tools," the old man said. "At least I don't."

The steak came then. The old man grew reminiscent as they ate, telling them about the days when he had shot offhand at two hundred yards against men like Fred Ross and Michael Dorrier and Doctor Hudson. But over his coffee he remembered the semi-automatic rifle.

"I'm sorry about this afternoon, Joe," J. M. Pyne said. "Maybe I should have told you that I had cut off that spring."

"I wish you had," Joe Hill said. "I wouldn't have made such a fool of myself in front of that Army officer." "I know that came hard, Joe. But I thought it would look better if you were surprised when the gun balked. And I had to do something when I saw Winkler there."

"Why?" Joe Hill asked. "What about Winkler?"

"You saw him, didn't you, Frieda?" "Yes, the man seen with the scar across his face who had the big dog."

"Yes, I did," Frieda Guerdner said, remembering how the man had stared at her.

"He's made a hobby all his life of rifle actions, and he's the most successful thief of rifle actions in the world."

"Connie Gaylord told me he had no interest in guns," Joe Hill said.

"I wouldn't know any more about him than she does if it hadn't been for a German gunsmith I went to New Haven with ten years ago."

J. M. Pyne said. "My friend saw Winkler on the street and pointed him out to me. He told me some things about Winkler. I told him that when I was working on the Bennett semi-automatic pistol in 1917, one pistol disappeared. In the twenties a copy of that pistol was patented all over Europe. They even sold it here. Benne was told by that time and his heirs didn't have any money to fight with. My friend said he had no doubt Winkler had the pistol stolen and sent it over."

"You think he's working for somebody over there?" Frieda said.

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "From what I've heard, he's working for Winkler. That's why he's rich."

"What would it do to cut off the spring?" Frieda asked. "He'll try to steal your gun just the same, won't he?"

"In the long run, there's no way to stop the theft of military arms. The moment a thing goes into production it can be stolen, and it is. I don't doubt that Winkler has a Garand of the latest model."

"But what if he stole your gun now?"

J. M. Pyne smiled. "He won't—not after what he saw today. He thinks it's got a bug in it, and he'll

(Continued on Page 89)



"My business is not as usual"

MY BUSINESS is not as usual — not by a long sight.

I don't usually have 600 or more new Army and Navy and defense plants to equip completely and quickly.

And I don't usually have the rush of business that comes when every one else is working on defense.

When a country starts to hurry, about the first thing it calls for is more telephones.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to make a tank or an airplane or a cargo ship.

When a country goes all out to produce, it uses plenty of telephone service. We are all out for defense too — doing our best to keep ahead of the job.

"THE TELEPHONE HOUR" IS BROADCAST EVERY MONDAY. (N.B.C. RED NETWORK, 8 P.M., EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME)



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 86)

wait until we get the bug out. They always like to wait until a gun is perfect before they use it. They would say Winkler probably has the latest Garand. He wouldn't want one of the first forty thousand, before they changed it so it would shoot decently."

"You speak of it as if it were all a matter of course," Frieda said. "In my experience," J. M. Pyne said, "stealing is a matter of course. There's nothing romantic or exciting about it. You can bet Winkler never takes any chances. He hires somebody for a few dollars to steal something he expects to make thousands out of. Perhaps sometimes it's just a case of adding to his collection. I understand he takes great pride in having the best collection of modern military small arms. But mostly he's out to make money."

"Why can't something be done about this?" Frieda asked.

"What?" J. M. Pyne asked. "I thought there was a law forbidding individuals to possess machine guns unless they were registered."

"Including sawed-off shotguns and twenty-two caliber pistols with shoulder stocks," J. M. Pyne said. "But like my laws about guns, it's only obeyed by honest men. If you wanted to get out a search warrant against Winkler, you'd have to have evidence. He's got money and he's got position. He's probably a director of the First National Bank, if not of Waterford Aircraft, so it would have to be good evidence. And if you did get a warrant, you wouldn't find anything."

"The old man talked of other things after that. When he said he was tired, they walked with him around the corner to the place where he and Joe Hill had found rooms over a second-hand store."

"Frieda," the old man said, "I'll be seeing you at the shop in the morning."

"You truly don't mind my watching you work?"

"I'll be glad to have you," he said. He turned to Joe. "I'd put the gun in the safe."

Frieda walked with Joe Hill to his room. He was driving her back to Gaylord Arms to get her car.

"You're sore," she said, as they started off.

"You could have told me you knew how to shoot."

"I did."

"No, you didn't. You told me that pop-bottle story because you knew it would make me think you didn't know what rifle shooting was about."

"You had it coming. You were so superior when I said I wanted a Pyne rifle. You might as well have laughed aloud."

"I didn't mean to high-bat you," he said. "I was trying to keep you away from the old man."

"You're bound to make him do what you want," she said, hoping to sting him out of his matter-of-facts. "You don't care what he wants."

"He should be making another model of the gun," Joe Hill said. "So far, he hasn't even got working models. He made this one by cut and try."

"I am sure you can make him do whatever you want him to."

"He'll go to work on the gun just as soon as you get out of here," Joe Hill said.

"At least he'll have a few days of doing what he loves to do before he has to work on something that doesn't interest him."

"I am not so sure you are that the semiautomatic rifle doesn't interest him. You don't know how important it is. He does. He knows he's got something the whole world has been trying for ever since 1918. Longer than that, of course. But especially since then."

Frieda did not try again to get under his skin until the watchman in the shanty at the gate to Gaylord Arms had let them in and Joe Hill had stopped looking at her car.

"I think it's stupid of you to worry about what J. M. Pyne does," she said when she had got out. "What you need to worry about is how you're going to make the gun."

He was opening up the rear deck of his car. He paused and looked her up and down as if he were appraising a rifle he had to make up his mind about.

"Maybe," he said, "maybe you aren't the dumb little rich girl I picked you for."

For a moment she wanted to yell at him that she was not dumb, not little, and not rich—especially not rich. But she recovered herself in time.

"I earn my own living," she said. "As a model?"

"No!" She realized she had spoken hotly when there was no reason to. She had modeled clothes for photographers when she first came to New York. She could do it then because she hadn't had enough to eat while she was at the art school in Chicago. She was still slim by ordinary standards, but she no longer had the paper-doll flatness of a model. "I'm a commercial artist," she said.

SHE spent ten hours a day with J. M. Pyne, watching the painstaking way in which he did things and lis-

tening to his talk of rifles and riflemen, and marveling at the passion for his chosen work that still burned in him. She knew, from what he said, that Joe Hill came into the shop after they left and worked until two o'clock in the morning on some kind of gadget to be used in making the Pyne gun, but she did not see him until toward the end of the third day.

J. M. Pyne had her new rifle in the vise. He was turning in the last of the screws that held the telescope blocks. Joe Hill stood watching. He must have noticed that the old man had chosen a Gaylord action with fine English scroll engraving and found a stock made from a beautiful piece ofrotch walnut, with a full feather figure running the length of it.

"I thought," he said, "that you didn't care how the outside of a rifle looked."

J. M. Pyne acted as if he'd been caught in something he didn't want to admit.

"I don't usually," he said. He glanced at Joe Hill over the top of his glasses. "Why not go to dinner with us, and come back here afterward and see how this gun shoots?"

Joe Hill said he would have to leave early, because he had a date.

At dinner, he told the old man how hopeful he was about the semiautomatic rifle. Reuben Gaylord had actually fired Boestwick, who would be on from Detroit in time for lunch the next day, which was Saturday; and he had a promise from the South American crowd that they would be in Waterford on Monday.

"One other thing," Joe Hill said as he was leaving. "I've asked Reuben to have the Water Shop wired for the watchmen's clocks. The electricians

start tomorrow, and hereafter a watchman will go through every hour seven days a week, just as he goes through the safe at night."

Frieda said that J. M. Pyne was eager to get back to the rifle. They followed Joe Hill out. She saw his car ahead. He stopped beside the curb and a girl got in. J. M. Pyne didn't notice, so she said nothing. But presently she remembered where she had seen the girl before. It was at the information desk in the offices of Gaylord Arms.

She remembered the narrow, slanting Slavic eyes that gave the girl a slightly exotic look, and the rounded feminine figure, positively luscious, and, finally, the hair, which was an exceptional red hair, Frieda thought. It didn't approach her own. But perhaps a man like Joe Hill couldn't see the difference.

"There's going to be a thunderstorm," J. M. Pyne said. "Have you got a raincoat?"

She knew better than to argue with him. She stopped at the hotel and got her raincoat.

The old man put the rifle in the machine rest and gave her a little telescope with which to watch the target, and began to shoot. When he had fired ten shots, she saw that he was smiling. When he had fired fifty shots, she saw that he was happy at the way the gun was shooting.

He went on and on for hours, while the storm broke outside and the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed and the rain drove against the windowpanes, trying one make of match after another. At eleven o'clock when he took the gun out of the rest and cleaned it.

"Tell me," Frieda said, "how do you feel about the semiautomatic rifle? Do you care whether they make it?"

He did not answer in words. He went to the big old-fashioned safe against the wall and turned the combination. He came back to the bench with the breach action and stock of the semiautomatic rifle in one hand and the barrel in the other. He put the gun together and held it in the pool of bright light from the big bulb over the bench.

Then he took it apart, stripping it down quickly, until all the parts lay on the bench.

"I hope I'll be remembered as a maker of fine shooting rifles," he said. "But"—he made a gesture with his hand at the parts on the bench top—"I took more brains than anything else I ever did. Of course I want it made."

He picked up the barrel as if he were going to fit it back in place, and then he looked at Frieda over his glasses.

"It's good," he said. "It's as good as Joe thinks it is."

She was looking straight at him, thinking what a fine old man he was, so patient and so knowing and so gentle, when a harsh voice spoke out of the darkness behind him. "Be quiet and you won't get hurt."

The old man whirled, the rifle barrel in his hands, and strove to stand and low. The intruder groaned as the iron bar hit his shin, and he went down. The next instant J. M. Pyne slumped to the floor as someone struck him from behind, and Frieda saw that there was a second man behind the first—a short and heavy man, with little eyes peering out from folds of flesh above the handkerchief he was wearing as a mask.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Printed in U. S. A.



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The largest steady income ever offered in a contest of this type—because it's sponsored by not one but two famous products—Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, and Oxydol, the safe laundry soap that washes clothes really white. They have put in all their prize money to make this a truly sensational contest! Think of what you can win. An assured income of \$30 every week as long as you live—starting October 15, 1941—paid to you by the great Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee! And you have the choice of taking \$25,000 in cash instead, 156 additional big cash prizes. There's a contest every week for 6 (six) weeks. Each week for six weeks Camay and Oxydol offer 1 crisp \$1000 bill and 25 new crackly \$100 bills! Enter all 6 of these contests. The winner of one of those \$1000 bills will also win the Grand Prize.

This contest is so easy to enter! It's simple and it's fun. So get busy. Get entry blanks from your dealer! Enter now and enter often.

The purpose of this contest is to get more women to try the wonderful new High-Test Oxydol and famous Camay. Oxydol soaks dirt loose in ten minutes—gets your white wash sparkling white. And as for Camay—hundreds of lovely brides have told us how its gentle cleansing has helped them to new loveliness. Let it do the same for you!

Hints on how to win!

Try amazing new High-Test Oxydol for your dishwashing and laundry. And start using Camay—the beauty soap that is so wonderfully mild it actually seems to soothe as it cleanses. This will help you to think of ideas for last lines. Make the last word in your last line rhyme with the last word in the first two lines. For example, your last line might read: "They both are a perfect delight!" or "They'll help you from morning to night!"

One of the best ways to start is to write down all the words you can think of that rhyme with "white" like "light", "right", "height"—etc. Then you can use them to build last lines.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES!

1. Print or write plainly your "last line" for the Camay-Oxydol jingle on separate white to compete. If your last line may contain any idea you first consider the thought of the jingle, but the last word must rhyme with "white" and "right" you can get the laundry blank from your dealer, or write on one of a sheet of paper. Print plainly your name and address.
2. Mail to Camay-Oxydol Free, REP, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio. You can enter each contest in the same envelope, but each entry must be accompanied by one Oxydol bar, up, day after tomorrow, to: Large, REP, Box 25, Cincinnati, Ohio. Print your name and address.
3. Cash prizes in each weekly contest are one \$1,000 bill and twenty-five \$100 bills. The winner of the grand prize of \$25,000 a week for life (to be selected from winners of \$1,000 weekly prizes) will receive a monthly policy worth \$50.00 a year (\$5000 per year). This policy will be issued by the Northwestern Mutual

Life Insurance Co. of Milwaukee and paid for by Procter & Gamble. The grand prize winner will take \$25,000 cash instead of \$50.00 a week for life.

4. There will be 6 weekly contests, each with a separate list of prizes. Opening and closing dates:

	OPENS		CLOSES	
	Now	Sat. Aug. 9	Sat. Aug. 9	Sat. Aug. 16
First contest	Now	Sun. Aug. 10	Sat. Aug. 23	Sat. Aug. 30
Second "	Now	Sun. Aug. 17	Sat. Aug. 30	Sat. Sept. 6
Third "	Now	Sun. Aug. 24	Sat. Sept. 6	Sat. Sept. 13
Fourth "	Now	Sun. Aug. 31	Sat. Sept. 13	Sat. Sept. 20
Fifth "	Now	Sun. Sept. 7	Sat. Sept. 20	Sat. Sept. 27
Sixth "	Now	Sun. Sept. 14	Sat. Sept. 27	Sat. Oct. 4

5. Entries received before Sat., Aug. 9, will be entered in the first week's contest. Thereafter, entries will be entered in each week's contest as received. Entries for the last contest must be postmarked before midnight, September 15, 1941, and must be received by September 20, 1941.

6. Prizes will be judged for originality, suitability, and aptness of thought. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be received. Entries, postage, and ideas become the property of Procter & Gamble.

7. Any resident over 18 years of age of continental U.S., Hawaii, or the Dominion of Canada may compete except employees of Procter & Gamble, their advertising agencies and their families. Citizens, residents, and legal aliens of the United States and Canada may compete. Entries must be received by September 20, 1941.

• LOOK FOR THIS DISPLAY! •

